Bryn Mawr
College
Library

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/counterpoint1954stud

718.73B9
2Co
Fall, 1950

Counterpoint

Bryn Mawr-Haverford

Fall 1950

378.73B9
QCo

COUNTERPOINT

Fall, 1950

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE HAVERFORD COLLEGE

FALL, 1950

Counterpoint takes pleasure in having for the first issue of its third year, a fiction piece by Wayne C. Booth of the Haverford faculty, some chapters from Sally Herminghaus' prize novel, and a line drawing of Fritz Janschke. Also, with this issue, we expand to include alumni work.

We regret, however, that so many of our contributions are from board members. Lest this become habitual, Counterpoint urges its readers to write.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

JOANNA SEMEL NICK NORTON

BUSINESS EDITORS

HELEN LOUISE SIMPSON SYDNEY M. CONE III

EDITORIAL STAFF

ANNIE LAWRIE FABENS JIGGS KUNKEL

VIRGINIA HOLBECK ANTHONY MORLEY

LUCY TURNBULL ROBERT N. PHILIPS

JANE AUGUSTINE JOHN LEGGETT

ASSOCIATES: LEATRICE HOARD, MARCELLE WEGIER, T. JOHN KOPF, J. N. SMITH, THOMAS GARBATY, CHARLES MORCHAND, FRED MUTH, WILLIAM WATSON

NUDE

PAUL MOSES

FACULTY TEA

WAYNE C. BOOTH

("We would like you to do our faculty piece for the next issue. Something on the new experimental English program. Make it literary, if you can - - - ")

"They always are."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say, the annual faculty teas are always too noisy for words."

"Oh."

"Too many people in one room."

"Oh."

"You say you're in the new English experiment?"

"Yes."

"A lot of you, aren't there?"

"I—"

"How do *you* think it will work, having so many more men in the English department than in our other departments? Now I've told the president again and again that we really need men badly in phys—Oh, let me introduce you to Mrs. Frunfen. Mrs. Frumpin, Dr. Bruce. Dr. Bruce is in the new English program—Now if you'll please excuse me—"

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch—"

"Oh, Dr. Bruise, I'm so glad to meet someone in the new English program. Ever since I heard about what you are going to do with human values, I've wanted—But tell me, are you really going to teach *human* values? I think that's so wonderful. I've always thought that to be a teacher and to see one's students growing, *really* growing, I mean intellectually *and* morally, I do think it's—But you know what I mean?"

"I—"

"And the best thing is, that you'll have a chance to combat all these silly new-fangled notions that so many of the faculty are taking up these days. What I'm always saying is—Oh, here's Dr. Murmur, the sociologist. Dr. Murber, Dr. Bruise. Dr. Bruise is in the new program. I've just been saying to Dr. Bruise that what I think is that conscientious objection may be all right, in its place, but really—Oh, there's Dr. and Mrs.—If you'll excuse me—"

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch—"

"So you're going to work in the experimental program. Teaching human values, I understand? Have you, by any chance, read Durkheim?"

"No, I—"

"Dilthai?"

"No, I—"

"Jaspers or Heidigger?"

"No, but I—"

"You're from Utah, I understand. Must take current ideas a good while to get out—Have you ever met Kimball Young, the sociologist? *He's* a Mormon. Brigham Young's grandson. Wrote some interesting things on human values among the Mormons. President of American Sociological Society once, too, I believe. You haven't? Haven't read any of his articles either, I suppose?"

"No. In fact, I've heard that he's not considered—"

"Entirely beside the point. Now it's none of my business, but I do have the feeling that one can't *teach* any values without *having* some, and you can't *get* any without reading the men who have them. Matter of fact, *we* teach values—about all the students can decently absorb—in *our* department. Have been doing so for years. But I suppose Carnegie—Have you met Dr. Mumble? Well, let me introduce you. Dr. Bumble, Dr. Bruth. Dr. Bruth is in the new English program. Now if you'll just—"

"Oh, yes, Dr. Brutz. I remember seeing your name in the list of new men on the faculty."

"Oh."

"Well, well, so you're experimenting again. Experimenting with tutorials, I understand? Yes, of course. Experimenting. Quite so. How is the Oxford form of the experiment coming along, by the way? Which reminds me, what ever became of the preceptorial plan at Princeton?"

"I—"

"I was there when Wilson put that in, in 1904, or was it 1905? Don't remember that he called it an experiment. But then, he was using money of his own. Well, if there's anything I can do to help out the experiment, let me know; I'm behind you 100%. Now I'm going to turn you over to Dr. Mumblebaum, the statistician. Dr. Mummulsraum, Dr. Brutz. Dr. Brutz is evaluating the new English experiment. Now if you'll excuse me—"

"Glad to know you, Dr. Brutch. What part of the country are you from?"

"The west."

"Oh."

"Utah."

"Oh, yes—ah—Well, we can't all—But about the course. In what sense would you call what you are doing an experiment?"

"Well—we're trying out a couple of new ideas, such as the use of tutorials made up of—"

"Got any controls?"

"Excuse me?"

"Got any con*trols?* How you going to evaluate your program without controls? Who's to say whether the experiment, as you call it, is successful, if you don't have any control group? And if you *did* have a control group, it would be so small that—"

"Well, we do have some data on the group from last year which we can compare with—"

"Essays, I suppose. How much margin of error do you suppose there will be in grading *essays?* I'm afraid you'll never get any results that will be statistically significant, unless you have a clearer notion of what you're doing than *you,* at least, seem to have. But I surely wish you *luck.* Anyway, if you get into any difficulties, don't hesitate—Right now, if you'll excuse me—"

Lull. Corner furthest from punch. Notice titles of books on walls. Never can know too many titles. Look for something with values—American Irrigation in Theory and Practice. Elementary Statistics—Reach for it—Voice of Mrs. Frumblin, returned.

"Oh, Dr. Bruise, here you are. I've been looking all over for you. Here's Dr. Pultz, the philosopher, who has been asking for an introduction to someone in the new program. Dr. Protz, Dr. Bruise."

"How do you do, Mr. Bootz. Now, Mr. Bootz, as one philosopher to another, what are these 'human values' you are teaching?"

"Well—human values are sort of what anybody would—"

"Yes, of course. Well, it's none of my affair, I suppose, but I have rather been wondering what the difference is between a *human* value and any other kind of value? I'm sure *you* can explain—"

"Well, you see, what we have in mind is a kind of general program which will—"

"Yes, of course. Perhaps you can do better with this question. Exactly what is an 'area of concern'? Or let's put it another way. Perhaps you can name something that can be taught and that is *not* an area of concern?"

"Well, I—"

"Perhaps you think that when I, as a philosopher, teach metaphysics, ethics, or aesthetics, I am not teaching 'values' based on 'areas of concern'?"

"I—"

"In effect, then, you are teaching what *we* have always been teaching. It *does* strike me that the words 'experimental' and 'new' are rather distorted when applied to such a program."

"Well, perhaps we *are* somewhat eclectic, but we are very enthus—"

"Ah, but of course. I should have realized that you were already aware of your true position. There is of course some question about the morality of pretending to the public that a program is one thing, when one really knows it to be—However, I'm *sure* you know what you are doing, and as I said, it is really none of *my* affair. I'll turn you over to Mrs. Shushune. Mrs. Jiujune, Mr. Bootz."

"Oh, *Dr.* Booth, didn't I see your name on the list of the interesting people who are to teach the *new experimental* English program?"

"My dear Mrs. Giorgione, you most certainly did. May I tell you all about it?"

●

POEM

Wind in a room
is alien, bewildered.
It wanders,
flapping at walls like a deluded moth,
gusting along the floor,
shaping itself to corners,
and swoops at last
through rediscovered windows
into dark and the balance of wings
and the long eastward sweep across the world.

LUCY TURNBULL

SUMMER

A huckster stirs the stillness of the air with
"Strawberries, fresh strawberries."
He tempts the housewives shuttered from the fingers of the sun with
"Strawberries, fresh strawberries."

Seduced, the women leave their radios
And wipe their slippery hands on dampish towels.
They crowd around the wagon,
Pinching juicy melons,
Freeing golden pearls of corn from green, white tinted husks.

Prodding, pushing, haggling, they buy a bag of fruit
And turn once more to breakfast-laden sinks.
From far off comes the cry of
"Strawberries, fresh strawberries."

Squatting on the curb, the children rest from play
And sing in tuneless, childish voices.
They dance the sacred ritual of childhood
In hopscotch squares.

Flies assail the screens with angry wings,
The heavy musk of honeysuckle
Drifts upon the stillness and invades the house.

A playful breath of welcome coolness
Filters through the trees.
The cry of man is growing fainter now.
His voice is like a whisper in a dream.
"Strawberries, fresh strawberries."

NAOMI ELLENBOGEN

THE APPLE CART

ANNIE LAWRIE FABENS

It was a hot day in District Four. The men sitting in the Relief Office were lazily checking their lists and talking about their summer vacations. They were all back for good now. Coney Island was best when it rained, one of them said bitterly. There had been very few calls that morning. Guiseppe Marini was sick. Someone would have to take his apple cart for a day or two. It would mean a little cash anyway.

They opened the door and looked at the steady gaze of a crowd of faces in the corridor. An awful place to wait, Miller thought. There was no sun, only a blue haze from a small window at the end of the corridor. Pale beetles crept out of the damp walls and crawled slowly across the floor. "Man for an apple cart," yelled Miller. One man in the corner raised his head. The others kept quiet. There was the eternal hope of something better. Miller nodded to the man who had raised his head. "It's on the next corner, 23rd and Valparaiso. Get the stuff from this guy called Marini and find out the prices. He lives on the 7th floor on the same corner. Got it straight?" The man nodded and moved off.

Funny-looking devil, Miller thought as he closed the door. He wasn't any thinner or any more ragged than the others but there was a strange look in his eyes. He semed too old to have been in the service. That was where you'd get a look like that. He tried not to think about it. The guy would make a little on the apple cart, that might snap him out of it. He turned his attention to the papers on his desk and began to sort and shuffle them. It would be better to do yesterday's first, he reflected as he put them in a pile. There weren't many, in fact there had been very few jobs this week. What a hell of a business to be in, it was no wonder that he sat at home at night silently reading the paper or shouting at Marge and the kids if they wanted to go to the movies. But there usually wasn't anything except war pictures or Westerns and he'd had enough shooting he told them. Then Marge wouldn't go at all when he acted like that. She was scared, he could see that. She wanted him to quit his job; she thought he needed something different. Well, so what, he agreed with her but what could he do? He grunted and went back to the papers of the day before yesterday. There were a few more things there. Someone had wanted a plumber's assistant; one woman wanted someone to

keep the lawn mowed and then there was the store that needed a delivery boy. They were probably all temporary but at least they would clear the corridor. God, if he could get that guy at the apple cart out of his head. Why let a guy's face bother you, he saw hundreds of them every day. He stubbed out his cigarette and got up. "I'm going for a cup of coffee," he told Jennings as he went by his desk. The older man looked up briefly.

"You look as if you need it," he said and went back to his work. He did need a cup of coffee, but on his way he might as well pass by the fruit stand and see how the fellow was making out, he told himself walking quickly along. This was a nice mess. Nerves about his job, that's what he had. These people outside the door were not individuals, they were part of a large group who had to be gotten jobs so that they wouldn't stand here hungry, day in and day out. Miller groaned, if he didn't watch out, he'd be one of them. He'd be standing in that dampness waiting to get money for Marge and the kids just like the rest of them.

He stopped, here was the apple cart. He started to cross the street to it and then decided to watch from where he was. The man seemed to be doing all right, he couldn't see his face from here but there were one or two bills pinned under the heavy brick. Miller began to feel better and started to walk but turning to look once more, he noticed that the stand was tipping a little. "Hey," he was about to call to the man but something else caught his eye. The man evidently noticed it at the same time since he was leaning over the stand, looking at the ground in either fascination or horror. There was a large brown rat chewing on an apple that had fallen off the corner of the stand. Miller rushed across the street, the animal wasn't paying much attention to anything but the apple, Miller noticed. The pink juice was running out between his crooked yellow teeth as he shredded the apple. "Come on," Miller said to the other man, "we've got to get rid of him." There was no answer and he looked up to find him hanging on the edge of the cart with the same expression that he had had in the morning only now it was mixed with a kind of fear.

He didn't answer Miller, he looked at him for a moment and then put down the half-eaten apple he had been holding and started to walk away. "Hey," Miller yelled after him, "Don't you want your job?" The man stopped and stared at him dubiously but after a minute, he went on walking. This was too much, Miller grabbed the money from under the brick and ran to him. "Here," he said, shoving it into his hand, "at least take your money and I'll get someone else to take the stand." He looked after the man as he went taking the money which Miller would have to pay back out of his own

pocket. He might as well follow him now, he thought, he was in for it and he could telephone the office when he got back.

He kept a short distance behind the other man who walked unsteadily along fingering his dollar bills nervously. They walked for miles, it seemed to Miller. He began to wonder if he oughtn't to go back. It must have been lunchtime a long time ago and what would happen to the fruit stand. He looked up; the other man had stopped. They were in front of a bank. He certainly wouldn't go in there, Miller thought, and began to look around for a clock. He didn't see one but when he looked back the man had disappeared. "What on earth?" Miller said out loud in amazement. He looked down the street and shook his head. He couldn't have gone that far so quickly.

On an impulse, he opened the door of the bank. He stopped dead inside the door. There he was all right. That was him standing there at the teller's window with his money. From his position in the corner, Miller strained to see what the man was doing. He seemed to be getting change. Miller moved up behind a pillar where he could see better. The man stepped to the side of the window and began to count his change. It was all in quarters, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, he laid them all out, then piled them all together. He's crazy, Miller thought with a vague feeling of relief, but as the man left he went on following him. If he only would go home, that would be the best thing, perhaps he wasn't crazy, maybe he had eight kids and was going to take them each a quarter. Miller went on after him resigning himself to a long walk. Heaven knew where they might have to go next. He started to look into the store windows as he went by then checked himself as he remembered that he would have to keep his eyes on the street.

When they got to the corner, it was with some surprise that he realized that they were going toward the park. What next, he thought in desperation. Why didn't he just leave? Why witness the end of this spectacle? It must be one of hundreds. As they got inside the park, the man headed for the grass at the edge of the road. Miller stopped a short distance away and watched in fascination as the man sat down on the grass and drew out his eight quarters. He arranged them on the grass in different designs like a small child. He's gone crazy, Miller was sure this time, as the man rolled on his back and began to toss the quarters into the air and catch them again. He threw them higher and higher, watching as they shone silver in the sunlight before they descended dully into his grimy hand. But then he threw them up for the last time and let them drop all around him as he rolled over on his face with a groan. Miller came close in time to hear him say, "so, they needed a man for an apple cart." Miller

bent to pick up the coins. He put them in a pile beside the man's head. It was hunger that was all. There wasn't much more that he could do. There must be millions of the poor devils. He began to walk away. A policeman would probably find this guy and look after him. He was glad he'd seen it through. He straightened his shoulders. His was a man's job, to be done with objectivity and without pity. He began to hurry along. Maybe he would get home in time to take Marge and the kids to an early show.

•

CANAL

Cool grey water
Flowing deep
Barely ruffling
Bare smooth sand
Beneath.

In a desert
This water
Flows
Where the long
Shadows of the cacti
Stretch across the sand
Trying to protect the vastness
From the sun
With their thin fingers of shade.

But the cool grey water
Narrow and deep
And confined in
The canal
Glides through the desert
Coolly and damply in the early morning
Steadily beneath the noonday sun
And at night it is a mirror
And is dimensionless
And flows on beneath the stars.

ELLEN BELL

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SUMMER

SALLY HERMINGHAUS

(Editor's Note: The following chapters are excerpts from the full-length novel which received Honorable Mention in the Katherine Fullerton Gerould creative writing contest at Bryn Mawr, May, 1950.)

The cool which had seemed almost to revive the town was gone and the heat returned thicker than before. Breathing required almost more effort than one could summon, even the trees panted limply in the stillness. While Mr. Barrows worried verbosely whether the corn would be burned, the Whitneys sat quietly in front of the fan, looking out the window at the dust lying inert on the air. The birds came out of their showers looking hot and muddy against the brilliant blue sky, and the buds wilted in their infancy. At length even the trees surrendered, turning the silvery undersides of their leaves out and huddling into themselves.

Mrs. Barrows sighed in relief. "It's going to rain, thank heavens. Maybe it will be cooler then."

"How do you know?" queried Alice, scanning the cloudless horizon.

"When the leaves turn under in that fashion, it usually means a thunderstorm. Besides, this hectic weather can't last long. The humidity is almost at rain now."

During their sketchy dinner the clouds appeared like great bruises, black and blue in the sky, smaller cottony puffs rolling up behind them and swooping darkly down upon the houses. The lightning scarred them bloodily, but the rain failed to materialize until it seemed to clear slightly. The three children stood by the open front door, watching the waves run across the sidewalk and break over the porch step until the wind blew in icily and Mrs. Barrows fetched her shawl in protest. Alice and Teddie joined the adults in the living room to read and talk, but Ruth wandered upstairs alone.

She returned in a sweater and calmly but in silence took her raincoat and boots from the closet, adding as an afterthought the dowager umbrella. A low murmur of conversation, set to poetry by the metrical turning of pages issued from the parlor as she opened the door a few inches and squeezed her small body out. The rain had diminished in ferocity but not in quantity, and poured heavily upon the umbrella. Beneath its shelter, she walked down the street toward the corner,

blindly, sloshing through the puddles and occasionally stubbing her toe against a fallen branch.

At the street lamp she stopped to look down the hill. The gutters overflowed with the glossy torrents in them and the water foamed milkily against the curb. Along the sidewalk it slid in scallops toward the alley and she disturbed the pattern reluctantly as she started down.

The light from the lamp on the next corner flowed in golden waves toward her on the blackness of the rain, dissolving in a pale mist at the center. A straying ray illuminated Auntie Becker's carefully tended bachelor buttons, beaten flat against the earth and she stopped to pick a muddy blossom.

She turned again on the slippery brick sidewalk and passed the Putnams' house. Through the slats of the Venetian blinds she could see them, Mr. Putnam with his paper and his wife with her sewing, Betty Jean at the piano in an unwonted fit of ambition, possibly caused by the change in the weather. Ella romped about the room, happy to be permitted this shelter for once. Ruth smiled at her and progressed to the Harrigans'. There the shades, outlined by the light from within, were drawn, and she went by uncuriously, kicking up a spray of limp leaves and sparkling drops of water. From the next house an ancient face looked out and mouthed some words at her horribly. She watched in fascinated terror for a minute and then ran to the end of the block, tripping there on a loose brick in the curb and falling into the gutter.

Ruth pulled herself erect again, so that the water ran down her body into her boots. The first few steps in them convinced her that their usefulness was ended and she tucked them under her arm with the equally superfluous umbrella. Her bare feet guided her along the gutter, for this street was unlighted and evil, with the haunted house looming upon her right. The shade in a broken window flapped back and forth damply and she relied upon its sound to conceal the noise of her passing from any inmates.

As she turned the corner she straightened from her crouching position and ran freely toward the Barrows' house. The rain had abated into a gentle spatter upon her head and the sidewalk still warmed the puddles with the day's reserve of sunshine. In the gutter the end of a broken bough deflected the current into two minor streams. She pulled it out and the water which it had held back rushed down the street. "Like a dam breaking," it occurred to her.

Diligently she began piling twigs and pebbles across the current, plastering them together with mud and grass. The water quickly filled a pool, the foam collecting on its surface. Ruth put a foot on it gently and felt the chill bubbles between her toes like soft snow. The foot

moved back to dry land again and then jumped back with its companion upon the dam. The liquid crashed against her ankles, swaying her deliriously and scratching them with bits of stick and stones, then lay shallow and quiet again.

A car came slowly down the street and she stepped back to let it go by. To her surprise, it stopped and a man stepped forth. Before she could make up her mind to scream he said sternly, "Have you been walking around this block in the rain?"

"Yes, sir," she replied blankly.

"Why?"

"Because I like to."

"That makes sense. What is your name and address?"

"I'm Ruth Whitney and I live in Columbus, but we're staying with my grandparents this summer. They live right here."

He took her hand and started toward the house, but she tore away to get her boots and umbrella, returning willingly to him. He rang the doorbell for her, and Alice answered. At her cry of "Ruth, where have you been," the elders joined them.

"I'm police sergeant Nelson, sir," he introduced himself to Mr. Barrows. "We had a complaint about a little girl wandering around in the rain, so I brought her home. It's all right. Just some nervous old hen on the other side of the block."

"Thank you very much for returning her," Mr. Barrows replied. "She can't have been gone long. We hadn't even missed her. I'm sorry to have caused you this bother on such a night."

"It's nothing," he returned cheerfully. "Good night, sir."

"Golly," Teddie stared at her, "What did you do?"

"Just walked," she answered calmly. "It was a lovely night."

"Good heavens," Mrs. Whitney said, "you're soaked to the skin. Go upstairs and get undressed and I'll have a hot bath for you."

Ruth came down later, warm and clean, and quietly joined the rest of the family. All Alice's questions were of no avail. She replied only in monosyllables and gave the impression she had simply walked around the block in the rain, nothing to make her of criminal interest. Alice finally gave it up in disgust and went to the kitchen for a cookie. . . . .

Later in the days following the storm, the sun completed its task of drying out the weeds which the neighbors had battled with sickle and poison all summer long. Great heaps of ragweed and burdocks turned brown and even their companions, still luxuriantly green, could not conceal them from the watchful eyes of the homeowners, who, fearful lest they go to seed and the whole fight begin again an-

other year, raked them out and stacked them around the block in gutters and driveways. The children jumped up and down in them gaily, comparing the crackling of the brittle stems with radio-trained ears to forests burning or sky-scrapers falling. Still, it wasn't like the crisp corn-flake sound of dry leaves in autumn and the jagged ends of the weeds scratched their legs, the burrs caught in their socks and worked their way down into their shoes, while a fine dust rose from the piles and hung above them, irritating their eyes and noses. In implicit agreement the children retired to their homes, leaving the weeds to moulder beneath the autumn storms and sun.

●

Like sounding brass he long orates
    On his damnation.
With bitter wit he lancinates
    His day and nation,
And angrily expectorates
    In peroration.

Late at night he contemplates
    His own salvation;
(Aloft above the commonplace
    His inspiration,
His sin so great nought adumbrates
    Its mitigation.)

By frugal fires on broken grates
    Comes abnegation.
Lonely and hurt he yet berates
    Commiseration,
But from the cross instead of hates
    Came ministration.

JIGGS KUNKEL

ROGER BACON, THIRTEENTH CENTURY SCIENTIST

(Excerpts)

M. Patricia Ripley

In the Middle Ages, the problem of knowledge was acute and the conscious or unconscious realization of this led to its extreme treatment. The bleak ignorance of the Dark Ages need not be more than mentioned; the very name of that period giving sufficient idea of the state of knowledge in its duration. But the medieval men did not only have to contend with those centuries of amnesia, they also had to make the ancient recovered learning conform to the psychological framework erected during the Dark Ages. Moreover that framework was not an empty one, but supported an icon-like portrait of religious thought. The scholars of the Middle Ages had either to repaint this picture with classical pigments or to scrap the entire painting boldly, and put a new image in the old frame. Not until Church unity was severed, or the Italian Renaissance began, would the frame itself be broken to pieces.

It is well known in what turmoil the European world found itself after the fall of Rome. All through the Dark Ages the tone was that of insecurity, heightened by barbarism, cruelty and want. It is small wonder, then, that thinking men became introverts, barricading themselves from the external world in monasteries, and dwelling on ideas of a future and better life. These men could only study what had been salvaged from former centuries, profusely commented upon by their contemporaries. What remained of Greek material was badly garbled and mistranslated, some of it existing only through commentaries. Besides these scanty Greek sources, monastic libraries contained manuscripts of the Patristic writers, neo-Platonic and unworldly in doctrine. Outside the cloister walls, emphasis was also laid on the after-life and matters of the spirit. In order to keep the semi-barbarians in tow, the Church had to stress the importance of down-payments in the present life for blessed comfort in the hereafter.

Salvation of the soul cannot be *proved* by man to man's satisfaction. It must be taken verbatim, on the dictates of authority and of faith. And as authority and faith are selected as the criteria in this matter, it is not difficult to see how and why the men of the Middle Ages could utilize them in other matters. It is this slant of thought

which seems to us to be excessively medieval, and we often make the mistake of ascribing it to all the thinkers of the time. But it must be remembered that the crowd is always composed of individuals, and while some may have been overly addicted to acceptance of authority, there were certainly others who formed a graded series between the points of reliance on authority and on human reason. In the Carolingian times, a notable figure arises with the name of Eriugena, who in the midst of the so-called Dark Ages comes out with the conviction that ". . . authority which is not confirmed by reason appears weak." And in the twelfth century the view of Abelard is famous that one must understand in order to believe; furthermore, in his Prologue are the words: "By doubting we are led to inquiry; and from inquiry we perceive the truth." Then, there is Abelard of Bath in the beginning of the eleventh century, a man who had travelled all through the Mediterranean world, ". . . a pioneer of scientific inquiry," who stated that the speed of light exceeds that of sound. To men like Roger Bacon a combination of these bases of knowledge was necessary; in the *Opus Majus* where he defined mathematics as the key to all other sciences, he said: "This I now intend to intimate through authority and reason."

* * * *

It is hard for us to appreciate the strength of the impact of the new knowledge, or rather the old, which was suddenly given to the Western World at the end of the twefth century. When the buried Greek philosophy was translated from Arabic, the Europeans had an enormous task of absorption to accomplish, and of correlation to their previous scheme. The assimilation of this bulk of new knowledge was in some cases an adjustment of the standard religious framework, as cited above. In other cases, an actual verification was involved which seems to comply with our modern standards. Both of these sides of the question are to be found in Roger Bacon's works.

* * * *

In considering a thinker like Bacon, some of whose views seem utterly opposed to the general tenor of his time, it is not difficult to evaluate properly those of his ideas which appear "modern" to us. We are too apt to be glibly enthusiastic when we "find" twentieth century ideas in the thirteenth century; "modernity" is a slippery concept, and must be used cautiously. Nearly two and a half thousand years ago, Greek philosophers expressed certain principles on which our thinking still rests: are these therefore modern? It is perhaps better to say that ideologies are formulated, transmitted and tested:

some pass the contemporary standards and remain ensconced for an undetermined duration, and others fail and are temporarily discarded, maybe reappearing centuries later under a different guise. Therefore the question is whether to judge an issue by the standards of the time in which it existed, or by those of the time in which the critic exists. Neither of these alternatives can be totally neglected or followed. Alone, each is fruitless; what is important is the maintenance of the balance between them. Seven centuries after Bacon, we have the advantage of perspective and with its use can trace the history of ideas, find their origin and determine the influences which acted on them and those which emanated from them.

As an example of possible misuse of perspective in interpretation, the following passage from Bacon's *Opus Majus* is quoted:

> "For there is no author who does not besides his main theme introduce incidentally some matters which belong rather elsewhere; and for this reason there is a linking together of sciences, because each thing in a manner is dependent on another."

He continues by saying that all knowledge, both new and old, pertaining to a subject must be gathered together and unified to approach more complete truth. The danger in analyzing such a statement lies in over-emphasis of the perspective granted us by the lapse of time. A study of the history of science demonstrates the tendency of various separated branches of knowledge to form together a total field of inquiry, such as "field-physics." We who are so conscious of this tendency must be careful not to apply it in the same sense in considering Bacon's words. He may have meant something quite different by them: the idea may be merely an expression of scholastic totality of scheme, in which all knowledge is rounded up to subserve theology and departmentalized in interlocking fashion; or, it may be nothing more than an incidental remark. In this instance, the issue is not of sufficient importance to warrant the trouble of choosing a final interpretation; it is merely cited as an example and left as such.

One of the less ambiguous traits of Bacon's thinking as seen in the *Opus Majus* is his position in respect to the development of the study of knowledge for its own sake. Although he repeatedly stressed the importance of knowledge for the better understanding of Scripture and the furtherance of theology, it is evident in his writing that he took honest intellectual pleasure in the very act of learning itself and in the propounding of that learning. Taylor says of the thirteenth century: "So the search for knowledge might roam afield. Likewise as to its motive; practically with many men it was, in itself, a joy and end; although they might continue to connect this end formally with

the salvation of the soul." However much Bacon may have mentioned his four points on which all branches of knowledge were applicable for ecclesiastical purposes, these categories being:

1. to govern the Church of God
2. for the benefit of the faithful
3. to convert unbelievers
4. to resist obstinate unbelievers,

for certain topics which he discussed, it would be a matter involving extreme strain to fit these four purposes to them.

* * * *

One of the most interesting sections in the *Opus Majus* and therefore one of the most discussed, is that dealing with Experimental Science. While it is comparatively short, it has provided perhaps the most material for comments of any part of Bacon's works. The reason for this is that it seems to show the most pride to such passages as the following:

"For there are few modes of acquiring knowledge, namely, by reasoning and experience. Reasoning draws a conclusion and makes us grant the conclusion, but does not make the conclusion certain, nor does it remove doubt so that the mind may rest on the intuition of truth, unless the mind discovers it by the path of experience. . . . [One must] prove by experience that which reasoning taught. . . . Therefore reasoning does not suffice, but experience does."

"He therefore who wishes to rejoice without doubt in regard to the truths underlying phenomena must know how to devote himself to experiment. For authors write many statements, and people believe them through reasoning which they formulate without experience. Their reasoning is wholly false."

It could be said of these quotations that they express the necessity of scepticism in the regarding of all theories, but never in regarding experimental fact. One could draw comparisons between the above ideas and those of Claude Bernard. I prefer not to, for reasons already stated. The implication of Bacon's words in the Middle Ages is large enough when considered by itself, without considering it in respect to any other time. Once again, the emphasis is taken away from the reliance on authority, and is laid on the human being himself, only this time it is not his reasoning faculty which is as important as his powers of observation and experimental action. The subordination of human reasoning to actual fact is seen in the next quotation. Although Bacon was pointing out here the advantageous use of experimental science for the conversion of unbelievers, carry-

ing out his four point program, whether taken out of context or not, the passage indicates true scientific humility.

"Since if in the vilest creatures verities are found by which the pride of the human intellect ought to be subdued so that it may believe them although it does not understand them, conviction should follow, or injury will be done to infallible truth, since a man ought rather to humble his mind to the glorious truths of God. Surely there is no comparison."

A major part of the treatment of experimentation in the *Opus Majus* is taken up with an example chosen by Bacon to demonstrate what he meant by observational and experimental methods. This example bears indirectly on optics, which is natural, as Bacon did most of his work in that field. The would-be experimenter is told to take the rainbow as his object of study, and much space is devoted to a consideration of the colors found in the rainbow and elsewhere. The geometric configuration of the bow is discussed, as is that of solar rays, and much pure optics is brought in. It all sounds perfectly valid to the untrained reader, but one cannot help wondering exactly how much alike was Bacon's idea of experimentation with ours of the present day. One trouble is the use of the word *experientia* itself: it may mean either observation or experience, as well as experiment. This may explain the reason for some of Bacon's so-called "experiments" which hardly seem such to us, but entail much more observation than action on the part of the "experimenter." But in any case, direct observation itself involves a large enough innovation in the Middle Ages, and it is hardly fair to underrate that.

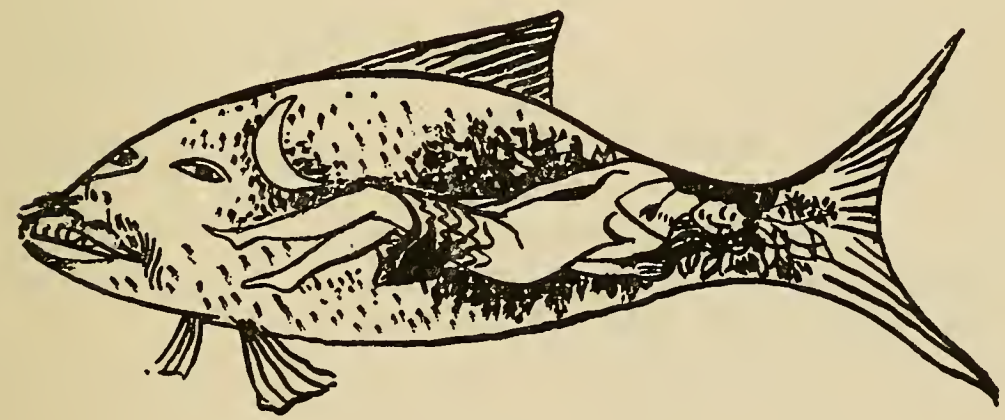
As an example of one of Bacon's rather odd concepts of experimentation, odd only in respect to our thinking, I might add, the following passage is cited. The problem presented is the fact that human life has been getting shorter and shorter since the beginning of time (many Biblical figures lived for hundreds of years), and the constant abbreviation of the life-span is due to the weakness of the spirit and because of disregard for healthful regimen. Physicians have been unable to find a remedy to prolong life, but this lies within the scope of the scientist, viz. by experimentation:

"For in Paris lately there was a scientist who sought for snakes and took one and cut it into small portions, except that the skin of the belly on which it crept remained intact. This snake crept as it was able to a certain herb by the touch of which it was immediately cured. The experimenter collected the herb of wondrous virtue. Since human reason is superior to all the wisdom of animals, scientists thus encouraged by the examples of animals have thought out better and greater means." This is certainly an amazing combination

of comparatively modern scientific method, however grossly simplified, and medieval mythology.

* * * *

There is hardly space in this discussion to present any sort of evaluation of Scholasticism. It amply fulfilled its purpose of conserving knowledge released to the Middle Ages during various periods and through the efforts of various thinkers and translators. That it was partially instrumental in stifling the new ideas of scientific-minded men like Bacon is true; with its overemphasis on metaphysical values it thwarted much development that could have taken place or did attempt to take place on different planes. And yet one must not make an evil dragon of Scholasticism, nor must one interpret it as a senseless perpetuation of futile arguments. It was actually loosely defined in form, and its effects were not the concrete matters they may appear to have been in these pages. The thinkers who branched out into different methodologies may not have been consciously attacking Scholasticism, although the actual fact of their divergence from the contemporary norm (in itself a false concept) gives us an impression of offensive tactics. Scotus and Occam accomplished what they did by the employment of weapons forged at the Scholastic smithy, and these weapons were nothing more than exaggerations of well-established medieval instruments of knowledge. In the light of this, Bacon's failure may be due to the fact that his weapons were less medieval, less well-known, and therefore less effective against contemporary issues.



SONG TO RIP VAN WINKLE, 1950, TO BE SUNG FROM THE DOOR OF BEDLAM

apparently you have not heard of the many changes
which have taken place
since you've been asleep
oh modern rip van winkle
in your ivory tower

the editors of quick look pic time life fortune and newsweek
are about to band together
to produce a periodical
to end all periodicals
called whoosh
depicting life
in these united states

the senate will adjourn for a few annums
and leave the country to the dogs
and the would-be assassins of president truman
whilst they pursue a plan
to cleanse all national monuments
by souzling them thoroughly
in truck loads of vel

the shavian legend was never so strong
as it is this week
and speculations
are running wild
as to where the bell
summoned the mighty vegetarian

how could the pensive delegates
conceive unpeaceful plans for peace
and squabble much as nero
fiddled while rome burned

so are the crimes of treason
committed by mongering mongers
punishable by slander and by novel laws
abolishing fronts

the world at large is suffering from an overdose
of history and histrionics
militia can fight no little wars
and change creeps up
before we've seen the past

where will it end and where will it take us
and what is our policy now
why do we stand at the door of bedlam
where is our hope
why do we vacillate
where can we go

this is the time of a direst confusion
this is the day of not knowing the answer
negotiate madness dependently pendently
conditioned responses

this is the song i sing to you
oh modern rip van winkle
lying in the dust of many gnomic orgies
lying in the shadow of the hill
where you have slept within your ivory tower
in academic stupor

now you have learned that you must read your whoosh
and bath your tower in vel 'til it gleams
dream no more dreams
change with the world
mistake your own mistakes
shake off the dust and leave your tower
live a little before the insects
devour the world.

PATRICIA RICHARDSON

QUIET CLEAN MEMORY

ROBERT ARTHUR

Faces show like dancers' masks, gibber as Masks of Satan. A yellow egg, hairless, shiny with a feminine oil, for eyes two dead flies, a mouth so thin, so white, more fish than human, living smooth yellow white like the under-belly of a shark.

A blotch blotchy, with worn boot-brush hair, burnt hot-water bottle skin, all sags, crevices, puckered tortured scars, as if the battle field of a generation of maggots. Eyes restless, wary with endless attention, ears of a monkey, flappy flat that flick and fidget, two queasy sentinels.

Saddle-bag, a great mournful mess of soft pendulous slabs, great lippy mouth hanging moist, nose that ends an egg-plant, eyes that sit amid curtains of brown flesh like two tired worn-out old women in blue. It convulses itself constantly, quivers and shakes, and shakes again, heaving, unhappy, fleshly troubled mass.

Wrinkled onion, old leather having lost oil, lies in creases that will break if disturbed, downward creases, admonitory, you-go-down-to-Hell creases, holier-than-thou creases, crowned by a bald dome, venerable cupola adding self-righteous to self-righteous. No eyes to see, alone a large mouth bent down in disapprobation.

Innocent faces fade into a glow of other memories, a part of a warm golden haze. But you small sadist, petty tyrant pedagogue, here you are again. Black hair, flat black hair, glinting coal eyes cheap and hard, piano teeth ashine, sallow acne garnished skin. Cheap little overseer why should I live in time with the mask of your vanity?

Fat face, plump face, pontifical prophetic face. Why roll your eyes? Why roll out of the clouds again? Face of patronage, face of smoothness, pink healthy face of monumental smugness, face of professed piety, stamped all over conviction of destiny, don't for my sake, don't for God's sake break into tears! Speak to me holy face, why do I hate you, is it because you are only a husk? Go, Go away, leave me solitude, leave me to be. Now you loom mouthing and mouthing. Why can you not rest in repose?

Jagged ragged teeth, nose like a hawk, eyes so cruel, mouth so sensual, go take your place with the rest of the motley rout. Go haunt your master's mirrors, but leave me in quiet. Grimace at your lords, show them their skill in living, but give me a quiet clean memory.

NIGHT SONG

(Suggested by Goethe's *Wandrers Nachtlied*)

You
for whom the pale pearl-stars
were wept,
round stars unstrung
perpetually falling
slowly through eons,

You
silence all sorrow;
suffering is muted
held in your white
night-hidden hands

Imbue him, the twice-exiled
with heart departed,
walls dissolved—
sooth him twice,
and calm him, cool him

You can tell me why
I am worn out with wandering,
bent beneath a cold and speechless wind.

Sweet peace
you make to creep
into the pearl-wet core
of my night-deepened heart.

JANE AUGUSTINE

●

SEPTEMBER BONFIRE

The feet of rain stamp at a red-coal glow
buried in sodden green.
Smoke struggles upward, slow
and spreading under the multiple blows of rain.
Its grayness scatters, thinning,
thinning to blue shimmer and a smell of burning.

LUCY TURNBULL

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

JOANNA SEMEL

1

The lighthouse keeper died in the spring. Alone on the island with his garden of vegetables, and his cat, and his books.

Charing Rock on a day when the fog hung low was only an outline from the mainland. But on a clear day, in the spring, if you sat on the hill and squinted, the lighthouse keeper could be seen scrubbing at the walls of his pinpoint tower.

Everything around was low, the waves bumping against the green-moss rocks of the island, the garden of fat, spreading leafy plants and of low sticks. Low was the island, and flat; the tower rising straight up from its very middle. A straight tower, whitewashed once a year, and spotless inside too. This spring it shone proudly. Brine crusted on the lighthouse keeper's beard while he painted. Aside from his breathing and the slap-slap of brush on stone tower, and the laughing, bumping waves, the island and the sea were quiet.

In winter, and the cold months, when the sea foam snarled and tried to gulp the bounding, curving fishing boats, buoys and bells clanged warning. Then the light in the tower was always kept burning, and the brightness through the fog alerted fishermen. In storm time, the lighthouse keeper stayed near the fire with his maps, and his long soft cat. She would lick herself beside the fire and light would catch the green contentment in the wide slit eyes.

Spring, though, was quiet. Come June and the lighthouse keeper would board the crate-like ferry and come to the mainland to spend the summer with his sister in a saltbox on a dusty road near town. Villagers who paid the taxes for Charing Rock complained sometimes that there was no point in keeping the lighthouse open in the spring too, the weather was so fine, there was no danger. But the lighthouse keeper liked the spring the best of all, and he was old now, nearing seventy, so they grumbled, but he stayed through all the spring.

From that hill on the mainland you could see him putter, rearrange the sticks in his vegetable patch. When he whitewashed the bottom of the tower, it was with straight, broad swashes—up and down and across—painting a large square, then one within it, another, until the bottom part of the lighthouse was white all around, like a city tree warning intruding insects to seek another resting place. This was his only claim to ownership.

Long years ago, the lighthouse keeper had lived on the mainland; near the sea, for he liked to hear the waves at night from his bed. He had a shanty that they warned him would disintegrate at the first big squall. He scoffed, the Cape hadn't had a big wind or shore trouble since he could remember. So he brought the girl back, a wild, gypsy-like, water-loving girl. And they had lived there, hearing the tides at night, and the bells clanging when the winds rose, seeing the warm red glow of the lighthouse tower from their window. Then one night, when they were watching the tower, planning for the child who was expected in the spring, the hurricane began. The shiver started panes in the windows trembling, and the outside door cracked hard against the side of the shack. They listened, but were not afraid. Then the tides came up and over, one by one reaching greedily for the path inland. The wind whistled, and then stopped completely, catching its breath for the final and deafening scream as the roof and doors were carried straight to the hysterical sea. He tried to batten down one door, to find a safe place for the girl, but the wind gave him no mercy. The sand, stirred, began to sting their bodies, to blind their eyes. And then one of the wooden slats fell on her.

They say he carried her all through the storm, up and down the beach. He did not hear when the villagers screamed for him to come in from the rain; he did not cry, and if he did, his tears were one with the rain which followed the hurricane.

The next day he buried her, in the cemetery on the hill, high up—where she could see the sea, he said. Then he disappeared, and when he came back, asked for the lighthouse keeper's job. The last man had left before the storm, and the village was glad that someone would accept the position.

They rowed him out the next week, when it was spring—and he began to paint the tower right away. The village gossiped, said he'd gone queer, completely, that it was just as well he was off by himself. But they worried, would the lighthouse be all right? No fishing boat, however, lost its course while he lived there, and once he saved a boy from drowning, so they grew used to him.

When spring came, the island ferry always carried, in addition to the regular groceries, two gallons of whitewash, and a fine, new brush. The lighthouse keeper met the boat eagerly.

They thought him queer—to be happy with the garden, the purring cat, the few books, and the sea all around him every night. Worst of all, they thought, no one to talk to. . . . Even when the Coast Guard officer paid his regular visits, the lighthouse keeper was quiet. The officer always said he felt that the old man was just waiting for him to leave.

This spring the whitewash arrived late on the island, and the old man trembled as they put the pails down. He would have to start right away to finish the tower in time. There was an urgency in his voice and in his hands as he moved the ladder out at an angle to the tower and climbed, teetering, to the seventh rung. The day was so clear that even from the mainland you could tell he was standing on the seventh rung. The white was being spread, in squares as always, only bigger now, not so precise. He finished one side, and slowly, carefully, lowered himself from the ladder. By now there were many who watched him with their spy glasses from the shore. Early spring and lighthouse painting were associated in their minds. They feared lest he fall, for his eyes were not too good anymore. He had to strain to sign for the last food delivery, they said, he was getting old, and soon they would have to look for a new lighthouse keeper, but they still watched him when the air smelled of spring.

Now he had finished the side of the tower which faced the mainland. Half-finished, they breathed, partly in relief, partly worry, for now he would carry the ladder round to where the tower met the deep sea, and only specks on the horizon could watch him. Again the ladder was up, and he climbed. White, clear white, to cover the salty, dust-covered walls. The mainland was visibly relieved when the six-foot high base ring was done. The lighthouse keeper, they knew, would now go in and sleep. He had declared himself to the world.

But this day was different. It was spring and the birds were there, and the blossoming, but the lighthouse keeper stayed outside. Soon he will leave the lighthouse, perhaps not to return; the village is tired of supporting such an old and feeble man. He has taken the second pail of whitewash and climbed recklessly to the top rung of his ladder. They will never know why he stands at the top, and stretching, as if to embrace the whole tower, hurls the pail at the stone side. The whiteness slips and sloshes, spreading like milk spilled on a table, in all directions at once, lengthening, widening,—until a great white ghost is outlined against the grey stone of the upper tower. But the effort of hurling was too much, the lighthouse keeper must have known. He crumples, topples from the ladder, and the village gasps. The ladder is left akimbo, like an arm of the tower.

They are going to send the boats out to fetch the body, for he cannot possibly have lived after the fall, and they will bring him back in a box and bury him on the hill beside the girl, so that the two can watch the sea together. Already there is some debate among the people whether they should let him rest in the sea, but the land-burial townsmen are by far in the majority.

Yet the fishing boats won't leave the pier today. Even in spring a storm can blow up, and the sky to the west is getting darker every minute, and the sea smells of a coming blow. The waves are knocking the boats at the dock one against the other, harsh voices quarreling as wood cracks against wood, and oars slip from their locks to float in the foam.

It seems there is another hurricane brewing. The mainland must batten down its houses, and the buoys have already begun to issue warning to the boats bobbing against the sky.

They think it strange, for there has not been a hurricane here for a long time, especially in the spring; not since a young girl died and her grieving husband carried her limp body up and down the shore until the dawn. They stop for a moment from fighting the storm, and wonder if the old man knew.

Even after the storm has died down, they will still see the white-washed ghost against the tower wall which faces toward the village.

●

THE DAY OF CHANGE

September's
clarity of air
like a heart dreaming
remembers
summer, and the seeming
endlessness of golden heat and light.
But cold, beneath the bright
ghost of remembered warmth, stirs and grows stronger.
The autumnal blaze
will last a little longer,
a few fading days,
and then the embers,
cooling, will grow gray and darkly die,
and so will lie
in cold, with no warmth anywhere.

LUCY TURNBULL

the numbness was gone.

He sat bolt upright, buttocks grating against the cold cement through the grave suit. A small chip of mortar scraped away from his shoulder, leaving a powdery trail down his flank which rested lengthwise on the coffin. His mind stirred gently, like curtains rushling in a spring breeze. He was remembering himself, a solitary man seeking union with a nymph of the past: that bygone fantasia of faces, limbs, and torsos that somewhere in the potpourri of his mind coagulated into another solitary figure; that of his wife. He could even remember the recipe that his dear wife had sent him to town for on that Saturday afternoon in May.

105 lbs. of impotent female flesh.

300 loaves of burnt toast (or any other suitable reasoning).

3 cases of infidelity, 100 proof.

Stir in an inverted bowl and serve to yours.

However, he never quite collected all the ingredients for he had smelled the odour (even at five miles distance!) and had decided to investigate. By the time Harry got home the whole first floor was a bank of brilliant flame. His tie blew unexpectedly up into his face when he heard her screams. Around he went to the back porch, stepping nimbly around the mud patch where the outside steps went up. Slowly mounting, his nostrils widened as the charred smell ruffled his nosehair. Then he saw her half through the smoke. In a moment the mixture would start to fry, the skin bubbling out over a fallen timber, steaming and running, then becoming brown at the edges, curling in gently. Then the roof fell in! and the man was snuffed out, like a bug on a lighted match.

Harry whipped the mortardust from his haunches and moved out of the place. Night. Nightair. He breathed deeply as he saw a searchlight beam scuttle sideways across the roof of the sky, trying to find a chink in the cage. To his right a group of figures sat dimly around a camp fire and howled concert into the nightmist on the netherside of the bromberry bush; that hovered, panting in the confusion of the brambles. Across his path stalked the manshadow, the follower, looking for his solid counterpart. And further ahead a car appeared on the roadway, two headlights frowning on the hillcrest. Harry ran, churngulling through the dark. He beat the car to the bend. Harry

waved; wavering the dust, the car slowed on the highway . . . then the hot glare spattered all over his black hair.

* * * *

A man stepped out of his auto. He wiped his hands distastefully in the chill churning wind as he slowly slipped his fingers along the smooth surface of the windshield. Regretfully he found the cause for his annoyance. Throwing the half-squashed nightmoth into the weeds at the side of the road, he resumed his drive.

As the last wheeldriven whirl of stones and grit clouded down again, the death-dimmed eyes of the still twitching bug knew that it would all start again when

●

He lies, spine too steeply curved,
between rocks, head back and down
and silent.
He has stoned the golden flower out of mountain mist,
and bleached the blueness out of sky.
He has shredded scalloped wings
thinly veined with gold
that held the butterfly
hovering.
    He pulled out the bottom brick
    of his tower,
    and it crushed thunder above him.
    With blunted knuckles
    he pushed down the one last tree.
    Its shining leaf-light blinded him
    grasping the burning-glass.
He smelled the sweet incense
of torch-consumed apples
and died.

His stark earth stretches
over the edge of closely cobblestoned horizons
and faces a prospect of vacuum.
Between granite thorns,
the bruised head does not bleed.
But the hair drifts into water
    in the drinking-cup of night.

JANE AUGUSTINE

SAND (A SATIRE)

NICK NORTON

The sand stretched out long and smooth, peaceful under the caressing touch of surging waters. A sea gull wheeled gracefully in the sky and seemed like a great bird in motion, while below on the burning beach sand crabs skittered like bubbles of grease on a hot griddle.

A small boy ran across the beach, lifting his feet quickly from the hot sand, and finally planted them in the edge of the water, moving them slowly in the relieving coolness. The waves wrapped themselves around his toes, lapped him into submission, till he sank down in the water and sat while the currents lifted him, pulled him back and forth with quiet strength.

He liked to be buffeted by the waves and liked to feel strong in their strength. A large wave came and lifted him up, up, and up into the air into godlike ecstasy and then let him fall — very quickly — thud, on his nose. The blood ran out slowly, mixing with the pulsing water until the sea around him looked like pink wine. Hungrily he drank the salt, pink wine, and then vomited, spewing forth his life over and over — until he seemed like a drunk man puking pink wine.

The small boy crawled up onto the beach and sat, took one last hungry look at the sea and turned away. Above him on the beach sat a big girl, watching. He walked beside her, sat next to her, creeping close into the warm body, wanting solace and protection. Fondly he put his head on her breasts while they lifted him, pulling him back and forth with quiet strength. He felt strong in their strength. Fondly she reached out and put her hand in his hair, lifted him up, up, and up into the air then let him fall — very slowly — ow, on the sand.

He walked away to the edge of the sea, to where the sand was still warm and white, near the edge of the sea where the water surged closer but did not yet violate the warm whiteness. He dug a hole, through the warmth into the cool wet below, dug deep and deep seeking an unknown comfort in the sand. The hole became so deep that he had to lie out and reach his whole arm down to dig, lying with his body pressed against the sand, feeling the waves around his feet.

He felt more peaceful now, with his cheek against the coolness, his fingers beginning to feel water in the hole. Then he felt the sand move in the hole and then a hand grasped his, holding it in the wet.

The hand held him comfortingly, firm under the sand. He saw the girl, felt the cool sand under him, felt the firm hand holding him, loving him, and he knew that he could lie forever on the beach with this girl who would protect him.

He felt the waves around his thighs and liked their strength, liking the feel of his feet being lifted, of the firm hand holding his. He liked the quiet smile on the girl's face. He would have gone to her but his shoulder was pinned against the sand, he tried to free his hand but she would not let him go. He pulled and pulled harder, then wildly, wanting to be free, seeing the quiet smile, feeling the firm hand, and the waves around his waist. The hand held him and the water reached into his mouth. He could not free his hand, the girl smiling, holding, while he pulled madly, crying out — you bitch, you bitch, you bitch you bitch youbitchyoubitch, until the words became a gurgle in the surge of the waves.

The water regurgitated quietly upon the shore, spewing forth its life — a breast and one small boy.

•

AUTUMN

Here in this Autumn night, Quiet lives.
We do not hear him stir, but brooding days
Have shown his coming. Gilded Autumn gives
What Summer stored. Along the trodden ways,
Under the leaves, find him. We perceive
Excess to excess clings, and will not leave;
But here is only quiet. The spirits hum
In the wind. The moon is wrapped in a cloud. Here come
No fears, but vision such as the quiet conceive.

Tom Bold

LIVINGSTON PUBLISHING CO.
NARBERTH, PA.

LOW TIDE HELEN KATZ

CONTENTS

NUDE - - - - - - - - - - - - 1
Paul Moses

FACULTY TEA - - - - - - - - - - 3
Wayne C. Booth

POEM - - - - - - - - - - - - 6
Lucy Turnbull

SUMMER - - - - - - - - - - - 7
Naomi Ellenbogen

APPLE CART - - - - - - - - - - 8
Annie Lawrie Fabens

CANAL - - - - - - - - - - - - 11
Ellen Bell

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SUMMER - - - - 12
Sally Herminghaus

POEM - - - - - - - - - - - - 15
Jiggs Kunkel

ROGER BACON (excerpts) - - - - - - - - 16
M. Patricia Ripley

DRAWING - - - - - - - - - - - 21
Fritz Janschke

SONG TO RIP VAN WINKLE - - - - - - - 22
Patricia Richardson

QUIET, CLEAN MEMORY - - - - - - - - 24
Robert Arthur

NIGHT SONG - - - - - - - - - - 25
Jane Augustine

SEPTEMBER BONFIRE - - - - - - - - 25
Lucy Turnbull

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER - - - - - - - 26
Joanna Semel

THE DAY OF CHANGE - - - - - - - - 29
Lucy Turnbull

AND THE FLAMES ABOVE THEM ROAR - - - 30
J. N. Smith

POEM - - - - - - - - - - - - 31
Jane Augustine

SAND - - - - - - - - - - - - 32
Nick Norton

AUTUMN - - - - - - - - - - - 33
Tom Bold

LOW TIDE - - - - - - - - - - - 35
Helen Katz

8.73B9
Co
ring1951

Counterpoint

Bryn Mawr-Haverford

SPRING 1951

378.73B9
QCo
Spring, 1951

COUNTERPOINT

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE HAVERFORD COLLEGE

SPRING, 1951

Counterpoint expresses its appreciation to Professor Richmond Lattimore of Bryn Mawr College for his contribution to this issue.

The Board also extends best wishes to its former business editor, Helen-Louise Simpson Seggerman, who was married recently.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

JOANNA SEMEL NICK NORTON

BUSINESS EDITORS

MARCELLE WEIGER SYDNEY M. CONE III

EDITORIAL STAFF

ANNIE LAWRIE FABENS JOHN LEGGETT

VIRGINIA HOLBECK TONY MORLEY

LUCY TURNBULL THOMAS GARBATY

LEATRICE HOARD J. N. SMITH

ASSOCIATES: FRED MUTH, WILLIAM WATSON, CHARLES MORCHAND

GREEN INTERVAL

Ponder your manor house and fence it well
with courtesies of wall to deprecate
the amorous dayburst. Let no morning bell
disturb nor sung devotions mitigate
your mornings of contrition; in the lake
not even fish explode complacent glass
to a surprise of bubbles, nor blade take
his whirl of tribute from your gathered grass.

Not so, but guard your heart in careful elm
and seal her green beginnings under stone
as for all time. The lips that overwhelm,
the hand that storms this peace shall be your own.
On your burned, butchered groves stand and repent.
You were the Goth, and death rode where you went.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

THE STAG HUNT

BOBBYANN ROESEN

Their golden horns blared through the long reaches of the mist, stirring the sleeping birds. In the chill pallor of the dawn the lean hounds shivered with a cold excitement and flung themselves soundlessly against the thong leashes, their slavering jaws strained in noiseless, eager whines. Into the caverned glooms of the New Forest the horses brought the dripping red clay of the fields, caked on slender fetlocks and small, hollow hoofs. Behind them they left the shining towers of Winchester and the mud streets of Beaulieu, where the fog dripped in smoking tendrils from the thatched roofs of the houses and the villeins watched them pass in frightened awe, glittering riders who trampled the green, young crops. Silence rode with the cavalcade, muffling the feet of the horses and stilling the tremors of the lonely leaves, and then the horns sounded, a molten sweetness that trembled down the misted morn.

They went in samite that was interwoven with silver threads, and their slim steeds flaunted crimson tassels and bits of bright wool twisted through their silken manes. Beneath the emerald mantle of the king, bracelets of gold gleamed dully. The First Crusade was but a year over, and in England, a certain influence of the Oriental mingled with the Norman veneer of the Conquest. Even in the wet August dawn, some of the nobles rode to hunt the stag with their yew bows flung over cloaks that were the color of the sea in sunlight, or mantles of Tyrian purple, embroidered with bright palaces. The small collars encircling the shaggy throats of the deerhounds were of heavy brocade, marked with the royal arms of William Rufus, and above the procession, the great, silken banner of the king drooped in limp, unstirred folds, its scarlet crowns compressed confusedly against the background of black.

Henry, the younger brother of the king, turned his restive sorrel stallion out of the line, and stood watching as the procession passed by. "How beautiful it all is," he thought suddenly, contrasting the silken gay of the riders with the silent forest, enfolded in coiling spirals of mist. Behind him, the water wandered slowly down the moss-covered trunks of the oaks and beneath his horse's feet the smell of the rich forest loam came to him, heavy with the odor of sodden leaves. A horse stumbled sharply over a half-buried stone, its rider thrown heavily forward over the wet, veined neck. In that moment

an inexplicable premonition seized Henry, transmitting itself to his horse, so that it bolted nervously back into line, while the white wraith of the morning became suddenly, not beautiful, but spectral and strange, the trees of the forest no longer familiar shapes but Druid-haunted forms, like the weird marine growth of some pale and weightless sea.

There was a sudden flurry of motion in the vanguard of the hunt, and behind the red mare of the king, the party drew slowly to a halt. The serfs who held the hounds bent swiftly, their strong brown hands tearing at the wet, thong leashes. Against the serried whiteness, their crimson tunics were unnaturally bright and the low sounds of their voices reached the ears of the waiting nobles, the harsh Saxon dialect softened by distance. Rufus swung about impatiently in his great ivory saddle, and instantly a waiting courtier rode forward and handed him a golden goblet. In its depths a pale, Southern wine lay sleeping; sunlight seemed trapped in its netted bubbles. Around the sloping sides of the chalice sleek-bodied dolphins arched in the never-ending pursuit of a mermaid who swam laughing before them through the languid waves. Rufus drained off the liquor and with an experimental thumb picked up the great carbuncle set in the bottom of the goblet. He was fond of such gilded bravery and his thick fingers caressed the carved dolphins lovingly before he tossed the chalice back to the waiting cup-bearer. It fell in a glittering arc that mocked the greyness of the morning, and Henry turned to find the still, unmoving eyes of the Bishop of Winchester regarding the scene inscrutably, the prelate's long, white face mirroring in its stillness something of the serenity of those as yet uncarved saints of Chartres. Against the unrelieved black of his robes a great ruby cross swung with the motion of his white palfrey, like a single drop of blood on a window of somber, stained glass. "How thin his hands are," Henry thought, and noticed that one hand held the furred, black mantle close as a protection against the dampness and the pre-dawn chill.

A huntsman dashed by, interrupting his thoughts, and once more the mournful melody of the horns began to pry through the green glades. Already the dark backs of the hounds had started to move steadily forward, and through the lifting fog the beasts themselves, appeared, their great limbs extended in a steady, purposeful trot. Now, from the deep coolness of the distant sea, the little winds of the morning were born, and ascending from the somnolent waters, fanned the fires of the dawn. The mists hung in great, slanting shafts down the long colonnades of beech and oak, like pale incense suspended

in dim, cathedral aisles. Almost imperceptibly, the pace of the hunt became more swift; the pennons were stirred to life, and now their little gilded bells began to sound. Across the still stream the horses passed, their quickening hoofs shattering the water's calm and leaving strange, mystic whirls to eddy among the rushes and whisper against the shelving banks long after the riders were gone. Behind the others a young hound, pausing to slake its thirst at the river, stood a moment with dripping muzzle and dark, steaming flanks, concentric rings widening around its legs, and then bounded like a shadow through the underbrush, straining frantically to overtake the gathering rush of the hunt. Among the mosses and the tall grass the rabbits fled before it.

They had reached one of the small stretches of open heath common in the New Forest when the hounds suddenly lost the scent and checked abruptly, throwing the riders into confusion. Henry swerved sharply to avoid running into the king, and for a moment his eyes met those of Rufus, the color in his brother's naturally florid face heightened by the breathless motion of the run. Then the king wheeled his mare about sharply, ignoring Henry, and the younger man turned also and began to move about slowly through the meshed grasses, the gathering intensity of the hunt suddenly broken. From the deep, trampled tangles of gorse and bracken a strange, heady fragrance arose, baffling the hounds. The young monk who attended upon the Bishop dismounted and held the white palfrey quiet. He was obviously unused to horses and his hands slipped nervously along the red, tapestried reins with the sharp tossing of the palfrey's head. White foam flecks spattered his brown robes.

Through the trees, illuminated now by the pale, slanting rays of the sun, the falling, green water of a peasant's weir shone in the brightening day. It was a little stream that ran into the Solent, fresh from the Warwickshire valleys and filled with reeds and grasses that swayed in an invisible wind beneath the water's flow. Henry watched the heavy-set form of the king, almost invisible behind the trees, and then turned once again to regard the Bishop. Again he was struck by how unreal he seemed, how completely detached from the hunt in the morning, like one who has been for long a dweller in cool, white-arched rooms, with mosaic floors of bright blue, and ever afterwards looks inward upon the memory of delicate little columns rising to the groined vaults of the ceiling, and the sunlight blowing evenly over the pale marble.

Later, it would be this image which Henry would remember before anything else, and which still possessed his mind, even when he heard the sudden cries of the hounds and saw the great, red stag crash from its hiding place in the thickets. Its polished black antlers tore through the thinning mists. Red and monstrous, it shone among the trees, cutting across the hunt like the sudden impetus of Fate. For an instant the horsemen were silent, their frozen attitudes forming a pattern strangely reminiscent of those old, medieval tapestries whose charmingly naive artists ignored perspective, saw shy little wild things creep among the tangled flowers, and each distant citadel and hill burn with an enamelled clarity against the unshadowed beauty of the sky. Then the hounds leaped forward, and behind them the hunters, gathering up their startled horses, bent their hastily unslung bows and sent a ragged shower of arrows humming through the air, like the flight of some strange bird. Henry alone, behind the others saw one of them veer and sink slowly, quivering, in the heart of the king. Rufus fell quietly, the bright blood running over the rich trappings of the mare and dyeing the emerald grass.

The hunt had passed on. With a strange interest, Henry noticed that even while he was mentally aghast his horse had borne him on with the others. The compulsion to turn back, to shout for aid, bothered him remotely, but as the ground swept from under his stallion's feet he felt how impossible would be any effort of his hand upon the reins. He was caught up by the net of motion, possessed by the horse hoofs drumming their fugue-like patterns upon the streaming earth. He began to doubt the reality of what he had seen and his mind was filled only with the sense of swiftness and the back-whirling world. He sat rigid, letting the stallion bear him on, the golden griffins on its trappings glittering gaily in the sun. The universe was concentrated in the hunt. The thunder of its going shattered the morning, and the banners whipped back so straight that the wind, rushing through their pendant bells held the tiny, golden tongues immobile.

Behind, the noise of the water and the weir gradually overflowed the trailing sounds of the hunt. The sun was a dappled, golden tide as it glanced through the cool leaves of the beeches and oaks, and tiny, jewelled lizards warmed themselves on the flat stones near the place where the king lay. A lark soared over the ripening fields, the sea glittering beneath one curved wing, the rolling chalk hills of the downlands beneath the other, and its song reached down to the drenched, green land, hauntingly sweet and unbearably sad.

BOOK OF BALDERDASH

Ye Olde and Rare Manuscript of the lost Book of Balderdash *by* Sml Wltr Grffln *the no Count of Hudson*

Wen I were quik abed alain,
Wayting till Morpheus cast hys seine
Of heavenly sweven 'bout mye eyes
And fyll mye thots with wyld surprize,

Hyt chaunced mye eye shold fall
Upon strange shadows on the wall,
A form so lyk a mounted knyght
Hyt erst struck me wyth a sort of fryght.

I laughed wyth hollow, fearful glee
At the awefyl, light-cast mockery
And turned to blow th' offendin candle out
When I fell back wyth a bloody shout.

Bye mye couch, in moon's full glare,
Stood the taper on the chair.
Dark and flameless stood the brand.
A footstep sounded near at hand.

A terror struck lyk the nameless ghost
Who to the shades shall e'er play host.
The step was not a human's mark.
A hoof sound sharply in the dark.

From the shadow of the wall hyt rang.
A war steed's hollow, imperious clang.
And full-cloth'd as for mortal fyght
Stept out the black, live-shadow'd knyght.

He spayk nor word no gayv no syn
Of what fate shold then be myn.
But strayght he typped hys launce to rest
Scarce a hair's bredth from mye chest.

A rumbling echo tumbl'd 'round
And as the knyght spayk forth thys sound
The word's assayl'd me from now here
At left—no, ryght—up—down, and yet, no where!

"Syre, mye peer, thou art mye hope,
The onlie clansman here to cope
Wyth the base treachery visit'd on
Me, Rafe Balderdash, thy mother's onlie lyving son."

I lyst wyth blood run cold
As thys tale my brother told,
Of our cousyn, in foul gaol impryson'd kept
By hys evyl uncle, and I wept.

Oh, anguish! Torment! Mye blood wax'd hot
As Rafe thys rueful tale begot,
Of Cousyn Umberto (on our Gaelic syde),
Tormented bye Uncle Eustice, for secrets he dyd hyde.

Not content to beat and break
And from hym precious freedom take,
But Eustice must as well
Place hym in a dyngie hell,

A hole full two fadme deep.
Nor exit dyd thys fould hole keep
Save hygh above, an open breech,
A sword's length from Umberto's reach.

Rat and mole and sarpint cunning
Kept our cousyn ever runnyng,
Till, wen the thyrd moon tynged the heth,
Umberto was running out of breath.

"Oh, vyllan, tempter, uncle scorned,
Curse the day that you was borned!
Thou hast denied me food and drynk,
Yet never shalt thou see me blynk.

"I wait thy deathblow wyth contempt.
No kyn of thyne shall be exempt
From mye brothers' aweful wrath
When they learn, in sooth, it have I hath."

Eustice crynged in wimpering fear
As each dread curse assayled hys ear.
He knew he must despatch Umberto,
But, to utter truth, he was too scared to.

But, oh, that wretched, schemyng knave,
The devil's own tormented slave,
He conjured up such fiendish plan
As ne'er before had plagued a man.

Hymself so weak and mean a coward,
He'd not the deathstroke self put forward,
But leave to Umberto, noble, pure,
That he shold be hys own undoer.

Thus, strayghtway from the pit he fled,
To hys chamber, 'neath the bed,
Where hys talons, cold and clammie,
Grasped garbs of Umberto's colored Mammie.

Unknown to the hapless youth below,
Mammie was where the good folk go.
Uncle Eustice fixed her ticket:
He bat her wyth a sticky wicket.

'Round hym the monster clutched hys guise
To shield hym from enquiring eyes
And down to yon dark dungon crept
Where poor Umberto cursed and wept.

"Bertie boy," quoth he, in accents falsely swete
To keep Umberto off the beat,
"Tis I, yo po ole cullyd Mammie
Cum to save you-all." (How hammie!)

Umberto's joyous heart lept up,
The stuff was running out hys cup!
He was sayved, bye George! Joy lyt hys face.
'Twas then that Eustice played hys ace.

"Thy father, when thou'rt but a youth,
Foresaw they present predicament, in sooth,
And to keep thee safe from fiendish harm
Hyd a length of rope insyde thyne arm.

"Thou hast but to tayk thys blayd.
Use hyt as thy penultimate ayd,
And sho 'nuff, Bert, as here I stand
Thee'll be let out bye thyne own hand."

Umberto grasped wyth feverish hope
The profer'd knyfe (the dope!)
And layd hys arm all galley-west,
Spylling blood on hys new vest.

Imagyn hys torment, knowing no bound,
Wen, on examining hys wound,
He found nor rope, nor anything,
No cord, not even just a piece of stryng.

So Bertie, because of thys false, beamyng friend,
Mixed blood wyth tears and knew hys end
Was coming fast. Nor was he 'fraid,
But uttered one last word—"Betrayed!"

"So, brother, hast heard my dreadsome tale
That hast haunted me through ev'ry dale.
My spirit now can know some rest.
At last I've got hyt off mye chest."

The dread shadow faded 'gainst the wall;
The taper flamed up bright and tall.
But I made note, 'fore sleepyng off thys aweful drammie,
To fire mye poor ole cullyd Mammie.

Explicit the Book of Balderdash

STAKE NIGHT

CLARISSA MACVEAGH

Ralph was schooling the black jumper, Capotosto, in the ring. It was only two days until the big International Show in Chicago, and he was hoping to win the stake with this horse. He had had an extraordinary run of luck all summer, except for the last two shows when the big black had gone into a slump. Ralph thought he could pull him out of it before this show, however, and had consequently put him through two weeks of intensive schooling. He had studied the International's jumper courses thoroughly and copied all the jumps in his own ring.

Ralph was riding for F. E. Wales that season. He had done much to make Wales' second-rate string of horses into one to be reckoned with, but owners in the horse show business are odd people. Wales had been very displeased with the results of the last two shows, and Ralph saw himself jobless unless he finished the season with a grand slam at the International.

He finished warming up and turned the horse towards the first fence. This was the final test before the show. The horse's performance today would probably indicate the way he would jump in the show. He had begun to come out of his slump during the last week, but he went slowly, just clearing his jumps, not in his former brilliant, high-flying way of going. Capotosto took the eight jumps in the ring in this slow fashion. He cleared seven, but changed feet clumsily before the last fence, a parallel bar, and crashed to his knees in the middle of it. Ralph pulled him up and rode out of the ring.

"I was going to pole you, Cap, but I guess you poled yourself enough on that last jump," he said glumly to the sweating horse as he dismounted. Wayne, one of the grooms, came up to get the horse.

"Yeah, he must be kinda sore after that flop. Are you still sure he can win the stake, Ralph? He didn't look much like a stake horse on that parallel bar."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "I give up. I don't know what's wrong with him. He isn't sour, and he's not afraid of his fences; he just doesn't have the get-up-and-go he used to. The only thing to do now, is to wait till the show and just hope something happens to snap the damn' pig out of it. The others aren't even as good as Cap. Northwoods is sour, and Adem is green." He lit a cigarette, slapped the black on the rump, and walked to his car. He called back to Wayne over his shoulder. "We won't ship down there till Monday. There's not much point in going for schooling night. I don't think that it would help, so we might as well skip it." He got into his car and drove away.

Monday night, Ralph was at the Arena in one of the stalls assigned to Wales' horses, grooming the grey, Northwoods, and shouting orders to Wayne.

"Put the wire bit on Adem—whoa, you dog! And don't tighten the girth till he goes in." He caught sight of a small, emaciated figure coming down the aisle between the stalls. The man had the bowed legs and straight carriage of a professional rider, but he was dressed in a stained white shirt and dusty green trousers, much patched at the knees. The night breeze waved through his lusterless brown hair and caressed his sunken, unshaven cheeks.

"Well, if it isn't old Cavanaugh!" Ralph yelled and leaned out over the stall rail. The man's weary, drink-reddened eyes lit up for an instant.

"Ralph! I might have known you'd be here. What are you doing now?"

"Riding for Wales. How about you—still riding for Calvert? God, if his horses are here, I quit."

"No, I'm not riding anything, just watching," Cavanaugh said drearily. You don't have ten bucks you could lend me just for—what do they say—old times' sake?" Ralph stared. Had Cavanaugh, of all people, turned to bumming? When he had last seen him, over a year ago, Cavanaugh had been the famous Calvert stables' top jock, and it had looked as though he would stay that way. Ralph had always envied him his easy, quick-thinking way of riding and patterned his own after it.

"Why sure, I guess so, sure, Cavanaugh," he said quickly, and dug into his pocket. Cavanaugh took the bill, mumbled his thanks, and started to move on down the aisle.

"Hey, Cavvy, want a horse to ride tonight? We got one just for you, a man-killer, but he can jump over the moon!" shouted a groom from the stables down the line. Cavanaugh did not look at him. He quickened his steps and walked away, staring at his feet. For a minute, it seemed to Ralph that he was trembing. A burst of raucous, contemptuous laughter came from the men down the aisle.

"Class number 107, open Jumpers, bring your horses down, please, bring your horses down, please," the public address system blared. "Horses for Open Jumpers, in the hole, please." Ralph jumped into motion. He threw the saddle on Northwoods, led him out, and bellowed for Wayne. Wayne came, leading Adem, and took the grey. Ralph ran to get Capotosto and mounted him.

"You take those two down. Cap's the first one of ours in the ring. I'm going to warm him up. Bring an extra cooler for him

with you." He rode out of the stable, walked, trotted, and cantered his horse, weaving him in and out of the lines of cars that crowded the dark field. Then he rode down the ramp into the arena. As he went through the gate, he noticed Cavanaugh, standing with a bunch of stable bums, looking at him.

The gate clattered shut. He was alone in the ring. The white jumps glared at him in the harsh light, contrasting vividly with the velvet brown of the tanbark. He circled Cap once, then dug him with his heels, and they were off. The black horse galloped slowly, jumping carelessly, with his ears flat back against his head. His performance was mediocre. Ralph came out of the ring with two ticks and a knockdown to his credit.

"Not even good enough for a fifth," Ralph grumbled to Wayne as he dismounted. "I wish someone would tell me what the hell's wrong with this horse!" Cavanaugh suddenly appeared at his elbow.

"Do you mean that, Ralph?" he said with a crooked smile. Ralph turned and looked at him.

"Sure, got any ideas?" he asked belligerently.

"I think it's you as well as the horse," Cavanaugh answered slowly. "You'll both have to snap out of it if you want to win." He smiled apologetically and turned away.

"A lot that tells me!" Ralph snorted to Wayne, but he looked thoughtfully after Cavanaugh, nevertheless.

As he expected, neither of the other two horses was in the money. He put them away and left early, not waiting to see the rest of the show.

His luck was just as bad the next evening, nor could he find Cavanaugh, who he thought had a little explaining to do for his cryptic remark of the night before.

The next night was stake night for the jumpers. Ralph drove down to the show chain-smoking and bereft of his usual imperturbable confidence. He had seen Mr. Wales that morning and had been told in no uncertain terms that the performance of the last two nights had been execrable, and that he was losing his touch, at least naugh, ambling bow-leggedly towards the stables, a cigarette drooping from his lips. He got out of the car and ran up to him.

"Hey—Cavanaugh, wait. I want to talk to you. What the devil did you mean night before last? If you meant anything, I wish you'd tell me, because if Cap and I don't 'snap out of it', I'll lose my job," he said breathlessly. "If you know so damn' much about it, I wish you'd come up to the tackroom and let me in on it!" he added a little angrily.

Ralph wanted to learn all he could about his profession, but, at

the same time, criticism always put him on the defensive and decidedly ruffled his temper. Cavanaugh looked at him and smiled his crooked smile again.

"If you really want my help, I'll meet you down in the arena, just before you go in. Now I'm going to help Sam get his horses ready. That'll pay for my breakfast tomorrow," he said bitterly.

"I do; meet you at the gate, then," Ralph answered, and went in to get his own horses ready.

Cavanaugh was already at the arena when Ralph got there. Leaving Wayne with the horses, Ralph walked over to him. Cavanaugh started in without any preamble.

"You're riding to lose, Ralph. You're riding as if you were already beaten, and your horse feels it. You've both lost your self confidence. I think the black can win the stake tonight, but you've got to make him think he can, too. Ride him with spurs tonight, and wake him up just before you go in. Don't hand-ride him so much; give him his head, and let him roll on. I don't think I'd even circle tonight. I'll wake him up for you and give him a swat as he goes in the gate. Ride him straight for the jumps, and don't let him look around. Keep his mind on the jumps; he's been jumping with his ears back, which means his mind isn't on them." Ralph listened intently, frowning. "What's your number, 307? You're in the hole, better get up." Cavanaugh was talking briskly now; his eyes were alive again. He was more as Ralph remembered him. Ralph mounted Capotosto and rode him up to the gate. Cavanaugh buckled a pair of long necked spurs on Ralph's boots, and then began to "wake up" the horse by hitting his knees and chest with a crop.

"That's right, spur him, jerk him around a bit. When you go in, *ride,* don't just sit like a sack of meal! Make that horse want to jump. He's a good horse, but no horse can win a stake by himself. What do you think Wales is paying you for, anyway?" Cavanaugh's voice had risen steadily during this pep talk, and so had Ralph's temper. He saw the smiles on the faces of the grooms and riders around the gate.

"All right, Cavanaugh. If you know so damn well what to do, why don't you ride him? I asked for advice, not a lecture. And if you're so damned good, why aren't you riding anymore? Let's see *you* ride him and win the stake!" Ralph shouted angrily at the small figure below him. "Here," he growled, "you can wear my coat." Cavanaugh had been standing very still during this tirade. As Ralph handed coat and horse to him, he came out of his trance and started to shake.

"No—no! I can't. I won't. You blasted idiot, can't you *see?* No, no, no!" His last 'no' was a sob. He hid his face in his shirt sleeve and

fled blindly through the crowd, running awkwardly. His gasping sobs echoed back to the spectators.

"Number 307, Capotosto, owned by F. E. Wales, ridden by Ralph Court," the microphone announced.

Ralph remounted; there was no time to think about Cavanaugh now. He thought ironically that 'the show must go on'. He jabbed Cap with his spurs until he was dancing and jigging in a fury of excitement and cut him with his crop. They flew through the gate. He didn't stop to circle, but rode straight for the first jump, a stone wall. His reins were loose, and Cap was flying over the tanbark, ears frozen forward. Ralph relaxed. This was the old Capotosto. They soared over the stone wall, the oxer, the liverpool, the triple in and out; four clean, they had one more round to go. Cap made all the rest with inches to spare, and they plunged through the deep tanbark to the gate. Ralph did not bother to check his horse's headlong gallop until they were out of the arena and halfway to the stables. Then he pulled him down to a walk and rode slowly back to the arena.

By the time they had returned, the remaining horses in the class had jumped. A delirious Wayne pulled him off the black horse, babbling that he had won the stake, and, with the points from the stake, the Jumper Championship. Ralph led Cap in for the ribbon and championship trophy. When he got back, he slapped Capotosto affectionately on the neck and gave him to Wayne to cool off. Then he joined the riders that were clustered around the gate.

After the congratulations were over, he finally had time to ask, "Does anyone know what hit Cavanaugh when I offered him the ride? I know he's down on his luck. I should have thought he'd be glad to get a ride—in a stake, too." The other men looked at each other.

Then someone said, "Haven't you heard? Last year, at the Oakbrook show, his horse fell through a stone wall with him and almost broke his neck. He has never ridden since then. He's lost his nerve."

●

GEOCENTRIC

Our horizons, advancing on the sun,
like a swung string circling between two hands
enclose bright emptinesses in a sphere
spun in some idle age from light drawn fine.
One sudden pull would snap the string, the planet
would shudder and dissolve in flat vibrations.
Mountain and sea would slacken like crumpled twine
and drop behind the sun into the dark,
to lie forgotten in dim quiet under
the hum and hurry of the busy stars.

LUCY TURNBULL

A GIBBON'S GIBBON

PETER ROSENBAUM

The other day I was invited over to the Crovney Institute of Primate Psychology in Forbis, Tenn., to look over an experiment they have been conducting for some years. Inspired by Russell Maloney's story, "Inflexible Logic," [1] about the six chimps who typed out many of the books in the British Museum, ten years ago some of the staff members there became interested in trying to estimate the odds that an ape, pecking randomly at a typewriter, would type out a complete and perfect copy of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Their work was divided into two tasks. The first was to determine mathematically what the probability would be that an ape typing away would perform the rather difficult task of perfectly reproducing *The Decline and Fall,* and the second was to obtain an ape and attempt to verify the prediction. It was the contention of some of the members of the Institute that an introverted ape would favor the central keys in the keyboard and that an extroverted one might favor those on the periphery, or on the side of his handedness. In order to insure the fact that the ape's attempts would be completely random, each possible ape subject was given two tests. The first test was a revised form of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, standardized on a group of captive gorillas in Yerke's laboratories. The other test merely ascertained that the ape was ambidextrous. By finding a well adjusted, ambidextrous ape, they virtually assured that he would peck completely randomly at the keys.

The statistician's work in figuring out the probability was truly remarkable, especially to a layman. They had made a few minor changes on the typewriter in order to make their calculations possible. The typewriter, by the way, was cleverly provided by the ape himself, who removed it (a *Royal* portable) quite skillfully from the room of a sophomore student one night. The small endowment of the Institute made such a move necessary, the investigators said. They removed the margin-release key, and they altered the "shift freedom" and "lock" mechanism so that if any of those keys were depressed, it would remain down for the next character and the next character only. The ape was trained to return the carriage at the sound of the little bell, no matter where he was in a word, for his only requirement was to reproduce the orthography of *The Decline and Fall,*[2] not to turn out gramatically perfect copy.

They pointed out, in their approach, that, taking the area of one key as the basic unit, there were 63.38 units of area available for the ape (which, ironically enough, turned out to be a gibbon, purchased from a London animal dealer) to type out *The Decline and Fall* on. Of these 63.38 units, 43 were the letters, punctuation marks, and backspacer, 3.410 units were taken up by the "shift freedom" and "lock" keys, and the remaining 16.97 represented the space-bar. It was obvious that the chance of typing a single character correctly (by correctly, they meant according to the text of *The Decline and Fall)* was one in 63.38; the chances of making a single space were 16.97 in 63.38, and capitalization required an additional factor of 3.410 in 63.38 for each letter capitalized. To italicize letters was trickier, requiring that the letter be typed, backspaced over, the capitalization key be depressed, and the underlining key be struck. All of these factors were taken into consideration when the probability was being computed.

One of the most challenging aspects of this monkey business that faced these men was how they could account for the one in 63.38 of the time that the gibbon would backspace over the most recently typed character. When he did this, there were three things he could do without marring his attempt to type *The Decline and Fall.* He could type the letter again, he could space over it, or he could backspace once more. This last would occur one in 63.38 of the times he backspaced once. The statisticians deliberately neglected the possibility of the ape backspacing a third time, for it would not influence the final answer to any noticeable extent. They reasoned that the double backspacing would occur *only* (from right to left) over two letters, from a space to a letter, from a letter to a space, and from a capital to a space; that only a necessary combination of spacing and/or typing the letters thus backspaced over could successfully compensate for the backspacing. All these factors of typing letters, spaces, capitals, footnotes, and italics, as well as compensating for backspacing, were taken into consideration by the investigators. They ended up with an equation of 9 or 10 terms to be multiplied, one by the next. The most complex term they had to work with they showed me. It is the one

which takes care of the situation when a double backspacing occurs from italicized letter over to an italicized capital, and I reproduce it to give you an idea of how the investigators spend their time:

$$\left\{\left[\left(\frac{1}{63.38}\right)^{\nu}\left(\frac{3.410}{63.38}\right)\right]^{28,299.67}\right\} \text{ times}$$

$$\left\{\left[\left(\frac{3.410}{63.38}\right)^{\frac{148,599.1}{8,642,211.5}}+\left(\frac{16.97}{63.38}\right)^{\frac{1,396,499}{8,642,211.5}}\right]\left[\left(\frac{1}{63.38}\right)^{\frac{7,245,712.5}{8,642,211.5}}+\left(\frac{16.97}{63.38}\right)^{\frac{1,396,499}{8,642,211.5}}\right]\right\}^{\frac{8,642,211.5}{(63.38)^2}}$$

They used the tried and true statistical technique of sampling enough lines at random to determine the average number of letters, spaces, capitals, italics, and footnotes per line until they were tired of doing it, at which time they proclaimed they had a "statistically significant sample." By similar methods, they found the average number of lines, text and footnote, per page. Knowing the total number of pages in the work (3,709), they were able to estimate the total number of characters, capitals, italics, etc.

By using a 7-place logarithm table, they computed the following experimental probability that the gibbon would type out *The Decline and Fall:* one over 1,327,603x1015,200,293 (or, for the layman, one chance in 1,327,603 *followed-by-15,200,293-zeros times!)* For comparison, the odds for filling two to an inside straight flush are about 1 in 3,000, not followed by *any zeros.* As a matter of fact, the only odds they know of that match those for the gibbon were the ones for the Phillies taking the recent World's Series in four straight games.

In the actual laboratory situation, they keep the gibbon at his typewriter eight hours a day. He types at the rate of 396 characters a minute (just a little under 80 words), which is pretty good for an ape. He gets Saturday afternoons and Sundays off, and they are going to keep it this way unless the union gets him. This forty-hour week means that he averages about 132,000 characters per week, and therefore it will take him until 1:30 P.M. of Wednesday of his 69th week

of work (allowing him three weeks in August for vacation) to complete one "copy" of 8,642,211 characters (the number of characters there are in the complete *Decline and Fall).* The gibbon is perceptive and docile enough to accept his room and board and an occasional cigar as reward enough for his work. He has no idea how insurmountably the odds are stacked against him, and, in his ignorance, he plunges doggedly ahead.

It has been about 11 years since Mr. Maloney's story was published, and it has been just 10 years since they procured the gibbon, then 8½ years old (which is about 18 by human standards) and started him working. Ever since the first year, which was his probation period, they have been giving him three weeks a year paid vacation, and this vacation serves well to sharpen his desire to return to his humble contribution to the affairs of science. He is a little gray around the temples now, and much wiser. Thus far he has turned out approximately 7.6 "copies" of *The Decline and Fall.* His most signal success was turning out the entire set of footnotes on p. 192 of Volume III on his third time around. For a while they hoped that they and he would not have to wait the rest of the eons till eternity to witness the successful completion of the task. But, alas, the law of probabilities caught up with him, and he went back to typing gibbonish. He has referred by name to Diocletian seven times, and to others concerned in the history fewer times. Strangely enough, any mention of Caesar is entirely absent. But, then, most historians have their prejudices.

As a matter of fact, the Institute has been self-sustaining since 1943 as the result of several consistently popular, lurid novels the gibbon wrote and which were published under pseudonyms undoubtedly familiar to us all. This last July, he turned out a copy of *Dianetics,* just a few weeks after Hubbard, thereby barely missing scooping him on the find of the century. At least, however, it saved the staff of the Institute having to buy a copy.

Every once in a while, when looking over the ape's output, the investigators note a blatant, "I want to go back to Asia!" It is at these times that they call on their Dr. Duerf, who has a wonderful way with animals, to comfort the gibbon. Usually, after about half an hour's attention, the gibbon is ready to go back to work again.

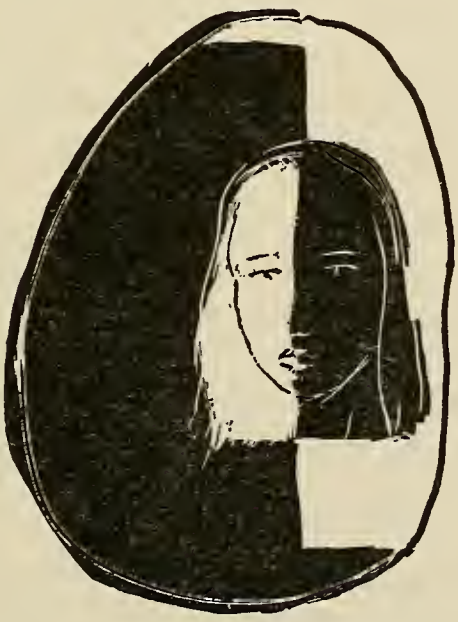
They are sorry that they cannot report more startling data, but, they point out, what people forget is that for every important scientific discovery, thousands of hours have been spent working towards the goal. They feel, however, that the public is entitled to know of their work, and they will report again in 10 years as to the further progress of The Experiment.

[1] Russell Maloney, "Inflexible Logic", *The New Yorker,* Feb. 3, 1940.
[2] Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Human Empire* (New York: Peter Fenelon Collier and Son, 1900).

SONNET

When you have left me, love; when I shall find
My towers crumbling and my fortress burned;
When I shall seek for night's oblivion dark
And feel my eyes stayed, to the daylight turned;
The hard, anticipating, watching world
Will say that I was proud to hold so long
A man with Nature's fortunes closely stored
Within-so keen a mind and body strong.
So will they speak, who cannot ever know
Those things that made me equal, made you whole:
The million little flaws I found and loved,
Which, though I understood, could not control.
They never saw my hands, in velvet gloved,
Reach trembling out and softly touch your soul.

JOAN CORBIN



HARRY

HERBERT CHEYETTE

(The following episode is excerpted from a long story of the same name.—Editor's Note.)

The Juke Box, or just Nick's as it was known to its devotees, lay recessed between two warehouses down in the lower part of Philadelphia Street before the hill that served to separate the food stores, storage houses, and mill offices, from the groceries, drug and department stores that made up the more commercially respectable part of town. Nick's itself was respectable enough, the younger set merely requiring a place to dance, drink soft drinks, pet and feel itself indulging in high living, which the dimly lighted room provided with a somewhat raffish air by virtue of its location and the tepidness of its atmosphere. The proprietor, collecting a quarter from a couple at a small wooden table at the entrance, was a fat balding man known as Nick who lived downstairs, with his small children who, from their earliest years, had learned to go to sleep with the dead sound of unrhythmic feet moving to dissonant music.

The establishment itself, on the second floor of a two-story building, was fronted by a narrow porch reached by a set of wooden stairs at the end. From the porch one entered directly on to the dance floor, the entire middle space of a long low room lit by one large electric light at the very center, from which dirty streamers—the remains of an Italian wedding party of some weeks before—were usually to be seen stretching to the four corners. Folding chairs were placed around three sides of the room, and on the fourth was a soft drink cooler, a display counter full of candy bars and crackers, and three long linoleum-covered tables piled on top of each other. The only air came in through the doors—and this was seldom, for the entrance was usually choked with boys—and also from three small windows on the same side.

Harry stood in the dark at the beginning of the lot with Nephritita Wilson, staring at the windows, and watching the outlines of the boys on the porch silhouetted against the light streaming over their heads from the doorway. The place was obviously as crowded as usual. They could hear the sound of loud laughter mixed with music drifting out through the doorway from which the light, showing sporadically past those on the porch, threw disorganized patterns on the lot below.

Harry braced himself for the entrance up the steps. He had known that there were bound to be a few boys on the porch, all Bill Stucky's friends, but he had hoped not so many. The more there were, the more difficult they would be to get past when they saw Nephritita

was with him. He thought he could count five; three by the door telling dirty jokes—of this Harry was sure—for he himself had often stood outside the door, picking out obscene characteristics of the dancers—and two others leaning over the railing to spit at a pool of oil some leaky crankcase had left on the ground.

Feeling Nephritita unconsciously grasp his arm as she heard the laughter from the porch, Harry knew that she did not want to go in, afraid of a fight with Bill Stucky if he found her there, that she could not understand why this was where they had gone, he insisting on it, determined to have it, instead of some place where she could feel at ease, where Bill Stucky was not likely to find them. This was the first obstacle to be overcome, the first real challenge of his will in conflict. He could demand nothing of himself if he could not now move his desire through her, place the process of force and reaction into movement by overcoming her, by making her follow him even if the boys on the porch made it the more difficult. He trembled as he walked into the lot, too surprised at the audacity of his own action to look back, but hoping that she, by example would accede and follow.

Nephritita loosed her hold on his arm, and remained standing on the sidewalk. "You're sure you want to, Harry?"

Harry paid no attention to her, his eyes focussed on the porch, the knuckles of his hands hitting himself inside his pockets as he walked forward, until, hearing Nephritita still was not following him, he stopped uncertainly.

"Remember what Bill Stucky did to you that time behind the high school." This Nephritita yelled at him as he did not turn. It was the most cutting statement which she could think of, for she had once been a tomboy, and to be beaten in a fight, to her, was he epitome of degradation.

"I'm taking you out, aren't I?" Harry twisted his head slowly to look at her. "Are you coming, or aren't you?"

She stood there regarding him one moment longer, her right hand patting her pocketbook against her breast. Then her face became set. "All right," she said, and she walked past him without looking.

The steps were in darkness for the most part, the boys in front of the door blocking the light, enabling them to climb three-fourths of the way to the porch before being illuminated. A look of astonishment, and then a snicker creased the face of one of the two boys who had been spitting as he glanced absently across at them. With a remark that neither of them could hear, he turned to the group behind him who suddenly fell silent, their feet scuffling on the boards as they turned to watch. One or two whispered comments were followed by

some raucous laughter that made Harry feel uneasy as he followed Nephritita to the top step and stopped.

In front of him, Nephritita moved quickly. Without looking back at Harry, or on either side, she walked straight for the group congregated in front of the door, which, becoming disconcerted by her sudden advance, gave way before her letting her through without a word. The boy who had been spitting tried to yell something, but was so taken aback by her sudden brush past him, that he was left with his words half-formed, staring stupidly at the door.

Harry meanwhile remained standing by the stairs, too stunned to realize his missed chance to get inside until the boys had recovered from their surprise. When he finally started to walk toward them, he tried to walk quickly, overawe them with his determination, but immediately seeing they were waiting for him, slowed down. As he passed the first two boys leaning against the rail, one of them jostled him, but he pretended not to notice. The porch was silent.

Through the door Harry could see Nephie beside Nick's table, staring about the room, when all at once she was blocked from view. Someone had grasped his arm lightly. He desperately tried to make a break for the door, jerking away so quickly that he almost knocked over Bob Stutz, the only one on the porch as tall as himself, who held his arm. Bob clutched at him with both hands, pressing his arms against his sides, blocking him with his chest until he stopped. There was no use struggling. He could feel the warm breath on the nape of his neck of two boys as they came up and stood behind him.

Bob Stutz had been in Harry's class, and he spoke softly now. "You'd better watch out when Bill Stucky gets here, Harry." His voice was not threatening, merely officious, placating, practical, trying to make him believe it had his best interests at heart.

"I ain't going to pick no fight," Harry said.

"What do you call going out with his girl?" asked Bob Stutz, squeezing his elbows for emphasis.

"It's a free country, isn't it?" Harry realized this was the wrong remark as soon as he said it. He could feel a general movement toward him as the boys resented his opposition.

Someone in the back began calling comments to general laughter. "A wise guy, you'd better watch out, Bob, he sounds tough." At this, one of the boys behind Harry added in his ear, yet loud enough for all to hear, "especially around the mouth," at which even Bob Stutz smiled.

Harry grimaced and turned his head away, wanting to get away, knowing if he moved too quickly or roughly, there would be a fight. From the pain of indignation on his face, Bob Stutz guessed his intention and released his grip. "O.K., let him go," he said, then added, "I

wouldn't wait around Harry. You remember what Bill did to you once before?" Harry paused on the doorstep to hear him out. Then, without a word, went in to look for Nephritita, ignoring the laughter at his back.

When he paid his quarter, he went over to where Nephritita was standing beside Barbara Foley sitting just behind Nick's table by the door.

"When did you get back?" asked Barbara, a short, plump, vacant little brunette in a black wool dress. Her surprise seemed to embarrass Nephritita for having failed to tell her Harry was with her.

"Sunday," said Harry, trying to regain his composure, and not wanting to remain so close to the door. "They think they're smart," he added for Nephritita's benefit.

"Do you want to stay?" she asked, looking at him intently.

"I paid my quarter, didn't I?"

At his answer she turned away from him, a smile playing across her face as she cocked her head, listening to the music. "Let's dance! Let's see . . . is it slow? Yes, it is. Let's dance!" She laughed, but turned to watch him again.

Harry tried to look at her, but for some reason felt as though he were trying to hide something. "I don't very well," he mumbled, preoccupying himself with taking off his coat.

Nephritita turned for him to help her with her own. "I'll teach you," she said.

After he had placed her coat on top of his own on the chair beside Barbara Foley, they started to dance. He did not hold her closely, nor did he attempt to increase their proximity.

Though she was a fine dancer, Nephritita showed no embarrassment at Harry's stumbling efforts to lead. At first she tried, as she had said, to help him, but soon gave up when her corrections only made him more self-consciously ill at ease, finally contenting herself with smiling at random at everyone else, while paying as little attention to him as possible. The daughter of the head of the English Department in the high school, a man of some reputed knowledge (her name, that of an Egyptian princess in a novel by Hervey Allen, had served to cement his reputation even more), she was a thin, sharp-featured girl, not unpretty, with a narrow mouth and straight brown hair combed back and gathered loosely behind her head. Much to her parents' chagrin, she had grown up to be a tomboy and still retained a forward easy grace with boys that caused them to spread rumors about her proclivities which none of them could prove. Nephritita was not entirely ignorant of this. She enjoyed their company the more because of it.

Harry meanwhile, feeling her waist tight and compact beneath his arm, was afraid to look at her, fearing he would be more embarrassed than he was already. In fact, he went out of his way to avoid seeing her, soon ceasing to apologize for his mistakes because he would have to look at her face, guiding her about the floor as if he was an automaton staring vaguely but persistently over her head, or quickly down at his feet when he stumbled so badly he couldn't help it.

After two dances, Nephritita excused herself to go to the ladies' room. Harry, feeling tired and flushed, asked her if she wanted anything to drink, and when she said no, took her reply sullenly, got something for himself, and retired to an empty chair in the far corner of the room away from the front door. He wanted to smoke, but no smoking was allowed inside because of the inadequacy of the ventilation, while to go outside was more than he dared.

He did not see Nephritita again for half an hour. This was not strange, despite the smallness of the room, for it was so filled with jostling couples, boys running quickly from one group to another, dancers with obviously no idea of the music, who stopped to talk whenever they bumped into someone they knew, often making such congestion on the floor that it was impossible to do any dancing whatever, that one could easily search for someone for a great length of time without finding him. Over all, the seeping dull haze of too many people breathing the same air shown in the glare of the spotlight, while the music, hardly distinguishable in the chatter of voices, would suddenly make itself heard and then fade out again. All this affected Harry heavily, and, after gazing about the room once or twice, he lost himself in thought, forgetting Nephritita completely.

Harry fell asleep and he began to dream, though it was not really a dream, he was too conscious for that, more of a half-fantasy, half-dream in which he saw himself clearly—really believing, visualizing what he thought he was doing—yet supremely conscious at the same time that he was constructing his actions in his imagination. He was in one of those strange states in which the mind is somehow given a key to the unconscious, an impetus from it that heightens the power of thought, contorts day dreams into srange visions, and which in Harry, because of the strain which he had just passed through and the heat, was given free rein.

It was a small dark room that he was in; one he had never seen before, with a big oak dresser to one side, a door leading somewhere through a wall covered with brown wallpaper that reminded him vaguely of that in his own living-room, and which contained nothing else. But Harry soon came to see that perhaps he might be mistaken, for the room was shrouded in gloom, a thick darkness, almost tangi-

ble, like a soup or a pudding, in which he was about to be suffocated, and out of which was coming all the laughter and the music and the voices combined with heavy distinct scraping sound whose nature he could not distinguish, nor could he tell where the noises were coming from. But this did not interest him at the moment for what he needed was air; he was strangling slowly and painfully, and he beat the mist violently away from his eyes, straining to see a window somewhere in front of him out of which he could breathe.

After struggling until exhausted, he had just resigned himself to suffocating there, trying to hold his breath until his eyes should become accustomed to the darkness, when suddenly he saw the window. He breathed easily at the sight of it, running toward the light that reflected wanly from the warehouse wall, which illuminated a bedpost just inside the window sill. Through the window the noise was coming, and also from the ceiling. He was in a room beneath the dance floor, listening to the dancers' feet.

From the post, Harry was able to make out the entire length of the bed, covered with a blue coverlet, (he knew it was blue 'though he couldn't see the color) that came up to the chins of the two heads on the pillow. He had seen the two little girls, neiher one more than seven, playing in the lot before the lower door when he had happened to pass the Juke Box in the afternoon; Nick's children that lived downstairs. It did not surprise him that they should be here in this room, for he suddenly realized that he was the intruder, that the room was theirs, that with just their hands protruding over the large blue blanket of a bed much too immense for them, they were staring at the ceiling playing games as to what kind of person was making one kind of noise or another.

But when he looked closer, Harry saw that the two of them were asleep, and he was afraid that Nick would come in and discover him. He started for the door that led somewhere, but somehow he never got to it. The next thing he knew, he was standing by the bed staring at the girls, wondering if he should wake them, wanting to ask them if they boasted to other children that there was a party at their house every night. Perhaps they were ashamed when they heard the noise, burying their heads in the pillow at night trying to shut it out, as if nothing was happening above and the house was as quiet as those of their playmates. Or suppose they had no playmates, that the other children avoided them, or that there were no other children around because this was a warehouse district; did they think that perhaps it was impossible to go to sleep without he drumming on he ceiling of their room, that no one could possibly fall off to dreams without the sound of dancing to provide a restful rhythm to the mind, and that even laughter on the porch was necessary to remind one that night

should be a happy time of which no one should be afraid—to fall off to sleep to laughter was how sleeping should be done. Or perhaps if they knew that most people went to sleep in quiet, they would feel sleep came too easily to most people, that it should be strained for, should be a real accomplishment of which one could be proud.

Yet Harry did want to wake them up. His hand moved toward the pillow, but stopped with another thought. Surely if he asked them they would think he was silly or stupid, and no matter how they tried to conceal that opinion out of politeness, he would be able to see from their eyes what they really thought. Everyone must surely live the same way, they would be thinking. There is no reason why we should be different from anyone else seeing as how we are so young and have never done anything to anyone that should force us into a condition unlike other people. Then they would ask him if he didn't have dancing on his ceiling at night, and he would have to say yes for fear of getting into a long argument.

Besides, suppose they should tell their parents! The parents would think someone was spying on them and ask the children a great many questions as to what kind of man he was, what he looked like, and whether he gave them any presents trying to get them to talk, until the children would begin to cry and say there never was such a man just to get out of it. After they had gone to bed, Nick would begin to curse himself, and want to know what right anybody had to pry into their affairs. Then, when his wife said nothing, for she would be too puzzled and afraid, he would begin to question her, thinking perhaps the man was a hidden lover trying to steal his childrens' affections away from him. At this he would begin questioning himself as to when he had left his wife alone, at last becoming so upset that he would run violently into the childrens' room and kiss them so passionately that they would wake up more frightened than ever.

Finally there would be nothing for it, and no peace in the house, but the children must wait up and point him out when he came to dance. Nick would look at him strangely as he paid his money, and follow him with his eyes as he circled about the room until he would be forced to hide behind other people who were talking to get out of the way of that father's look, and then everyone would begin looking at him so that he would have to pretend it was nothing by grabbing hold of some girl whom he did not know and dancing with her. Yet he would still feel those father's eyes on his back, though when he turned around to stare back, Nick would pretend to be looking somewhere else, or counting the amount of money he had taken in that night, so that he would begin to think that perhaps it was all right,

that it was only something he had imagined. But when he would turn around quickly, he would catch Nick looking at him again, and he would throw the girl whom he was dancing with away from him, and she would begin to laugh.

He stamped his feet, slapping his hands against his sides in vexation, and the whole crowd began to laugh. Nick was pointing at him, and suddenly the crowd became angry; first those near Nick, and then the anger began to spread. Harry rushed at him, but the crowd parted and he saw too late that it was a trap to conceal the door, that he would go off he porch. He was falling into darkness, over the railing with the spit into the pool of crankcase oil. . . . Mother . . . Mother . . . Harry—and laughter and desire!

Nephritita was laughing, taking quick nervous steps backwards and forwards and shaking her head from side to side as she talked loudly to some girls two chairs away. Harry stared at her, blinking in the light, his face wet with sweat, having been awakened by the sound of his name just in time to catch the last of Nephritita's words.

"I don't think he's ever danced before in his life, and then he sits in a corner and falls asleep!" The other girls began laughing, throwing embarrassed glances at him when they saw he was listening.

"I wish—". But she had seen the look in their eyes, and she stopped, turning quickly toward him as she tried to tell if he had heard what she had been saying, but not much caring if he had. "I'm sorry I took so long," she said seriously as she came up to him.

"That's o.k.," said Harry, much to Nephritita's surprise. Though the music was fast he stood up, and offered to dance with her, but she soon noticed after they began, that he was dancing differently now. He plunged into his awkward steps and out of them with determination, his hand no longer skidding lightly along her spine, but gripping her tightly, yet seemingly without regard for what it held, as if she was an object to be controlled and nothing more. She did not notice this until he began staring at her without embarrassment, a vaguely bemused expression on his face which forced her to turn and look away for lack of an answer, an expression that seemed to be dwelling on something that antagonized her. Then she began to imagine things. Once she thought she saw him smirking down at her when he stepped on her toe. There was an animus in that smirk, something hidden and recondite which she couldn't understand, but which, since she didn't know if it was actual or only her imagination, offended her, frightened her even more than the tight, unfeeling grip of his arm. Where she wanted to be warm in the arms of a man, she found a cold inherent anxiety, something negative which disparaged her, loathed her where she felt it most. For a time she tried leaning

her head upon his chest, but the very feel of his shirt upon her ear repulsed her. It was clammy and unpersonified, merely something that had been laundered and was now wet with perspiration. To be held next to that shirt, to be held next to him, was an assertion of her own non-existence, to become inanimate, a besmirching of her dignity, as if in some essential respect she wasn't alive. This she knew. It gripped her whole mind with the force of immediate peril. But she could not move. He was gripping her too tightly, and she was too afraid of looking up at him to offer an excuse to stop. She was afraid he wouldn't believe it, would see through her, and what could she say, how could she explain, yet she wanted to burst out and get away from him. And then she began to hate him, not for any reason she could think of, but because she was frustrated somewhere beyond rationality, and that made her hate him more.

She wanted to kick him, to make him feel her, to make him angry the way she was angry, to make him sentient of her own vitality, her own being, that he was here, holding her in his arms. Her hand, where it rested upon his shoulder, tightened convulsively in his shirt. She wanted to call out her name into his ear, shout it, sink her teeth in him. Struggling with herself she bit her lip until it bled, then turned her head sidewise for fear of biting one of the buttons off his chest.

When the dance was over, Nephritita broke away and ran into the wash room, letting the cold water run to dab her eyes. Then without knowing why, she felt as if she wanted to vomit.

●

MIZ PARKER'S BOY

A banjo-banshee beating hard,
Singing and swinging
And screaming in the yard
Screaming and beating
And hitting the rugs
Hitting and cursing
And swearing at the bugs,
Swearing in the summer
Swearing at the sun
Swearing and beating
Till the sweat begins to run;
A bare-backed Negro screaming aloud,
Screaming and beating on the floor's grey shroud,
Beating a rug with a loud guffaw,
A bare-backed Negro from Arkansas.

HELEN KATZ

Lighthouse

CONTENTS

WADING - - - - - - - - - - - 1
Orrin Frink

GREEN INTERVAL - - - - - - - - - 3
Richmond Lattimore

THE STAG HUNT - - - - - - - - - 4
Bobbyann Roesen

BOOK OF BALDERDASH - - - - - - - - 8
Sml Wltr Grffln

STAKE NIGHT - - - - - - - - - - 12
Clarissa MacVeagh

GEOCENTRIC - - - - - - - - - - 16
Lucy Turnbull

A GIBBON'S GIBBON - - - - - - - - 17
Peter Rosenbaum

SONNET - - - - - - - - - - - - 21
Joan Corbin

HARRY - - - - - - - - - - - - 22
Herbert Cheyette

MIZ PARKER'S BOY - - - - - - - - 30
Helen Katz

LIGHTHOUSE - - - - - - - - - - 31
Laurence Leonard

LIVINGSTON PUBLISHING CO.
NARBERTH, PA.

Counterpoint

Bryn Mawr College

WINTER 1951

Bryn Mawr
378.73B9
QCo
Winter, 1951

COUNTERPOINT

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

WINTER, 1951

Counterpoint expresses its appreciation to Mr. Edward Morris for his contribution to this issue, and to Mr. Fritz Janschka for the illustrations. We also wish to thank Sarah Gibbs of the class of 1933, and Jackie Esmerian, 1951, for their contributions. We hope this will mark the beginning of more alumnae interest.

Recently talk has been circulating that Counterpoint had evaporated and, worse still, would be precipitated under a different name. This rumor should be dispelled by the present issue. In spite of our new editorial independence we shall try to keep the contents varied and entertaining.

□

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Marcelle Wegier

BUSINESS EDITOR

Virginia Holbeck

EDITORIAL STAFF

Lucy Turnbull — Diana Forbes

Leatrice Hoard — Anne Phipps

ASSOCIATES: Naomi Ellenbogen, Helen Katz, Bobbyann Roesen.

SOME FLOWERS FOR THY SHRINE, O GODDESS!

The trembling heart for youth can rest
Within these quiet walls.
The eager mind of youth, unguessed
By others, has no call
To be oppressed
By your cool understanding; evil thralls
Cannot avail against your magic; never palls
The wisdom of your logic.

The purple lilac, paler here,
Tree peonies red and white,
Where secret gardens open on
Wide vistas, blue starlight.
Close to the flowers hang the stars at night.

Some flowers for thy shrine, O Goddess!

The pleasant voices echo here,
Sweet ghosts of those who share this fane;
Their tears have washed the grasses here;
Their joy like ours outweighs their pain.

You fed us on the strangest food,
Your ichor flows in all our veins,
You taught us to examine Good,
You freed us from dull Custom's chains.

We wander exiles in this world
Finding new friends to share the mould
That you have cast in bronze, in fire,
That we would not exchange for gold.

Yours is the merry month of May!
Forsythia and flowering tree
Will decorate your distant shrine
Although they bloom in Coventry.

Some flowers for thy shrine, O Goddess!

SARAH GIBBS

PAGAN SYNTHESIS

Jackie Esmerian

Thick bushes that clung together had to be pulled apart to make way—for the main gate was not for us. No fence or barbed wire, only that tenacious natural barrier which closed in again behind, leaving no trace of our pasage, jealous of the secrecy of the abode.

Hesitant at first ,we ventured in the secluded garden, beneath the sun-filled foliage, in the playful little areas of light that it made in the shady undergrowth. There was no wind, only lazy warmth that seemed to come from below as much as from above, to emanate from the soft earth in unseen vapors. We walked separately, one behind the other in the narrow path, the four of us. Little twigs littered the ground, crackled as we stepped on them. We pushed insistent bushes and ferns that grew in our way. There was life tingling all around us, dimly felt—in the dilapidated tree trunks in which myriads of insects teemed—squirrels that bounced from branch to branch—bushes that trembled swiftly at a flight, of snake of scared bird, as we passed.

Then a clearing; clean cultivated spacefulness, no more of the tufted undergrowth. We walked now between what had been a wide colonnade of half a dozen Corinthian columns, of which only the mossy, broken-off stumps remained, a ghostly alleyway. Between them, a little behind, vibrantly alive in the dazzling whiteness of the stone, statues of antique gods rose amidst the greenery. A youthful Mercury tied his sandals, oblivious of the rest of the world; Diana of the Hunt aimed her bow in the direction, serene and graceful in her curved gesture; and other lithe figures on pedestals. Together they struck an impassive harmony, among the stirrings of nature. We took off our shoes and walked barefoot, so tempting was the fresh, mown grass. It was pleasant thus, soft and cool because a little damp, as when there is a water-spring nearby. Trespassers in this lost garden, we felt triumphant, we would have liked to skip around, crown the gods with wreathes of fern—moved by the slight tipsiness of the unknown space we had discovered, of soft cool grass under bare feet, of our own animality.——Then we saw it, at the end of the clearing, where columns and statues ended, in the center of a small rotunda, erect and gaunt among the classical columns, a pensive Christ. There the whiteness of the stone was not radiance, but humility, suffering, the paleness of a forehead beneath a crown of thorns. The glorious afternoon had waned suddenly, the air seemed to have lost some of its brightness. The vision of the bowing Christ had startled our animal joy—we no longer felt that the sunshine and the whole of nature embraced us.

Beyond the rotunda, onto another stretch of smooth grass, a well-kept lawn that rolled up to a gently sloping hill. At the foot of the hill, a wooden bridge over the running waters of a brook. The sunlight dances over the countryside, weaves patterns with the glimmering patch of water, the dark cluster of scattered trees. Up on top, a shiny surface, the window of a mansion faintly seen behind trees, catches a beam and glares it back.

Feet dangle over the brook, toes just skimming over the top of the current—sometimes wet. Just ahead is a little pond cupped by bordering rocks, its water darkly golden from the sunbeams and the shallow bottom. It must be of that creamy muddiness that sinks in unnoticeable underfoot amidst twiny weeds. But the water comes limpid in the brook, tumbles gaily below the old wooden bridge, flows on behind us; we drowsily wonder where.

We sit on the edge of the termite infested bridge and do not move —blissful. The sun glosses over the top of our heads, makes shiny patches of our hair, penetrates our whole being. We could tilt back our heads, hands over the splintery planks holding us in back, and then the warmth would feel upward, along the curve of our throats, over our faces, yearningly. But we do not move, stupefied by the sunbeams and the cadenced swing of eight legs over rippling water.

A leaf falls rushing by, hesitates over the flickering surface, finally comes to rest on a tuft of grass across the pond.

Up on top of the hill near where an unseen window reflects the colored beam, black robes have appeared, swirling over the green countryside in a slow procession of hovering shapes. Nuns under the sparkling sky—walking in their nunnery garden in the mid-afternoon. We lift our heads from our lost gaze over the tumbling stream, where thoughts and gaze become one and are dizzied into nothingness, and watch them. Then we look at each other, questioningly; for something must be done. They are sweeping down the hillside now, muffled steps on the velvety lawn, dark shapes that loom closer and closer. And we are four undergraduates in flowery cotton dresses, in a lost garden of impassive stone gods, where we should not be!

But the sun's caress is not to be shattered thus briefly, and the current's monotony has a binding spell. We cannot get up right away and leave. To linger here on the edge of the rickety wooden bridge until the day wanes. . . . !

They have stood, many a watchful night, by the sick bed. They say prayers, with mute lips and writhing hearts, in dusky chapels, unknown to the world, in the sequestered heart of quietness. Lithe Madonnas in Gothic niches—the angelus chiming through an arched cloister—stained-glass windows in the purple evening—slender spires

soaring skyward . . . But these nuns live in a spacious garden where squirrels run loose, among the falling whirling leaves and a singing brook, in a clean white mansion on top of a hill. . .

A little breeze tugs their black veils behind, stretching out their pale smooth faces. They had come almost to where we could see their looming shapes reflected in the pond and we had had to get up from the bridge. Shoes in hand, we had gone to meet them. And now by the brookside, toes that clutch the twigs of grass nervously! But all qualms disappear before their proud, gentle faces, faces of those who have seen pain, have spent themselves for others who suffer. In us is awakened a Reverence, mingled with a tinge of the carefree pleasure we have enjoyed here .

"Would you like us to leave?"

"It would be better; it invites others." The sound trails on a little after the voice has ceased.

The gentle nuns turn back to the hill; and we, pensive, to the radiant foliage and the white statues.

□

THE EXCHANGE

Never tell the heart a lie
And think that it will think it true.
I told my heart
You had no part
Therein and that I loved not you.

When I had done, I found that I
Loved as before. I told my heart
That it was true
That I loved you,
But that in yours I had no part.

My heart in horror made reply
That from myself it would depart
To be with you
Where it was due
'Til it should find me in your heart.

THOMAS MILD

LIGHTLY TURNS

VIRGINIA HOLBECK

Amelia Preston looked down into the abyss that was the beginning day, even as she stared into the depths of the coffee cup. A bright spot lay in those depths: the reflection of the center light above the breakfast table. Conversely, Amelia thought wryly, a dark spot lay in the warm sunshine of the April morning. At this thought which had taken her unaware, Amelia turned chilly. She had felt it the moment she woke up: an uneasiness, a seeking to remember something. Was it last night's dream?

She rinsed the coffee cup and suddenly remembered something pleasant: it was Saturday, and Mr. Grayson, believing in a policy of contented secretaries (especially when they were attractive ones), had given her the day off.

And this morning she was going shopping and to lunch with her best friend. And tonight. . .

Amelia quickly dressed, slammed the door of the apartment, and rang for the self-service elevator. She looked back at the door, and for an instant the earlier, enigmatic feeling returned. Just a flash of memory of someone who was . . . doing what? Gone. Then the elevator came and she left it behind.

She enjoyed the ride downtown in the bus. At the department store she met Jane.

"Hello, Amelia. I have all my shopping done. Wait till you see my alligator pumps! What are you shopping for?"

"I love alligator; I'll bet they're pretty."

"What are you going to get?"

Amelia hesitated. "A dress. A red dress. I have to wear it tonight. He said he likes red."

"Well, don't look so far-away. We'll get it. Wait a minute! Did you say red? I always thought Bill liked you so much in blue!"

She laughed merrily. "Not Bill, someone else."

"Who?"

Amelia frowned. "Why—just someone," she said.

They looked at red dresses. She found one with a scooped neckline and a tiny edging of white lace. It made her look like a Valentine. She whirled and the skirt swished wide.

"It's lovely!" cried Jane. "Get it."

Amelia looked in the mirror. Suddenly she gasped almost inaudibly. It was there again! Something about red . . . something about

—cards. It must be a dream but what was it? Bill . . . a card game . . . and silence.

She leaned against the fitting room wall for an instant. She felt like asking Jane: Do you believe in—hypnotism? I am frightened. I have the strange feeling today that someone is trying to overpower me. At least, that is the nearest way I can explain this feeling—I don't know what it is. Perhaps the memory of a nightmare. But what is it?

But she knew she could never make Jane understand this. Jane would think she was mad, if she gave it any thought at all.

Besides, Jane was looking at her watch, becoming impatient.

Amelia turned to the smiling saleslady. "I'll take it."

They walked up to the restaurant, and Amelia chattered happily and insignificantly, while part of her mind withdrew and watched.

"I met him last week. We were playing — oh!"

"What's the matter, Amelia?"

"We were playing cards. I didn't want to. I laughed at it. He —(but why should he want to hurt me? It must be a dream, but if I could only remember what it was. Something about Bill and cards . . . then silence.)

"So he asked me out tonight."

"What will Bill say?"

"I don't care. That's all over."

"I didn't know."

"Yes. It's all over." There was wonder in her voice.

After lunch they went to a movie; it was in technicolor, and very amusing, Amelia thought. She forgot everything else, but she held the box tightly. Inside was the new red dress.

Coming out into the twilight she felt dizzy and cold. They waited for the bus a long time. Conversation dwindled, as Amelia felt a slow tiredness steal over her. Finally the bus came and she boarded it, waving good-by to Jane. It pulled away from the curb.

There it was again! She buried her head in her hands, trying to think, trying to remember, in spite of the nagging counter-voice that shrieked at her not to remember, that something terrible lay behind that memory. . .

The people on the bus paid no attention. They didn't know what was happening. How could they?

Don't think about it, said the other voice; let it go, or they will drag you off this bus a raving maniac, and take you away to someplace where you'll never know. . .

She saw the table, last night, and he with the strange, amused eyes was dealing out the cards for the three of them.

I don't believe in it, she said, as she was given . . . the Jack of Hearts?

He was amused but detached. She protested feebly. . .

(You can't hypnotize people with cards!)

She was staring at the cards. Her protest died away. She wanted to keep the grasp on reality, but someone loosened it, very gently . . . then silence.

"Did I scream yet?" she asked herself, watching the faces of the other passengers on the bus. No, they were impassive; she had not attracted their attention.

It must have been a dream.

Back in the apartment she unpacked the dress and hung it up on a living-room lamp. It was 6:45; he would be here soon. She wanted to take a nap until then; she flung herself on the couch but kept her eyes on the red dress, hanging there.

Why red? Had he actually said he liked red, or was it just part of a dream?

Who was he, anyway?

Her glance travelled to the card table, and she gasped.

The cards were still there!

Dealt for two people.

She closed her eyes, hoping to meet the nightmare squarely. But the other voice, screaming now, answered, "No! No! Let it go."

(Why should Bill want to hurt me? He doesn't care now, one way or the other. He said there was someone else. . .)

She closed her eyes again to shut out the new pain, but met only a deeper blackness. She quickly opened them. Her gaze went from the red dress past the desk and the chair to the window. The curtains swung, pale white in the cold night air.

"My beautiful view," she always laughed, indicating it to people. It was no view at all, only an alley and a deserted garage. But she didn't care, she liked the apartment. She was home seldom. She would marry Bill and move away, soon . . . But he loves someone else.

How long ago was it that he had told her? Last week?

Or last night?

The window! That was it—the window—red and white, the white curtains and the red . . . dress.

Her eyes met it again.

But Bill liked blue!

"It's just as well, dear," she had laughed, "I was going to tell you tonight—I have met someone else, too."

Cards? Just one short game, because the situation was awkward. How could there be conversation with a girl, her old beau, and her new beau?

But it was just a game. Which of them had suggested it? Bill, why are you so indifferent? Don't you realize what's happening? You haven't listened to me all evening!

Oh! There it was! (But you can't hypnotize people with cards; what a foolish idea. You can't hypnotize people anyway unless they want to be hypnotized.)

She did not want to be hypnotized, it was silly; he couldn't do it anyway. But her grasp was loosened gently—she cried out . . . then silence.

It was coming now! Her eyes roamed over the room: "lived-in," with overflowing ash trays, rumpled pillows, and plants with withering leaves. . .

("Why don't you water the poor things, Amelia?" Bill always laughed. "What a housekeeper you'd make!")

A card table, with cards dealt out. Only something was wrong there. Remember the cards, said Amelia's logical mind.

(No, no, let it go! Forget it!)

Remember the game, with the three of us. . .

"Yes, Bill, you have a rival," she had laughed. "It is *you* who release *me*."

But the cards were dealt for. . .

She felt suddenly cold and numb, while a buzzing began to ring in her ears. She stood up uncertainly and stepped toward the window.

(No, No! begged the voice)

The white curtains swung . . . it was open. She stood inhaling the night air, like the swimmer who anticipates the cold water, only this was not nearly so pleasant. Someone, or something, had released her grasp, as she had released his. . .

Then she looked down, far down, and saw him still lying there, lying very quiet in the deserted alley. In his hand he clutched a card, like the straw of a drowning person.

"Then there was only you, Bill," she said quietly. And the memory of her crime was dulled by the deeper horror that she was deserted by both the man and the phantom, forever.

THE STAR

DIANA FORBES

It happened sometime, any time, after the invention of the telescope. It could have happened anywhere in the world where man has dared to make his home, wherever he has drawn life from the earth and set his heart in the stars. It could have happened anywhere.

He was an old man, and he lived in an abandoned lighthouse by the sea. The lighthouse, built long ago of stone now crumbling, stood on a desolate promontory miles away from the nearest village. The man's only companions were the stars and the waves that crawled snake-like upon the rocks below his home.

Occasionally, a few ragged, enterprising boys would come to dig clams in the empty strip of beach neighbouring the lighthouse, and fishing boats would pass in the distance, for a moment blackening the reflection of the evening sun with their dark hulks. But these were the only human beings the man ever saw. He lived frugally, growing the few vegetables he needed in a tiny garden on the sheltered side of th lighthouse. Within, the lighthouse was bare and neat and, like the man himself, a little shabby. To this spareness approaching poverty was one exception, a small laboratory and observatory in the topmost room, well lighted and supplied with the complex tools, instruments, and charts of the astronomer. This was his life and pride, and here he nightly made his observations on the stars. By day he tinkered endlessly with his instruments and of late he had been working on some powerful new lenses for his finest telescope. Living so long alone, he became possessed of strange fancies, and one day the thought came to him: How wonderful if I should discover a star. The probability that other men with far more modern telescopes had already discovered every star his own instrument might conceivably search out, hardly troubled him. After all (he reasoned), he was working independently. A new star would be nonetheless his discovery because it had been found before.

Happy in his isolation, the old man continued to grind his lenses by day and to follow the course of the stars by night. Often when his head grew dizzy from gazing on the myriad stars, brought miraculously near him by his telescope, he would rest his chin in his hands, elbows on the windowsill, and look thoughtfully down at the sea far below him. He was not lonely for his thoughts were as many as the whitecaps leaping on the surface of the waves and deep as the purple shadows of the sea. Sometimes he asked himself whether the

search for the unknown star were not useless. But always he would reassure himself with the idea that no search for the beautiful is vain, however old in man's endeavor that beauty may be.

One morning when the man got up he felt a strange lightness and dizziness in his whole body. An unaccustomed look in the dim little mirror over his bed convinced him that the owner of the unearthly white and skeletal face with its coal-ember eyes would not be given much more time to study the stars. After that he redoubled his efforts to complete his latest and most powerful lens. The day arrived when he fitted the new lens to the telescope with hands that had become translucent. All day he sat restlessly by the window waiting for evening to come. As he watched each familiar sight, the sharp-sailed boats, the changing clouds, the long swell of the sea, and, at last, the dying sun, a tremor of anticipation shook him, and another feeling, subtle and nameless. One by one in the fading light the stars came out and blazoned the night sky with their remote intense sparkling. Slowly, then, the old man trained his instrument on the bright field of the sky and took stock of the multitudinous points of light. Through all the changing seasons he had watched the sky; he knew it as one knows the face of the beloved, by a mixture of intuition and long familiarity, habit and quick surprise. Year after year he had watched Orion rise in the east and climb ever higher in the winter sky, until at last spring found the Greek hunter in the west, losing himself each night earlier in the twilight. He had watched the Greek twins, Castor and Pollux, and the Pleiades, seven sisters traveling hand in hand across the sky. The Bears he knew, and the Bull, and the Ram, and Casseopeia on her chair. And brightest of all, the single stars Pollux, Aldeberan, Betelgeuse, Rigel, Sirius and Capella, shining steadily in the winter sky. Year after year he had watched the winter constellations sink out of view as the summer stars crept into the sky, and he had watched Hercules and the Scales and the Fish and the Snake, Vega, Arcturus and Altair, wheel in their turn beyond sight, signifying by their going the approach of the configuration dearest to him—winter. Winter. It was winter now. The telescope carefully examined the unstarred patches in the dark blue night, trying to ignore the planets, wanderers, and to look beyond the fixed and familiar stars, staring at space with a frantic persistence.

And then the old man leaned forward, white-knuckled hands gripping the windowsill. With amazement and wild joy transfiguring his face he took his eyes from the instrument, rubbed them, and returned to his former position. Incredibly, an infinitesimal spark pricking the vast night, a new star glittered tremulously. The old man gazed as though he could never take his eyes from the star, his

star, his own, the long search ended. And with the quick pulsing of blood along his veins came a wild triumphant music bursting in great rhythmic throbs through his brain. Star of wonder, star of night, star of royal beauty. . .

* * * *

A few days later, when all over the world people had begun to recover from the usual hectic Christmas festivities, two boys, clam-digging near the lighthouse, were engaged in conversation:

"Did you hear about the old man who lived up there? Died Christmas Eve."

"They say he was a star gazer. Funny old character. Never got together with the other star gazers."

"He ground his own lenses, of all things."

"The poor fool. And no original results."

"Of course not, working alone like that."

They stopped talking and dug deeper into the sand.

□

DECEPTION

Wind, blow away my grief
For I have lost belief
In my own sorrow.

When belief fail,
Shall not relief prevail,
And say, love, tomorrow?

No, sorrow clings,
And new words sings
To an old song.

Deceiving those
Who would suppose
Three years long.

THOMAS MILD

Wittingdon Castle

LUDLOW

THE RESTAURANT

NAOMI ELLENBOGEN

As soon as we walked into the restaurant and saw them sitting there at the table, I knew that something was wrong. It was the way they looked at each other, or perhaps the way they didn't look at each other.

She sat stiffly in her chair with her palms resting on the edge of the table. She stared at her plate. Across the table he cut his meat carefully, pushing the fat to the side of the plate, patting it into a pile. As he raised his fork, stopping it halfway between his open mouth and the plate, he looked at her and smiled. It was a wide ugly smile, a grimace of smugness and triumph.

The restaurant was small and there was only one empty table. It was close to theirs. As we sat down, only a few feet away from them, I felt that I was violating their privacy. It was like standing in front of someone's bedroom window and watching them as they undressed, unaware of your presence outside while you fidgeted, caught by the scene, yet embarrassed, knowing you must not look. But I couldn't help it.

"Harry," I said, "do you see that couple over there?"

He looked at them. "Yes."

"Something's wrong," I whispered.

"My dear child, you have an over-active imagination." He patted my hand and smiled. "You're like a little girl making up stories about the woman across from you on the street car."

I drew my hand away. "No, I'm not," I said. "There's really something wrong. And please stop treating me as though you were my father." I was mad now.

I looked over at the next table. The girl was wearing long, bell-shaped earrings; and, as she raised her head slowly, they tinkled.

She watched him pour champagne into her glass, the secret smile stretching the corners of his mouth. She opened her mouth as if to speak. Then she closed her lips and looked down at her plate.

He had finished pouring and he set the bottle carefully on the table. Stretching out his right arm, he wriggled his wrist, pulled his shirt cuff past the edge of his coat sleeve, and sat back in his chair.

"Why aren't you eating?" he said to the girl. "That is good steak."

I watched her dab at the steak with her fork. Harry was speaking to me. "What shall we have for dinner?"

"He's horrible," I said.

Harry was annoyed. He was hungry. "Are you still worried about them?" he said.

"I don't like him."

"I hate you," the girl said. She jabbed at the meat with her fork and then laid the fork across the plate. "I hate you and I don't know why I came to dinner with you tonight." She shook her head. Softly, faintly, her earrings tinkled.

He was watching her.

"Like a hawk," I said.

"Really," said Harry. "The waiter will be glad to take your order when you're through daydreaming."

"He reminds me of a hawk."

Harry was embarrassed. He thought I was talking about the waiter.

"I mean that man," I said.

"I wish you'd stop worrying about them." Harry's voice was half pleading, half whining. "Can't we just eat our dinner and get out of here?"

"Eat your dinner," the man across from us said. "It's a good steak." He opened his mouth wide and shoved a large piece of meat into it.

She shook her head. "I'm not hungry." Her earrings tinkled, as low and soft as her voice.

"I wish you'd take those damn things off," he said, chewing while he spoke. "They bother me."

Swiftly she raised her hands and covered her ears. "No," she said. "No."

He put his fork on his plate and pushed his chair back from the table. "You see what I mean," he said triumphantly. "You never do anything I ask you to."

She was looking at her plate again. His face was twisted with his ugly smile.

"If you're not going to eat your dinner, let's go." He wiped his mouth carefully.

"What a waste of steak and champagne," Harry said.

"Oh, Harry, how can you . . . ?"

"How can you be so unfeeling?" the girl said. "And your wife. . ."

"What about my wife?"

"Well, you said . . ." her voice trembled, "you told me. . ."

"Somebody has to take care of me," he said. He was petulant now. "You don't. You never do anything I ask you to."

She began to cry. Fumbling in her purse, she pulled out a handkerchief.

"Stop it," he said. "Don't make a scene in the restaurant. Stop it." He looked around. "Waiter," he called. "Waiter."

"Let's go." Harry pushed back his chair. "I can't stand to see a woman crying in public."

I looked again at the couple and then I looked at Harry. But he wasn't Harry anymore. He was the man at the next table. His nose sharpened. His mouth widened. "Yes," I said, "I want to go."

I started to walk towards the door. "Wait." Harry came after me and took my arm.

"No," I said, walking faster. "No."

"What's wrong,' he said.

But I couldn't tell him. I couldn't tell him that he had changed, that I saw him as if I were that other girl, sitting at the other table, looking at him. I couldnt tell him that every time I would look at him now I would see that other man—the beaked nose, the smile, ugly and twisted. I couldn't tell him that I didn't want to look at him ever again.

□

BEETHOVEN

Who carves monuments of shapeless suffering-stone
Must necessarily be alone
And deaf, perhaps, for perfect isolation.
Creation
Demands apartness, yet such empathy
As drags the self through self to free
The world's cowed men.
Held within
One marvelous great skull was faith
To live to the last fierce breath:
Count no triumph but begin again
To shape his individual pain
To nobler patterns than before.
A man wrought life of mere endure.

DIANA FORBES

CHINESE POEMS
of the I'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.)

translated by Betty Wei

Ho Tse-Chang

I left home a child, came back an old man.
My accent did not change, though my hair grew white.
Children saw me, and knew me not.
They smiled and asked politely, "Where's your home?"

Tu Mu

In the hotel I have no friends.
I am alone and sad.
Cold candlelight brings back old thoughts;
The lone swan calls, and breaks my dream.

So my distant dream is ended
(A letter from home takes a year to come.)
The smoky moon upon the river
And the fishingboat at the door.

LI PO

Moonlight is shining across the bed.
I thought it was frost.
Lift up the head, and see the moon,
Lower the head, I think of home.

* *

CHNG CHANG-HSU

Chase away the mocking bird, upon that tree.
Do not let it sing.
The singing wakes me, from my dream.
And I'll never arrive, at Liaosi.

WANG WEI

I sit alone among the trees,
Playing the zither, bursting into song.
The forest is thick; no one hears me.
The bright moon comes to shine on me.

Traveller from my native land,
Tell me what you saw.
Your last day, leaning at the window-sill.
Did you notice, had the flowers bloomed?

A WINDOW AT CHARTRES

This window burns a twilight from the skies
To hold the bluest core, and melts from wheat
Transparent gold: here purest colors beat
In brightness deeper for a bounded size.
Whole hills of poppies give the red which dyes
The little cross-stitch lacings. Forged in heat,
Like flames the many chips of color meet
To make a living brilliance crystallize.
Is this a rite of nature worship, then?
A summer glory? Patterns in the panes
Announce far more. Each blazing figure stains
In present time the timeless faith of men.
A miracle is seen, in form, in light,
In truth, in throbbing sensual delight.

ANNE PHIPPS

MARY BURTON: STUDY IN IVY WREATHS

PATSY PRICE

To some of her friends Mary Burton is Ophelia, to others, a "child of a noble race," to still others she is simply "Oh, Burton." The fact of the matter lies somewhere in between. She started out life with a definite handicap—she was fat and too intelligent. As a result, when she was a little girl, the other little girls made fun of her. She treated them, in return, with a mixture of intellectual scorn and a small child's tears. She would retreat to the privacy of her own backyard where, bedecked in her grandmother's cast-off gowns with a strand of pearls hanging down below her ill-defined waist, Princess Mary would prance, rear-end protruding, queen of all she surveyed.

She discovered gradually, that the acting she did in her boudoir was successful even before the outside world. Her playmates would accept her over-developed intelligence if she made herself slightly ridiculous, always, of course, keeping within the limits of style. She became garrulous, found good use for her mother's limericks and odd delightful quotations. She was forever play-acting, and people enjoyed it. Eccentricity, it seemed, pays off. Furthermore, through the years, it could be developed to a high art. From the broad comedy of Madame Pumphinstoff, the Russian countess, which she played at thirteen, Mary progressed gradually to Regina Ogelthorpe, gentle dipsomaniac, who had three withered husbands locked up in various attics of various country places, that no one knew about. Her friends enjoyed her variation on such themes. They laughed, not realizing who was being taken off.

She found being "Oh, that's just Mary" extremely useful. In a prep school intensely occupied with and proud of athletics, she chose to disdain all forms of sport. On one occasion when she had by some mistake found her way onto a third baseball team, at a critical moment she ran away from the ball instead of towards it. But she didn't need to try to reform her natural tendencies. She put on a good show, people laughed, and she got away with it. And now that Mary is full-grown and should by rights behave like a lady, if she chooses at one of her own parties, suddenly to sit down in the middle of the kitchen floor and laugh, she can do it. Her acquaintances have been conditioned to understand.

Mary is perhaps happiest in her play-acting when she wears an ivy wreath. She wanders about, her misty, grey, almond-shaped eyes blinking wide, singing in a quavering soprano, "He is dead and gone, lady," and punctuating her song with child-like sobs.

There are those who never see any farther than this—a tall, somewhat attractive girl who at times approaches the lunatic fringe. But Miss Burton has lucid moments. To a quick-witted, darting mind such as hers the world is a continuing succession of broadening horizons. There are many things to discover and savour. Phrases gleaned from philosophy class can be kept and retasted later. Lying on her stomach, smoking many cigarettes, she tells her friends of lines she has read. "Security is that state which some men call the suburbs of hell." And as she thinks of the beauty and depression of this she rolls over in an ecstasy of despair. So also can Bach bring tears. The towering passion of his music strains the neck muscles, clutches the hands, and brings, "Oh, God, I can't bear it." There are more delightful things, such as Angela Thirkell read late at night. Supreme Court cases that suddenly make good sense in American History are immensely satisfying. The mysteries of the *New Yorker's* style make the writing of short stories a great adventure. And *Stalky & Co.,* well-learned so that it can be recited chapter and verse, is the greatest consolation in the world.

Love came into Mary's life at the proper biological time, and has progressed nicely according to form. The first idol was a kid with a grin in a church group when she was thirteen. Now that she is twenty, the objects of Miss Burton's affections have naturally changed type—the latest being a college senior, "really brilliant and wonderful, but he drinks too much and I'm going to forget him." But Mary's enduring and tenderest love was and is for a gentle boy of about twenty-five who is a very fine actor, a gentleman in the old, true sense, a playwright of rather considerable, though unrecognized, sorts, and the owner of very blue eyes. Perhaps she loves the theatre because he is connected with it. Perhaps she loves him because he is connected with the theatre. But somehow the love for the two are mixed in her mind and frustration in one is taken up by increased zeal in the other. So Burton is an actress. She revels in the intricacies of discovering a character, in the morbid pleasure, with shirt sleeves rolled up and much profanity, of making-up other young actors, in the unique camaraderie that the weariness, hope, and fear of late rehearsals just before a show bring.

Life for Mary Burton is a succession of crises, of greatly enjoyed emotional orgies, and of indulgences of a tremendous imagination, with the latter perhaps dominant. Looking at Mary Burton in her most typical pose—sitting cross-legged on the floor drinking beer and gesticulating wildly—she seems the embodiment of the saying "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely supporting players."

PHONOGRAPH
EIN
"TANZ"
By
E. Morris

PHONOGRAPH

Fragments from
THE AARDVARK IN THE APPLE TREE

Edward Morris

Or "The Tragicomical History and Melancholic Rites of Thaum Muse the Horus-Faced Boy, and Pierce, His Broad and Just." A scenario for a dance: prose and verse, then, here only accompany movement, as must music, will be heard only indistinctly, and will not be spoken by the dancers but by a large and as tinny as possible loudspeaker, the horn of an oldstyle gramophone not concealed but adapted in the huge mask of a sleeper: the Pierce-a-phone. (Whence, perhaps, a certain brashness or at least lack of sobriety in the idiom.)

The present, printed, version is thus in no sense a Menippean satire or chantefable, but only some verses for hearing, divested of stage-and-dance-directions, but with a few random notes adjoined to suggest their indispensable context; stageborne choreography. Whatever may be the polyvalence of the dancer, Yeats would concede we must know the drama from the dance.

First Tableau.

[Thaum Muse, a moonblind boy whose putative trade consists in the live capture of moles (the subsequent utility of which remains conjectural for him; but he believes work a value in itself) languishes, at the raising of the curtain, on a stage empty except of the Pierce-a-phone, downstage left; the backdrop is a greatly magnified and yet illegible clipping from a newspaper, adorned, stage right, by the photograph of a generously mustachioed gentleman, an aristocrat, presumably, deceased the day before the issue of the newspaper: long ago. Thaum is in his reflexions. They wrest him from stillness: gradually he dances. The Pierce-a-phone:

1.

The night flute shakes the first night leaves'
dry tambour, and a poor man sieves
his damp unfathomed death-repose
for fragments of mammalians: those
whose fossil to the viscous cleaves.

From Sibyl's lifebough spelt, Eve's
iamb, *his* song alone perceives
in pterodactyl's tellurian toes
the night flute.

Thrust out! his grasping hand achieves
Mud-Mother's primal horrors, leaves
for lyre, and on its strings bestows
a wrenching throb, sign whence arose
laments: and still above him grieves
the night flute

2.

Root-structured dreams the trilobite
at dawn disturb: should ferns upright-
ly trace, fins fall, angelic face
bright beryl's monster-infant grace
then soar in apterygial flight;

should scorpiate talons thrive, the night-
fish jointed body reeve to fright-
ened aardvarks in its sting-embrace
root-structured dreams:

THEN would dry day's hilarious light
burst on us, would poets requite
their rape, remit revolver, mace
and rose, those tokens which efface
our torment, banish from us night's
root-structured dreams?

3.

June: and April'd blowed behind their
mottled turbant leaves, then; and fair
upon the node of rising crowed
a cresty solar cock, and bod-
ed nymphs emergent. Roots in air
we dreamed. A bole of fruits in rhod-
odaphne pistils gleamed; our mode
was saraband, our cymbal player
June; and April

fifed its treason; in zenith where
a sun were generous, two bare
excrescent horns a mask abode
and brassed a darkling piece. Explode
that mocking moon, fall forth and pair
June and April.

[At the word "aardvark," appearance of an aardvark, unarmed, who joins with Thaum in a lyrical pas de deux: during and against which, in turn, as a jagging ragtime is played, appearance of a chaplinesque cop, flatting across the back of the stage, right to left. His traversal completed, he notices suddenly the dancing pair, slowly circles about them, suspiciously. Loudspeaker intones, like a police report but more rhythmically (or like a train announcement, but half comprehensibly):

BEEN HE FROM THE BRONX?

the goode janitor was confessed as follows:
he was for slaying panicky
assault came; finding became serving
joseph been unsuccessful again
girl been in unconscious
arraigned for a seven-foot yesterday.

CONFESS OF THE TODAY

said that by strangling
he murdered yester-
day the girl's building
in breslin district.
eleven escaped.

HOW SIFT SENTENCE?

reported since: assistant phoned that (guess!)
the he-detectives' chief a child was;
according to the year, the afternoon changed;
the goode defendant, in the magistrate's words,
replied: after twenty girl, knocked three;

re-after, saturday after. confession kills domestics.
(as for that, the saturday poker said, twenty-one.)

UP HERE IS EVA

mr nace offered
mrs questioners
thirty after vice.
he who of her said
yesterday: home, george.

THE HOMICIDE IS GOODE

they seen the goode apartment, hearing (allegedly)
that the police-offices was a furnace
but a thirty-attempt stuffing was named yesterday
(meanwhile the superintendent been explaining)
the chain was stuffed into six ashes after use
and the court-police a hearing-daughter police remains

AND AS WAS, BE

[Da capo al fine, ad placitum.]

[during which time the cop, circling, menaces Thaum and aardvark with increasing rapidity, violence, grotesquery; and three citizens run walking flat across the stage, right to left, and exit in the wings, slicing through the upstage-downstage line of four citizens who execute the same manoeuver from left to right: then all reappear, form ring outside that described by the cop and moving counter to it and the clock. Progressive acceleration and ever more volume from the speaker, then sudden halt of all; cop draws a monstrous pistol and shoots Thaum, who, uplifted by the citizens, is then dejected into a now for the first time apparent hole or cavemouth upstage center. The aardvark is bound and borne offstage on a pole, Frankbuckwise, by the citizens, the cop following, triumphantly. Curtain.

[Timing: the report may be repeated as many times as desired, but its pronouncement must be interrupted at the pistol shot. The rest in silence, until, on the exit of the cop, the (this time clear and emphatic) reading of the line: "And as was, be!"]

Second Tableau.

[The same, but submarginal: for now vertical bars, spaced an arm-length apart, cage in the stage, ruling the whole proscenium arch. Downstage right, Thaum, sitting, back to audience, as though chained. Upstage center, a dancer horrifically masked and costumed as a perhaps eight- or nine-foot-tall jailer. Scattered: prisoners in attitudes of physical torment (as: one whose neck is chained to his neighbor's ankle.) All immobile, and remain so, except as further specified, throughout the tableau.

[The Pierce-a-phone opens the scene:

This is a hell of a place.

This is the boy who fell deep asleep
and woke up in the hell of a place.

[Pause. Enter P1.

This is the girl

who plucked a little burl
(right in the middle of the meadow!)
who loved the boy
who fell deep asleep
and woke up in the hell of a place.

[Enter P2 and P3. P1, P2, P3 are young women, demented and convulsive in a nostalgic Ophelia-mode. P2 and P3 carry a large banner, shaped vaguely like an inverted aardvark, on a pole between them. Like the newspaper its device is illegible, but the Pierce-a-phone deciphers for us:

How I extricated myself from the trammels of immortal geometry but took root in an infernal garden and you can too. By Pierce the Broad and Maizie-Sue. Many snake bite but Foo Man Choo.

[P1 dances, as well as she remembers it, her version of The Story:

The stag at eve . . . ?

Ah yes. The hunt's heat hounded me
and even I unzoned me and plunged
into that fountain's fume my fiery feet—
nothing like a dash of cold water, my mother always said,
to keep a flame from ambiguity
—and then he—a derisory Nimrod,
too, with his mortal rankness and that great
cannon filled with birdshot—

But I changed him, that would-have-stood stallion,
I muted him, the active stud he thought him,
just a stag I made him, just dogfood, haha
dogfood, nothing but a little dish of Ken-L-Ration
haha
Ken-L-Ration
no I know I know it's Red Heart I changed him to haha

Réd Heart!
Read Heárt!
Réd Hárt!

[She breaks down, sinks to the ground with hysterical laughter and gasping for breath. Rending gasps. P2 smooths her sister's brow, commences her own recital:

Yes yes all ríght then
but calm myself, calm myself
only quietly we can explain it

And anyway that's not the story.

It was out to market I was
to take some sweets and fancies
for my recent husband's table
(who took me, as you know,
without I ever ceased to be a maiden)
and stepped into the beémán's shop
(a vulgar thing he always was
with his African bumpkin's manners
and his pungent sheepdung reek)

to purchase honey: and then I saw
the beam upon his eye; and next
I ran, and sobbed aloud "He shall yet have me."

I knew (or so I deemed) it was a thistle thorn
had pricked me; and grieved not
for such a small sting; the hársh wound was averted
(and yet I could have known not,
for had not Eve forewarned me?
"Jehovah" she said "is meanly jealous:
beware the sweet embrace of lowly serpents").
Then why did red warm darkness
fold me in, why the honey that I'd
never took mortar up the portals of my eyes?
And now I saw: the faithless slug
had stole my voice, and did crawl
through my entrails singing, a shrill—
unlovely melody—I knew then—for a dirge.

[From "Then why did red warm darkness . . ." on, her words come more slowly. At the end, long pauses between phrases; and she sinks onto the body of P1, quiet now, and sleeps. P3 begins, energetically:

No, no, no toxic adder
subtracts our blood from in our bowels:
it is a glowworm only and as he stirs
stirs in me the knowledge of what I knew.

A song can only sing it.

[Now singing, nasally, to a hillbilly tune, as Thaum, still sitting and averted, seems, perhaps on a lute, to pluck out an accompaniment:

I went out to gather posies
in a field of bright red roses
(to adorn my old mother's ba-ke-ry)
but a patch of yellow crocus
growing 'neath a twisted locust
caught my eye, and Narcissus tempted me.

[Chorus: For a girl should love her mother
more than nary any other
(be he heav'nly or hellish in his mien)
for a mother's grief and sobbing
stops the world's great heart from throbbing
makes the cornfield to wither, and the bean.

[Now, abruptly, speaking:

Horrid!
and yet it makes the sun's eye sing within me
and lightens me and now—

NOW I see it yes, not I alone, no
but the hunting girl too and then
and then the academic one and then
and then ah yes and then above it all
that three-faced moon-faced one
who would frighten me with her deathly look
and pass a hand to smooth my fright then, over

AH YES and over all over all the flowers
over all that sun-red wheatfield
and over all the mosses and the grasses
the pigperfume (ah yes not mortal not sheepdung)
the pigperfume of that lavender narcissus

which knowledge hurts me
and yet I must . . .

[Singing, as before:

so I reached out for the lily
feeling oh! so young and silly
and I stretched out my hand to pluck its stem
when from underneath the river
he drove up in his flivver
and—

[The jailer advances quickly, clumsily downstage, strikes P3 a brutal blow with his Nightstick; she falls upon the bodies of P1 and P2; he

resumes his post and posture. Thaum and the Pierce-a-phone, impassive, continue through the chorus:

For a girl should love her mother,
etc.

[A momentary silence. Thaum turns, to be looking, now, offstage right, thus still away from the audience and also, now, from the other dancers. He begins to move, still sitting, as the Pierce-a-phone says, on the tone of a business letter:

Dear Sir or Madam:

In reply to your jokeable query of the thirty-second Joviose, anno dominationis current, I shall omit discussion of the first part, or primordial, until proof of the contrary. Sic. Hoc fac et vinclis. Please permit me to express by way of conclusion the expression of my most humble and devoted servitor and to adjoin to these sentiments my personal sympathies exteriorized in the form of a brief lyrical outpouring.

Briefly and formally yours,
Thaumthaum, the Piping One.

[Thaum then rises, dances; speaker:

Over nine pretty maidens
Rings raper death's dire knell
Plant life's placenta laden
Holds their perfect square. Dispel!
Eight the pretty maidens then
Until some double cadence
Sends the universe to hell.

Seven pretty maiden-flowers
Indwell omphalic oceans
Nor shall six's lunar powers
Geminic dry the potions
Sown by pented maiden-showers.

Fire and earth and other things
Ordered in striated rings
Round four pretty maidens.

Prepare the cosmic cradle!
Enter three pretty maidens.
Arithmetic now their fable
Returns to two fair maidens
Counting: live, whole, and able
Equals one pretty maiden.

[During the denumbering of the poem Pierce has slowly and stiffly strained herself to a standing position above the piled bodies of P1, P2, P3, out of which she seems to rise. In costume and physiognomy she combines certain traits of P1, P2, P3, though she does not appear deranged; rather, dead. At the end of Thaum's poem she starts into life, brutally. She and Thaum join in an erotic, lyric duo, then suddenly, as at a command, form a file, with the prisoners following, and exit, triumphally, to the words of the Pierce-a-phone:

Open the gates as high as the sky
to let King Thaum and his lover go by
(for Thaum is the king of all youse)
Now if a chopper should chop off your head
King Thaum will provide you a pumpkin instead.

[Curtain.]

A Note: on the Third Tableau

[The stage, as for the first tableau. Overencouraged by his poetico-political success, Thaum has established an Academy, a school for scanding. We attend a lecture. Enthroned, Pierce presides. The students are a shade bestial or perhaps vegetive. The Pierce-a-phone:

Ladies,
Gentlemen,

As Professor Vivos reminds us, art is not an unintegrated part. As Professor Vivus further says, an integrated whole is art. As Mademoiselle Magni fixes, who would lose his life must find his art, in part, although as Professor Whimsy and Mr. Surer are certain, we are minors only playing in a new key, and must guard ourselves against being *in,* lest who would find his art be out of tune. Ladies, I feel you slipping away from me, and Gentlemen, you will please realize that what we are adumbrating about the fluidity of the stability of femininity and life is somehow faster than you think, that

is true. As Mr. Sure is less certain than Assistant Professor Wamsey, we may with impunity I take it defy the magnum attitude of Mademoiselle Mini who for one has pitched herself only too true. Vivant Vivi! Ask for them by name, and avoid kindly any undue manisfestation of my attitude, for which, as Professor O. really continues, I thank you.

I add a note:

Art has given me to understand that this histrionic which I intrude into your beneficence to perform is obscurely tragic and somehow, subterranean, involves the salvation of us all. Somehow. But these questions impose less than authority and since they are somehow fugitive or futile and I could present nothing more in this past connection than a less vital rehearsal of what Mrs. Languor has already professed as true of ALL dead languages, I shall somewhat conclude with the remark.

[Example must nourish theory: a poem follows, on the Heraclitean theme of the oneness of the divers and mutant play of Nature. Pierce is the most affected; all turgor leaves her, she slumps. Growing unrest among the academicians, soon frankly revealed as trees and wildebeestes. No gnus is good gnus: the scholars boo, next riot, last drone offstage in solemn procession, completely lifeless Pierce, prey and host, slung from a pole carried by two.

[Next, lighting as at the beginning or the first tableau, dimmed. Thaum in the posture of that same moment. The aardvark passes. The Pierce-a-phone rechants:

The night flute shakes the first night leaves'
dry tambour.

[Curtain.]

CONTENTS

SOME FLOWERS FOR THY SHRINE, O GODDESS - - 2
Sarah Gibbs

PAGAN SYNTHESIS - - - - - - - - - 3
Jackie Esmerian

THE EXCHANGE - - - - - - - - - - 5
Thomas Mild

LIGHTLY TURNS - - - - - - - - - - 6
Virginia Holbeck

THE STAR - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Diana Forbes

DECEPTION - - - - - - - - - - - 12
Thomas Mild

WITTINGDON CASTLE - - - - - - - - 13

LUDLOW - - - - - - - - - - - - 14
Joanna Semel

THE RESTAURANT - - - - - - - - - 15
Naomi Ellenbogen

BEETHOVEN - - - - - - - - - - - 17
Diana Forbes

CHINESE POEMS - - - - - - - - - - 18
translated by Betty Wei

WINDOW AT CHARTRES - - - - - - - - 20
Anne Phipps

MARY BURTON - - - - - - - - - - 21
Patsy Price

SKETCHES - - - - - - - - - - - 23-24
Fritz Janschka

Fragments from THE AARDVARK IN THE APPLE TREE - 25
Edward Morris

LIVINGSTON PUBLISHING CO., NARBERTH, PA.

8.73B9
Co
Spring, 1952

Counterpoint

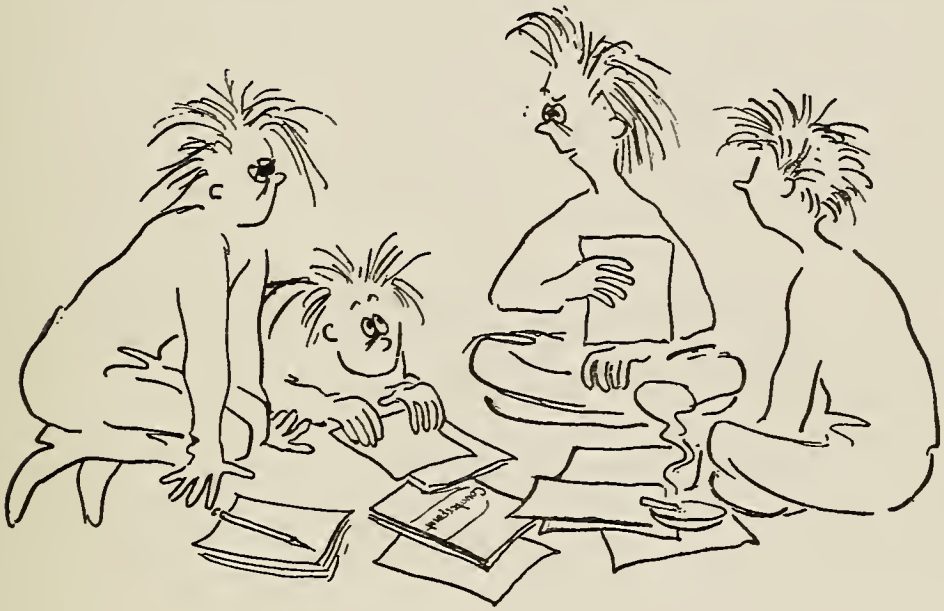
Bryn Mawr College

SPRING 1952

COUNTERPOINT

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

SPRING, 1952



"Let's try to make this one a *normal* issue!"

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Diana Forbes

BUSINESS EDITOR

Bobbyann Roesen

EDITORIAL BOARD

Lucy Turnbull

Virginia Holbeck

Leatrice Hoard

Helen Katz

Naomi Ellenbogen

Anne Phipps

ASSOCIATES

Jo Case

Patsy Price

Bryn Mawr
378.73B9
QCo
Spring, 1952

The Raincoat

Naomi Ellenbogen

It was New York and the same station and the same train that Ruth had taken so many times that year. And he was with her, as always, to wave good-bye. But, for some reason, it was different this time. She could tell by the way he said good-bye. There was something in the tone of his voice and the way he looked at her—as if she weren't there at all, as if Ruth and the crowd and the station were mistakes that he hadn't quite counted on making. But since they had happened, he would make the best of them; and then he would push them to the back of his mind and forget them as quickly as possible.

Before she walked down the long steps to the train, she turned to wave for the last time. It was a ritual. She would wave and he would wave back and then throw her a kiss.

He was standing apart from the crowd, with the raincoat on his shoulders. As he lifted his fingers to his mouth, the coat slipped, and he quickly grabbed for it, forgetting the kiss.

The people around Ruth were pushing her down the steps, and her suitcase kept bumping against her legs. She moved along with the crowd, but she thought only of the boy in the raincoat and she could see him again, lifting his hand to his face and then reaching for the coat.

Once on the train, she stood at the end of the car looking for a seat, but all she could think of was the boy. For a moment, she thought that she knew what it was like to be paralyzed.

There, almost in front of her, sat a large, fat, blackhaired man, hungrily eating a large chocolate bar. Between each bite, he stopped munching for a moment to lick each finger carefully. Then he rubbed his hand on his trousers. He finished the candy bar and pulled another from his jacket pocket. As he opened his mouth to take a bite, he looked up and saw Ruth staring at him. Still looking at her, he pushed the candy bar into his mouth.

Behind the fat man sat a soldier. He was young and he had a healthy, ruddy face and very bright blue eyes. Ruth walked quickly past the man with the candy bar and sat down next to the soldier.

The soldier looked at her and smiled. Ruth thought of all the smiles from other soldiers on all the other trains. There was always something ugly in the smiles. But this boy's smile was different. It was healthy, like the color of his face, and there was nothing behind it but friendliness.

The train jerked and then started slowly. The soldier looked out

the window. Ruth pushed her suitcase into the aisle, opened it, and took out a book. Then, leaning back in the chair, she tried to read. The words hopped about on the page. She shut her eyes and rested them for a moment, then looked back at the book. "When in disgrace . . . " she read, and then the words began to hop again and slid into a line, a figure, the hand, and the raincoat.

Closing the book, Ruth looked out the window. It was raining and the water streaked down the window like long, thin tears. "I all alone beweep . . . ," she thought.

The soldier turned from the window and smiled at her again. He saw the book in her lap. "What are ye reading?" he asked.

"For school," she said. "Shakespeare."

"Ye are going back te school?" he said. "College?" The way his "are" sounded like "arr". What was that in his voice, harsh and staccatto like, yet musical.

"Yes, college," Ruth said. "Are you Irish?"

He was embarrassed. "Now, could ye tell already?"

She smiled. "What are you doing in the army? Have you been in this country long?"

"About two years," he said. "I went te school in England and then I came over here cuz ma brother's here. I live in New Haven."

Ruth laughed.

"What are ye laughin at. Is it funny, then?" He was not angry but puzzled.

"It doesn't sound right," she said, "an Irishman living in New Haven."

"I do like Ireland better." His eyes were very bright when he smiled. "And do ye live in New York," he said.

"No."

"Ye go te school in New York?"

"No."

"Oh," he said.

Ruth looked at him. She spoke very fast. "I went there to visit someone," she said. "A friend of mine. But he's being transferred." She saw him standing there, back from the crowd, with the raincoat over his shoulders.

"Oh, he's in the army, too?"

Why did he say "too?"

"No, he's not in the army." She looked out the window at the rain. 'When in disgrace . . . I all alone beweep . . .' "He works for a newspaper and they transferred him."

"You're in love with him, then." It was more of a statement than a question. He looked unhappy as he said it.

Ruth looked at the soldier. "I was," she said. But why "was"? I am, she thought. Am I? What had it been in his voice when he said good-bye that made her realize. Realize what? she thought. That he didn't love her? That once he had, but now it had turned out to be a mistake, and he couldn't handle it so he was waving good-bye. And the raincoat. It was so like him to worry about the raincoat rather than the kiss. He had always been that way, she realized. For a moment, some time long ago in the past, the kiss had been more important. It had flared a moment, bright and warm in the rain, in the dark. But now it was gone and he thought of his raincoat.

Ruth looked at the soldier, at his bright blue eyes. He would not think of the coat. "Yes," she said. "I was."

Hudson

What could one do who had for numbered days
Been tacking tortuously through half-salt waters,
Taunted with hopes of Columbian gain, and seeing
Ahead between tall barricaded hills,
Clear watery horizons like the stretch
Of open water leading to the sea
Between south England and the Norman coast . . .

What could one do when finally the water,
Plain to all, grew sweeter, while the wind,
Dying beneath the mountains, sighed that it
Knew not the sea, but loved green forests well;
Gulls, except the ship's adopted ones,
Had been replaced by eagles in the day,
And owls at night, and mournful whippoorwills . . .

Where the waters entered at right angles,
And currents bade the lonely ship retreat,
For the last time he cupped his hands to taste,
And spat the water out, but thirsty still,
Drank long and deep of his despair; for now
The only salt was in the tears he shed
Before he turned and steered the *Half-Moon* south.

Jo Case

Morning Song of Sen-Sen

Gwen Davis

I

Ethelbert Albatross walked huddled and shaking down the somber, impersonal reaches of Lexington Ave. Far off, a robin chirped in the television aerial, repeating three clear tones. But Ethelbert could not listen. Such lovely, gay, sad songs were not for him. The morning would soon come, and with the morning, . . . Helas! There could be no escaping it, rationalizing it, forgetting it. The problem was vivid, the problem was there, and it was his, and he was a part of it, and it was a part of him. Something had to be done immediately, before morning. But it was useless, useless! What promotion stunt could he think of that would be magnificent enough to save him. Yes, ah yes, it was too painfully true. Extinction was all that was left for a Sen-Sen salesman, in a world of chlorophyll pills.

The light from the street lamp, shining through the branches of a potted palm on a second story fire-escape, cast weird shadows on the pavement below. Ethelbert was frightened by these strange figures surrounding him. The wind moaned through the branches. Ethelbert struggled and fought to keep the images from his mind, but the combination of the night air and his state of neurotic mal de vivre were too much for him. The figures danced and swayed in a mad primitive orgy, and chanted fiercely at him: you're through . . . you're through . . . you're through!"

"Oh, the horror, the horror!" Ethelbert sobbed. His mind leaped back to that time, five years before, when it had all started.

After only thirty-five years with the Sen-Sen Syndicate, Ethelbert was recognized. His ambition, his driving motivation for power were finally realized. He was head salesman for the Lexington Avenue branch of the Sen-Sen Syndicate. Oh, the glory, the superlativeness! Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that this honor would be bestowed upon him. But he'd show them! He'd prove that their trust was not ill-founded. Ethelbert set out on a campaign that had never before been, and would never again be equalled. There wasn't a person who had not become acquainted with Ethelbert on the entire route of Lexington Avenue. He covered every possible customer on that great expanse, from those foolish children who eat too many hot dogs, to those weak persons who could not subdue their uncontrollable cravings for garlic stew. All, all were his flock, his believers! And all bought! Feverishly, nobly. And every happy customer was overwhelmed with his new feeling of beauty and freshness. So

that on any reasonably warm evening, when those tenants of Lexington Avenue left the cocoons of their homes, and merged into the pure air above the subways, you could hear the incessant, impassioned chant fill the air. "It was . . . it was the Albatross!"

But suddenly, mercilessly, Ethelbert was jarred back into the present. He threw his hands over his ears to shut out the now uninhibited, rhythmic roar: "you're through, you're through!"

"Oh, curse the day," he wept, "curse the foul, cruel day, when science, probing deep into the heart of Nature, tore from her heart the secret of her purity, and set it down in a miserable, commercial formula!" It would be impossible to get people to return to Sen-Sen, once they had had a taste of what it was like to be a flower or a tree.

While Ethelbert was so immersed in his misery, a vision came to him: not of the glorious past, or the hideous present, but of the possibly victorious future. . . . He could see all the executives of the Chlorophyll Co. pacing frantically to and fro, fro and to, tearing their hair out, beating their bare fists against their bay windows, feverishly clutching their jowls. And what had caused this frenzy? The vision clouded for a moment, but Ethelbert strained to see into the haze. "But, of course!" he shrieked, in a moment of supreme epiphany. "Nobody will buy any more chlorophyll pills. The wheels of his mind began turning frenetically. "But how?" he cried. "How could it be done?" Then another epiphany occurred, and another, and another, until finally . . . he knew! "That's it!" he roared triumphantly, "I shall frighten people out of taking those foul pills." Saying this, Ethelbert ran to a nearby hardware store and surreptitiously smashed the front window. He crept inside, turned on his pocket Ronson, and looked around. Finding what he was looking for, he grabbed it, pranced gaily to the front of the store, and bolted out the window, like a hyperthyroid gazelle.

The sun rose beautifully red and warm the next morning, and all those nature lovers on Lexington Avenue leaned out their windows and breathed, ever so deeply. The world was beautiful, the world was good, the world was pure and lovely. All at once, someone in the 43rd St. block screamed.

"Look, look! There, on 44th St.! It's a monster. Help! Call out the Civil Defense Corps!" For on the corner of 44th St. and Lexington, stood a weird and electrifying figure. Its dress alone was basis enough to condemn it as unusual: it had on a light green felt hat with a dark green band, a green tweed suit with a green silk shirt, and green suede shoes over green wool socks. But aside from the eccentricity of its dress, there was one other feature that made it outstand-

ing. Every surface of the skin that showed outside the clothing was bright, shiny green.

"It's all right, Mother," said a man on 42nd St. "I have it covered with my shotgun."

The thing, having supersensitive ears, picked up the conversation and fell to its knees, revealing a patch of green skin on the back of its legs. "Please, please don't shoot. Do not condemn a man for that which is not his fault!"

"Explain yourself, sir!" the man with the shot-gun bellowed.

"Well, it's like this," he stammered. "I was one of those people who always love to listen to commercials, and . . . oh, it's too hard," he blubbered. "I started taking chlorophyll pills a year ago today, and this morning, early this morning, I took a walk in the bright sun. . . . And look what's happened!" he shrieked. "PHOTOSYNTHESIS!"

There was a gasp which echoed up and down Lexington Ave. Then, suddenly, like a thunderstorm which breaks after the air has been completely still, the multitude began to roar and boom. And in a flash, the mob began throwing green pellets out their windows, into the gutters. The green figure stooped and picked one up. Then he gave a triumphant shout. "It worked! It worked! They're throwing away their chlorophyll pills!"

Ethelbert, radiant beneath his green cover, skipped happily up Lexington Ave. Suddenly, someone threw a bucket of turpentine out the window, an occasion which is liable to happen any time on Lexington Avenue. And there Ethelbert stood, his crime of deception naked before the eyes of all his customers.

"It is . . . it is the Albatross!" they murmured, as if bewitched. And then, the spell was broken. "You're a fraud!" they cried. Suddenly all fury broke loose, and they streamed from the buildings and frantically began grabbing up their chlorophyll pills.

"Oh, lovely, magnificent chlorophyll pills," they chanted. "We'll never lose faith in you again!"

"Oh, whatever shall I do?" Ethelbert moaned. "I must think of something quickly!"

A robin chirped in the television aerial, repeating three clear tones.

II

It was a dark day, indeed, for Ethelbert Albatross. Nothing would ever be able to stop those fools from buying chlorophyll pills. But, aha! an epiphany again. What if there were no more chlorophyll pills? But this was impossible. He couldn't run around to all the

factories and destroy the pill-producing-paraphenalia. It wasn't ethical. Besides, the factories were well guarded. Yet the pill-producing-paraphenalia would be of no use at all if there were no more chlorophyll with which to produce pills. But how? How could he eliminate the chlorophyll source?

"Oh," sobbed Eethelbert, "if only I knew a mad scientist, who would help me in my chosen task!" And while he was so engaged in sobbing, a mad scientist walked up to him, an occasion which is liable to happen at any time on Lexington Avenue, and said:

"Pardon me, but are you the man that was looking for a mad scientist?"

"I am he," said Ethelbert, starting only a little violently.

"Shall we get started?" said the mad scientist. "I take it you had something specific in mind that caused you to want my company."

"You're sure," Ethelbert eyed him suspiciously, "that I"—he eyed him a little more suspiciously—"can"—his glance darted three blocks in either direction—"trust you?" he whispered into the other's ear.

"Sir," the mad scientist replied, with an air of noble pride deserving of a mad scientist, "I am a mad scientist. Do you think for a moment that I would betray you?"

"Oh, sir, forgive my evil suspicion. It's just that the world is so miserably unreliable nowadays, that one never knows whom one can trust. I used to trust everyone. There wasn't a man, woman, or child on this great vista, that I wouldn't have entrusted with the deepest trouble of my heart. Now look at me! Those who were my life have destroyed me!"

"I take it," said the mad scientist, "that you had something specific in mind that caused you to want my company."

"Oh, yes," said Ethelbert. "You see," he began with a suffering gasp, "I am a Sen-Sen salesman, and I am being undone by chlorophyll pills: I am convinced that the only way to convert people back to Sen-Sen is to eliminate the source of this blight. In other words, down with chlorophyll!"

"My dear man, have you any idea of the magnitude of the task which you suggest?"

"Psychologically, yes," replied Ethelbert, "but scientifically, no. That is where you must help me."

A faint twinkling of dismay crossed the face of the mad scientist, who shall in future be called X. "Very well," said X, "I can do no more than my duty."

And, as the sun sank behind the potted palms, they said farewell to

the lovely island of Manhattan, and set sail upon the Hudson River, there to hold their secret meeting in a bell, sunken thirty feet below the surface of the water. The twilight air was sultry, and the soft breezes wafting gently up the river carried the aesthetic scent of the Fulton Fish Market. But Ethelbert could not indulge in even a moderately appreciative inhalation. A robin chirped in a television aerial, repeating three clear tones. But Ethelbert could not listen. A potent, far-reaching and magnificent plan was in the offing, and Ethelbert could do nothing but audit, and gasp amazedly at the brilliant suggestions of X.

The latter explained to Ethelbert that an excellent way to get rid of chlorophyll would be to shut off the sun for a few days. This seemed like a capital idea, and Ethelbert was mentally contemplating different approaches to dispensing with the sun's light, when it suddenly occurred to X that if they were to shut off the sun, the earth would freeze. At hearing this, Ethelbert realized that people couldn't possibly chew Sen-Sen if their teeth were chattering, so he promptly dismissed that idea.

Suddenly, a haunted expression leaped across the face of X. "I have it," he roared triumphantly. "We can remove the carbon dioxide from the air. That will fix that no-good chlorophyll!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Ethelbert.

The moon was a spectre of darkness that night, and its rays were pillars of nothingness as they crept from the bosom of that fair satellite to the lumbar region of the masterful earth below. There was a silence of oppressive proportion, and the brobdingnagians of despair whirled in a danse macabre through Central Park.

"This is where we'll hold our first experiment," said X. "Now," he said, brandishing a glass jar in his fist, "inhale deeply!" Ethelbert did as he was commanded, and just as he was about to exhale, X slapped the jar upon his mouth. "No, you fool!" X shrieked. "Don't exhale! That would be putting more carbon dioxide into the air. Any exhaling you do will be into this jar."

"But . . . !" Ethelbert protested, "I don't understand how we are going to do away with carbon dioxide if all I do is breathe into a jar."

"Eventually," he replied happily, "the jar will be full. Then I shall empty it and have you breathe into it some more. Soon we shall have destroyed thousands and millions of liters of carbon dioxide. Don't you understand? Don't you see?"

"But!" blustered Ethelbert excitedly, "all the other people of the world will be breathing as usual, and so they'll undo all our fine work."

"I hadn't thought of that," mumbled X pensively, "I suppose we'll have to think of something else."

Ethelbert leaned his cheek against the edge of a bird-bath and began sobbing heart-rendingly. "I'm lost," he threw his heart to the winds above, and the latter, dissatisfied with it, threw his heart back again, until the refrain of "I'm lost" beat in high-blood pressure time throughout the wilds of Central Park. Once more the evil chant of "you're through, you're through" monopolized the eerie atmosphere. Ethelbert got to his feet, climbed up on the edge of the bird bath, and poised himself for the leap.

"Wait, Albatross," cried X. "I have the solution! This is it! Reverse photosynthesis! I shall put into effect a formula which shall undo, through chemical action, the process of chlorophyll manufacture in plants. Oh, glorious day! Once more can I have faith in myself as a genius!"

Ethelbert leaped like an emotionally unbalanced kangaroo from the edge of the bird bath, and fell to his knees, tears coursing like the Hwang-Ho (the river of Sorrow) down his cheeks.

"There, there, my boy. Control yourself!" said X. "There is no room for maudlin sentimentality in Science."

Lifting himself unsteadily, Ethelbert began walking by the side of X. The first thing they had to do was to get a helicopter and a spray-gun. It would never do to put the formula on leaf by leaf. There just wasn't enough time. Besides, it was the modern world, and one never had to do anything by hand in the Modern World.

"The normal reaction," X explained, "is:

$$6\ CO_2 + 6\ H_2O + h\nu = 6\ O_2\ C_6\ H_{12}\ O_6 + 1200 \text{ calories}$$

We will spray the plants with a Pb (lead) solution. This will combine with O_2 produced, and form inert Pb_2O. The Law of Mass Action dictates that the reaction will then reverse, and therefore, no more chlorophyll will ever, ever, ever be produced!"

"Oh, joy!" cried Ethelbert.

The Civil Defense Corps swept the sky with their binoculars at the sound of an unfamiliar engine overhead. "It's all right," said the Head-Sweeper, "it's just another one of those crazy scientists, trying to make rain, I suppose."

Ethelbert hung by his heels from the cockpit of the helicopter, and sprayed his gun at the plants below. A fiendish ecstasy illuminated his face, and periodically a sigh would escape from his lips, drawn in a hideous smile. "I am the saviour of Sen-Sen," he moaned, transfixed. "I am the saviour of Sen-Sen."

When little Johnny peered out his window on Lexington Avenue the next morning, a perplexed look cantered across his face. "Mother," he whined inquisitively, "when is winter?"

"In about four months, dear."

"That's funny," little Johnny said. "I could've sworn it was winter right now. The potted palm is all white."

Johnny's mother spanked him quietly for telling an untruth, and then looked out on the fire-escape. Suddenly, she screamed.

And it was a scream heard around the world. For everywhere, everything that was green was no longer green.

A robin chirped in a television aerial, repeating three clear tones.

III

It was a hapless, colorless, and joyless world that the sun rose on that morning. People wept uninhibitedly at the tragedy which had overtaken them. The New York Daily News carried the headline: "Who Stole The Chlorophyll from Mother Nature's Chowder." Everyone was pathetically humming Irving Berlin's newest song: "I'm Dreaming of a Green Labor Day." The Theatre Guild, currently running a production of Chekov's "The Cherry Orchard", was forced to close it, on the grounds that it would depress people even more than Chekov had intended it to depress people. In England, the people's favorite novelist, Graham Greene, sat panicked in his flat with all the windows closed, fearful lest this strange power should act upon him. In the United Nations Building at Lake Success, there was a complete uproar. Russia walked in; the United States entered with controlled fury; the member Nations sat in awe of the world crisis which had arisen. There was no time for petty discussions of atomic warfare, or treaty violations. Some weird, potent, and hideous force had been directed against the entire planet, and there could be no salvation unless it were counteracted. On the national front, the Democrats accused the Republicans of using Nature for graft, and the Republicans hurled slanderous epithets at the Democrats for the latter's inability to act in view of the crisis. The Mayor of New York City arrived by fast gondola from Venice, and the President roared up by speedboat from Key West.

Ethelbert Albatross strode gaily into the main Sen-Sen outlet on Lexington Avenue. "Good morning, good, good morning!" he beamed at the proprietor, standing behind the cigar counter. "And how are you, this good, good morning?"

The man looked dolefully at Ethelbert, with tear-filled eyes. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but nothing but sobs came out. Putting his head in his hands, he emitted a moan that shook the entire

magazine rack from its foundations.

"Good heavens, man," Ethelbert said, "Whatever is the matter?"

The proprietor didn't speak, but instead nodded his head in the direction of his buttonhole. There, Ethelbert perceived a carnation, growing from a white stem. The proprietor looked at it, and moaned once more.

"Good heavens," cried Ethelbert, more than a little annoyed. "There's nothing to get excited about. Just because there's no more green doesn't mean you should get all upset."

The man looked at him aghast. "But think," he whimpered. "There's no more beauty in the world. No more flowers, no more trees. No more grass in Washington Square. No more the scent of roses in Spring. No more the sweet, the pure, the lovely in life."

"Oh," said Ethelbert, gayly, "how can you say that? There's always Sen-Sen."

"Sen-Sen!" screamed the proprietor hysterically. "I *hate* Sen-Sen!"

Ethelbert blanched. Then a dark shade of fuschia worked its way up his face. "I suppose," he said quietly, controlling his fury, "that you like chlorophyll pills?"

"I don't care about chlorophyll pills," the other sobbed. "It's just that I'll never be able to run barefoot through the cool, green grass on Riverside Drive. Oh, it's too hard to bear."

"There, there," Ethelbert soothed, sympathetic in spite of his wrath towards this enemy of Sen-Sen. "It doesn't mean the end of the world."

"On the contrary," said a voice from the doorway. Ethelbert turned, and recognized the mad scientist, X. "I forgot to tell you," the man said, "along with the success of eliminating chlorophyll pills, you have also eliminated the food supply for all the world's cattle, the vegetable and grain supply of the planet, and," X paused dramatically, "the source of regeneration of oxygen. According to this," X smirked, "the planet will soon either starve to death or suffocate."

"My, my," said Ethelbert. "All I wanted to do was sell Sen-Sen." A look of guilt slowly worked its way across Ethelbert's face. "X," he shouted suddenly, "isn't there something we can do?"

"I have done my duty as a scientist," X said, unexpectedly sprouting a Mephistophelean sneer. "What you do now is up to you."

Ethelbert Albatross walked, Zombie like, through the doorway of the cigar-store onto the sidewalks of Lexington Avenue. The sunlight glared at his face, hitting it mercilessly. The winds whipped about his knees, battering them cruelly. All at once, he was caught up in a nightmarish frenzy. He was wandering alone, in the middle

of a barren plain, gasping for breath. But all he could inhale was the odor of Sen-Sen. Hysterically, traumatically, he shouted "food! food!" There appeared before his eyes, miracle of miracles, a magnificently thick slab of sirloin, buried underneath luscious, juicy, golden brown mushrooms, surrounded by thick, rich, gently browned french-fried potatoes. Eagerly he got down on his knees, and stuffed everything into his mouth. But suddenly, a look of horrified realization crossed his face. He spit out the food, and threw himself, sobbing, to the ground. Sen-Sen! It was all made of Sen-Sen.

"No, no!" Ethelbert screamed. "I cannot let it happen! I cannot!" He ran as fast as his shaking legs could carry him to the office of the Civil Defense Corps, and pushed his way in.

* * * *

The judge pounded his gavel on the hard wood, and the noisy crowd became still. The court clerk rose, and read the paper before him. "The planet Earth versus Ethelbert Albatross. Call Ethelbert Albatross to the stand." An excited murmur arose from the audience, as Ethelbert was sworn in.

"Ethelbert Albatross," the judge said solemnly, "you have been accused of plotting against the planet Earth. How do you plead?"

"Not really guilty, Your Honor."

The case proceeded, opened, and almost closed. Once more Ethelbert was called to the stand. He smiled tragically in the direction of the television cameras, and prepared himself.

"Albatross," boomed the Judge, "have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Only, Your Honor, that I didn't realize what I was doing. All I wanted to do was sell Sen-Sen." At this point Ethelbert broke down, and began to sob wretchedly.

"There, there, Albatross," the defense Attorney soothed. Then he turned to the Jury. "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury," he began, "I ask you to take into consideration the motivation of this man. He was only trying to follow, from the very bottom of his heart, the doctrine of laissez-faire. Unfortunately, he went a little too far. His evil accomplice, who has escaped our judgement via a space ship, did not explain to him what the consequence of his action would be. Albatross was too naive in the ways of the world to know. When he realized what he had done, he quickly confessed, and as you all know, our Atomic Energy Commission, fortunately for us, knew how to counteract the lead's reaction on the plants, so that the process of chlorophyll production is once more going on full speed. (Here Ethelbert restrained a sob.) Therefore, let me ask of you, that this poor, unhappy

man be vindicated of the charge of plotting against the earth, a crime that is punishable by the supreme penalty. Instead, let him be accused only of attempted unpremeditated planetcide."

A slight murmur arose in the court room as the jury left the box. Ethelbert sat upright in his chair. Suddenly, the reporters dashed up to the front of the courtroom, and began snapping photographs of Ethelbert. The lights blinded him, and the noise that had arisen from the onlookers deafened him. The flashbulbs exploded in a dance of paranoiac primeval pattern, and the roars and shouts in the courtroom burst into a maddening, mystic, melodious refrain of:

"It was, it was the Albatross.
You're through, you're through, you're through."

Ethelbert was brought back to reality by the sound of the Jury returning to the box.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury. Have you reached your decision?"

"We have, Your Honor. The Jury recommends that Ethelbert Albatross be excused from the supreme penalty."

"What penalty is it that the Jury recommends?"

* * * *

Ethelbert Albatross walked, huddled and shaking, down the somber, impersonal reaches of Mars. Far, far, far off, a robin chirped in a television aerial, repeating three clear tones.

Mother-of-Pearl

Kirsten Rodsgaard

The beach was the whole world. Glimmering, hot, white and glimmering again. The little boy couldn't quite make out where it began. Perhaps this was all there was to it—a large unending white plane with dry seaweed that made funny noises when you tried to break it, and stones in all colors and shapes. Some of them were red like the sliced sausage the maid had served him for lunch. He didn't care for the sausage, but he liked the stones and he kept some of them in a small wooden box under his bed. But the sand was the best, because you could make things of it. Right now he was the manager of a big bakery, and there were many people waiting for his delicious cookies. It took great skill to make them, but he knew the secret, he alone. That was why his bakery prospered and he made money.

He went down to the edge of the water. The sand was wet, and his feet sank a little when he put them down. He filled his pail with the

moist grey sand and mixed it with more water. Then back to the dry part of the beach. Now he put the shovel into the pail, a few elegant twirls—and there was the first cookie. He was thrilled when all of a sudden the cookie wasn't wet any longer, but dry and firm and he could pick it up in his hand. See? He was the best baker, and his bakery prospered and he made money.

"Hello."

He looked up. The sun was blinding, and he couldn't see. But he liked the voice; it was soft and warm, and it came down to him as little rays of sun running in channels. He wanted to know to whom it belonged.

"What are you doing? Baking?"

He nodded and turned all the way around. He was glad that the person had understood what he was doing. Most people didn't take his bakery seriously.

She seemed immensely tall as he saw her standing there. He looked at her feet, but couldn't see them as they were hidden by a long white skirt. Her face was white, too, and what he could see of her hair from under the broad-brimmed hat was also white. No, no, that wasn't true. She had turned a little so the sun fell upon a lock of her flowing hair, and it was like gold. Gold. Not silver. And he knew well that white hair was like silver and yellow like gold. So she was not as old as his father, or as the funny woman who served him ice cream at the soda fountain, for they had silver in their hair, both of them. But she was much older than he himself was, though her hair was like gold. She was very tall.

She bent down and he noticed she was carrying a parasol with a shining handle. What was it they called that material? Something that had to do with pearl . . . he didn't remember. He wanted to ask her about it, but all of a sudden she was sitting beside him in the sand and he was mute.

She didn't talk, and the silence scared him. He didn't dare look at her, for all her whiteness. He wanted to concentrate on his cookies, but somehow his hand refused to dip the shovel into the pail.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"David."

He heard her gasp, just a little, and he didn't know why she should be so upset about his name.

"Like the David in the Bible," he went on, "the one that played the harp and killed Goliath. Do you know him?"

"Yes," she answered softly, "I know him."

"I want to be like that David," he said, "not playing the harp, for that is only for girls, but I would like to be as strong as he."

"I thought you would be a baker."

He was a trifle irritated. She didn't understand anything, after all. Baking was just something he did while he was at the beach. It was not so important as being strong and able to kill a man so much bigger than oneself.

"I also want to be like my father."

"Oh."

He looked up at her. The white face was soft and wet, and he wondered why she should be crying. Nobody had slapped her, nobody had told her to go to bed or that she couldn't play anymore. There was nobody but him, and yet she cried.

"Why do you cry?" he asked.

She looked away for a little while, picking up a red stone in her hand and turning it over and over.

"I don't," she whispered, but he knew she was lying.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"No."

"Why are you here then?"

"I like this place," she said, "I was here a long, long time ago . . . I wanted to come back."

"Are you going to stay?"

She put a soft white hand over his, and he liked the feeling of the warm flesh. He had a sudden wish to run his finger up her arm and touch the skin just where the sleeve began and feel the little golden hairs, but something inside him told him not to do that.

"Would you like me to stay, David?"

She said his name in such a funny way as nobody had ever said it before, and he smiled at her.

"I think so," he said, "but in which house would you stay?"

She withdrew her hand with a little sigh.

"I don't know."

"David!"

There was another voice now, and he jumped up when he heard it. That was his father.

"Now," he said to the woman, "you must meet my father. I will tell him that you are going to stay."

She rose almost as quickly as he and turned away, looking over the sea where the swells were reaching a little further in than before. The tide was rising.

"No," she whispered, "no."

"David!"

"Yes, Daddy, I am here—down at the beach. Come and see my cookies."

He sat down again, contentedly. He liked his father very much and he would grow up and be like him some day.

The woman still had her back toward him, and she stuck the pointed end of the parasol into the sand.

"I have been looking around for you, David. It is about time you go and have your sleep."

David smiled into his father's eyes. Maybe his hair wasn't grey, really, and maybe he wasn't so old. But still, he was so big, even bigger than the woman.

"Can't I play a little longer?"

"No, David, it is late, and you will be back again after you have had your sleep. What have you been doing?"

"Baking," he said proudly, "and talking to the lady."

"Which lady?"

"Her."

David pointed, though he knew that one shouldn't point, but the lady couldn't see when her back was turned toward him, and his father wouldn't mind, he was sure.

He noticed that his father was looking intensely at the white back, and he wished she would turn around so they could both of them see her face.

"She is pretty," he whispered confidentially, "and big, too."

Now she turned and opened the parasol. David could feel in the sand under him that she approaching. Gong, gong, one, two, three, gong, gong.

It was funny sitting there between the the two tall bodies. It was quite dark as they stood on each side of him, forming a bridge far above. He giggled a little and went on with his baking.

"I have been talking to your son," she said.

"So I see."

"She wants to stay," David interrupted. "In which house can she stay, Daddy?"

"Have you been here long?"

It seemed to David that his father's voice was unusually low.

"Not very long," she mumbled. "Just a few hours. I . . . I wanted to see the boy."

See the boy, see the boy. What boy, he wondered. There were so few boys at the beach this year. He wished they would move away from him, so the sun could bake his cookies. They wouldn't get the right shape unless the sun heated them.

"The boy has been quite happy without you. I had hoped this would not have happened. I had hoped they would have been able to keep you . . . I demand that you leave, immediately."

Sometimes his father was very strict, David thought, and the lady had done nothing wrong, he was sure.

"Why can't she stay and see the little boy?" he asked.

"It's been so long," she said, "and I wanted so badly to see him . . . "

"You know what the agreements were," his father said sternly.

"But I want him, I want him. Just let me have him for a little while, and then I will go."

"I have means to see that you leave, and I will not hesitate to make use of them."

David didn't understand what his father meant. Sometimes he talked so strangely; but, then of course, now he was talking to a grown up.

"The same golden hair," she whispered frantically, "exactly the same . . . "

"Go away, please, the boy will perhaps understand, and he mustn't . . . I will take care of you later. David, come on, we are going home now."

The boy rose, reluctantly. He didn't want to sleep now; he'd much rather stay and talk to the lady. She was kind, and her hand had been so soft on his.

His father took him by the hand and they started walking back to the house.

"Why couldn't she stay and see the little boy, Daddy?"

His father stopped and knelt beside him, stroking his hair. David didn't quite know what to think.

"She is probably thinking of a little boy that isn't here anymore, and now she is going away."

"Will she find him, Daddy?"

"I don't know, David."

"I hope she will. She was so nice."

His father got up, and they went on walking.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, David."

"Why did she wear that long white dress? People don't wear that anymore, do they?"

"I don't think so," his father whispered.

"Maybe she doesn't know anything about clothes," David concluded, rather pleased with the sentence.

"Maybe," his father said.

Two hours later David was again back on the beach. The sun wasn't so hot anymore, and the tide had risen considerably. But the

sand still held some of the warmth of the earlier hours. He sat down and dug into the sand with both hands. Maybe he would build a castle this time. But he needed some water all the same, to bind the sand. He rose again and went down to the edge of the beach. The water was nice and cool and foamy when it struck the stones and the seaweed.

He let his hands run through the water and whipped it up. It tickled the palms and he couldn't help laughing. Perhaps he could get a few nice stones to put in the wooden box afterwards when he was going to bed and nobody would disturb him. His eyes caught a glimmer in the water, and he stretched his arm out to reach it. It was a beautiful stone, lovely and shining . . . but it wasn't a stone. He looked at it and smiled. It was a parasol handle. Just like the lady's. Mother-of-pearl. That was the word. He knew it had something to do with pearls. Perhaps it was hers and she had left it for him.

A Stone

How can I tell you where it went?
What is a fallen star?
This sparkless stone was made of fire
Until it shot too far.

Oft in the night we see a flame
Arcing down the sky,
And when the lovely thing is gone,
How can I tell you why?

ANON

Protection For Life

Muriel Farr, R.N., B.S.

(Note: This story first appeared in *Dime Detective,* October, 1945.)

Herman Schmidt stripped the corpse with feverish haste, yet not a movement was lost. He glanced frequently at the clock on the mantlepiece of the shabby boarding-house room. With unsteady fingers he emptied the pockets of his own suit. He glanced rapidly through passport and other papers, then took them and his watch over to the bed where he covered them with the dead man's finger prints. The papers he replacd in his coat pocket, but the watch and a pile of loose change he put on the dresser top.

After he had dressed the body in a suit of pajamas he arranged the stiffening limbs in as natural a sleeping position as possible, and drew up the covers loosely. Though the room was cold, beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead and upper lip.

Herman crept softly to the window, raised the shade a little, glanced out into the alley, then paused as though listening. He heard nothing, so resumed his business. He removed his own clothes, hung them on the chair beside the bed, and donned those of the corpse. He searched the pockets, took out a watch, polished it, then replaced it.

The sudden shrill train whistle made him jump nervously. He took one last look around the room, wiped his damp hands, and climbed out of the window. The light was left burning. The man on the bed appeared to be sleeping peacefully.

As Herman dropped to the dark alley a figure stepped from the shadow of the wall, grasped his arm and whispered, "Join the mob around the corner coming from the station. Act naturally, we weren't trailed."

The two men mingled with the crowd pouring from the barrier. The suit-case which Herman's companion carried added to the fiction of their having arrived on the midnight train. In case of any trouble there would probably be many witnesses who would swear that these two had gone directly from the train to the hotel across the street.

As they walked into the lobby Herman was startled to hear his partner's name called. "Paging Mr. John Winter. Mr. John Winter, call at the desk for a message, please."

"For God's sake remember that you are now Martin Brown," John said in an undertone as they walked towards the desk.

"Good evening, I am John Winter. You have a message here for me?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Thomas Brown phoned earlier to say that he would not be here to meet you. He engaged a suite of rooms for you and his nephew. He will join you there tomorrow afternoon."

John handed his bag to the bell-boy and signed the register. He was about to leave when the clerk called him back. "Mr. Brown also arranged to have your meals served in your rooms. He thought under the circumstances it might be easier." As he said this he looked meaningfully at Herman, who was puzzled. John winked at the clerk with complete understanding.

"What's he talking about, John? I don't . . ."

"Shut up! We'll talk later," John replied, with an unpleasant laugh that did nothing to restore Herman's peace of mind.

As the door closed behind the bell-boy Herman shook John by the shoulder. "Are you sure we weren't followed? What did the clerk mean? Why did that damn boy stare so? Spies, Spies, that's all I see."

"Pipe down, can't you? You're completely shot. How the hell you've been able to lead the life you have with nerves like a jittery girl's beats me."

"But will the old man really be fooled?"

John took some papers from his pocket. "Let me see . . . yes, here's Martin's passport. Don't worry about the photo, might be anyone. Age, 34. Well that's O.K.; height 5′ 11″, better stoop a bit, six flat aren't you? Eyes blue, hair blonde—turning grey, nothing wrong with that. Special marks of identification, none, we get a break there. Damned hard to fake something of that sort for permanent use."

Herman, reassured, stopped his aimless pacing and looked appreciatively around the room. "So good old Uncle Thomas provides luxury like this for his unknown nephew, does he? Hell, he can do my thinking for me, spoon-feed me, give me a nurse, anything as long as he gives me protection the rest of my life."

He turned fiercely towards John, all calmness gone, as he heard again the cruel sneering laugh. "Shut up, you—! You've never been hounded, hunted like a blasted animal, as I have, for weeks on end. Always afraid. Afraid to sleep alone for fear I'd be murdered in my bed. Afraid to sleep with others for fear I'd talk in my sleep. Followed by Nazi agents, wanted by the F.B.I. If you've been tricking me, by God I'll kill you!" His voice rose to a scream.

"Keep quiet you fool! D'you want the whole hotel to hear you? After all I'm doing this as much for myself as for you. Unless I turn in a Martin Brown to the old man I don't get a red cent for my trouble. How the hell did I know he'd die on me as soon as we arrived in New York? My orders were, get him safely here, you get ten

grand; fail, and you get nothing but a small salary plus expenses."

"How can you guarantee that he won't know I'm not his precious nephew?"

"I've told you, over and over again, he hasn't seen him since he was a kid of ten. The boy always had a companion, he had a weak heart among other things. Family lived abroad until the war, then came to the West coast. Mother, father and companion all killed in an accident. Thomas Brown asked me to accompany his nephew here, afraid to let him come alone because of his heart. Then, didn't he pop off suddenly? If you hadn't recognised me this evening and asked for a touch we'd both have been in the soup. The likeness struck me like a flash. Now you get your protection you're always harping on, I get my dough. You squeal on me, you lose your berth; I squeal on you, I lose my dough."

The other nodded but was still uneasy. There was something in John's manner that made him suspicious. Anyway he couldn't feel perfectly at ease until he had seen the morning papers. Would the police accept the body as that of Herman Schmidt on the strength of the passport alone? He knew that his prints were not on file anywhere except perhaps in Germany.

He slept badly. Every footstep aroused him, maybe this was the police, or worse yet, the step of a Nazi agent. The suspense was unbearable. Suppose the news was witheld. He sat up in the dark, shaking. He knew he couldn't stand the strain much longer. He'd give himself up to the F.B.I. At least they'd execute him humanely. The Nazis couldn't get him then. Why had he betrayed both sides anyway? Partly money, partly fear.

He dozed at last, and dreamed that he was standing by an open grave before a firing-squad. The sound of the shots gradually resolved itself into a loud knock at the door, accompanied by the words, "Your morning paper, sir."

John was the quicker of the two. He hastily scanned the front page. "Well, your untimely demise didn't make front page news," he said mockingly. "Ah, here it is."

"For God's sake man, what do they say?"

"You couldn't have been as important as you'd have me think. Your death notice is tucked down by an ad for dandruff. You were identified by your passport as a German-American wanted by the F.B.I. Foul play was at first suspected because of your past activities; however, an autopsy proved your death to be caused by a heart ailment of long standing. Here endeth the life of Herman Schmidt. Q.E.D. Or should I say R.I.P.?"

Herman sank back on his bed, the sarcasm of the other not troubling him. He was safe for the first time in months. So great was the reaction that he felt physically ill.

"Pull yourself together, man, do. Your Uncle will be here soon to give you that comfortable room you're always yapping about. D'you want to bust things on the last lap?"

When Mr. Thomas Brown arrived he did not seem surprised at his nephew's nervous state. His attitude was one of pity rather than one of suspicion.

"Well, Martin, it is good to see you after all these years. How are you? Rather shaken, John says. To tell the truth you look better than the wire had led me to expect. When I heard you suffered a heart attack I rather expected to see an invalid."

He turned to John. "If you can spare a few minutes we can make final arrangements. Martin, you just rest a little longer. We have a few phone calls to make."

Martin was not sorry to be left alone. The kindness of Mr. Brown had impressed him, but he would not feel really safe until John had left.

"All set, Martin. We can get a train in half an hour to 'Resthaven'. John will come on the train with us, but he'll not get off at our stop."

As the train drew out of New York both John and Herman visibly relaxed. Mr. Brown chatted for a while, pointing out this and that in the scenery, then settled down behind a newspaper for the remainder of the journey.

At 'Resthaven' a closed car with a uniformed chauffer met them. John's parting was brief; he seemed anxious to get on with his journey. He called a loud "Good-bye Martin. They'll take care of you O.K.," followed by a laugh as the train started. Mr. Brown looked angry at the laugh, Herman was disturbed by it.

The ride from the station was silent. Martin was deep in thought. He was trying to remember where and in what connection he had heard the name 'Resthaven'. He was so preoccupied that it was with a start he realised the car had stopped.

He looked out of the window in an attempt to see the house, but as they were under a porte-cochère he saw nothing beyond the front door. He was amazed to see the size of the hall into which they were ushered. It looked more like an institution than a private house.

Institution . . . suddenly the name had a meaning to him. All of John's secret amusement became clear to him. He turned sharply in an attempt to bolt out of the door. He was seized on both sides by

powerful men. He screamed, struggling in a panic-stricken manner. His already shaken nerves gave way completely. "Let me go, damn you. I'm not Martin Brown, I tell you. I'm Herman Schmidt. Herman Schmidt isn't dead. Turn me over to the police, do anything, but let me go. I'd rather be shut up in prison than—"

The sound of his voice trailed off as competent attendants led him into a small impersonal room.

Two gentlemen gently guided Mr. Brown into an ante-room. One of them spoke as soon as Herman's shouts died away. "I am so sorry, Mr. Brown, that Martin had a seizure now. I was hoping you would be spared this painful sight. Though perhaps it is fortunate. Today when you phoned you seemed unwilling to accept the diagnosis of the psychiatrists who examined your nephew on his return to this country. My colleagues and I have studied the case history sent by the other physicians. We are convinced that committment to an institution such as this, is the only solution for his and others' protection."

"Yes," joined in the other doctor, "such a scene as you have just witnessed is typical, and periodical. I can assure you we will give your nephew care and protection the rest of his life."

Young Orion

SPENCER-MARX

The boy cantered the horse in a circle. The air slid past his cheeks in a cool stream, and the horse's hooves made a steady punching sound below him. The face of the boy was earnest and darkened with concentration. "Easy, baby," he told the sorrel gelding, as he flicked the reins to one side. "We'll try the jump now." The horse swerved obediently and without breaking his gait headed at the white fence, taking it so smoothly that he seemed to glide over it. "Fine," said the boy. He slowed the gelding to a walk and gave him a piece of carrot. The sorrel's shoulders were patched with sweat; he blew gently through his nostrils. He moved from tree-shadow into the light, his coat glittering red-gold in the sun.

Turning his head, the boy squinted at the tree-rimmed horizon. It was almost evening; the sun was sinking down upon the trees, spilling its last gold between the pines. For the moment light lay flooded on the ground about the horse and rider, but soon the growing shadows would merge and darken everything. The boy looked at his training ring. The hot rainless days of summer had turned the

earth, worn grassless there, to soft dust. It was only an improvised ring—which had been cut by the horse's hooves through constant circling in the briar and pine studded field. Off to the right was the white jump, and beyond it the barb wire fence which ran along the edge of the macadam road. He swung his gaze back to his horse. "Come on, old thing," he said. "No more jumping. You're good enough at that. We'll take a few more turns around the ring and call it a day."

The sorrel gelding went effortlessly back into his canter. The boy rode relaxed, a part of the horse. He was thinking. He wondered who the judges would be at the show next weekend, and what horses he would have to jump against. "Still . . . " he murmured to the sorrel, "we're ready." Drawing a deep breath, the rider gave himself over completely to the tempo of the horse's movement. He sat easily on the sorrel's bare back. His knees were tight, and his legs curved around the gelding's ribs. One hand was twisted in the mane; the other held the inside rein tight and bent the glistening neck so that the horse circled. The boy smiled. He was filled with a quiet delight at the smoothness of the horse's gait, at the horse's muscles, hard with resistance, controlled by his will.

This is happiness, he thought. It was a good feeling, this richness of content at rest within him, warmly held by his body. He wanted to laugh, or just bend in gratitude before something. For it was a grateful feeling also. The rhythm of the horse flowed through him and made peace; he sat to the canter of the gelding and knew its rightness, its perfection. "That's the way," he said to the sorrel, his eyes exultant. "That's the way, baby." The sorrel snorted and his nostrils were flared and lined with coral as he sucked in the air. His white-stocking-ed forefoot flashed with every step; his tail curved over his sweat-dappled haunches and the grasses behind him swayed from the grey dust path.

A rabbit bounded from the fence by the road. It hop, hop, hopped past the white pole jump and crouched in a tangle of briars near the ring, ears bent against its back. The horse cocked his ears, watching. The boy saw the rabbit too, but he did not pay any particular attention until he felt the gelding gather its muscles as if he intended to shy. "Hie!" the boy said sharply to the sorrel. He looked at the rabbit. His eyes narrowed. The horse cantered nearer, tossing playfully on the bit and pulling at the reins. The rider's breath tightened in his lungs—his eyes were eager. The rabbit flattened its black-flecked brownish body in the grasses and froze—he could see every hair of it freeze until the small throbbing animal was completely motionless.

The boy pulled the gelding to a stop. He did not know why he did it but he turned his mount toward the rabbit. The horse hesitated as the briars scratched his knees. Then he obeyed the pressure of the rider's legs and stepped nearer. Blowing "whuh-whuh" through his nostrils, the sorrel stepped into the tangle and his hoof was only two feet from the fear-frozen rabbit. The rider watched the crouching animal. His hand was tight on the rein, ready to swing the horse in pursuit if the rabbit should dart away. How queer that I can get so close, thought the boy. I could slide off slowly and grab the rabbit but if it suddenly streaked away, I couldn't follow on the ground. I'll get nearer and when the rabbit runs, I'll be right on his tail.

The gelding moved closer, and suddenly the rabbit bounded away in slow awkward hops. Its body twisted low with each leap so that the grasses brushed against the white hairs on its stomach. The horse's tail flared gayly; he trotted after the rabbit without any urging. The rider half-shook himself, but he did not try to stop the gelding. His eyes were intent on that hopping blob of brown. He was filled with a desire to capture it—to hold the struggling body in his hands. . . . And at the same time, he was puzzled by the rabbit's odd behavior. Perhaps it is tame, he thought, or maybe it is used to horses so that it is not frightened.

The rabbit hopped through the grass and in between the clumps of briars. It stopped by the trunk of a small jack pine and shrank between some brownish weeds. The boy leaned forward, watching tensely. Then he urged the sorrel up to the tree. But he was forced to stop. The branches kept the horse from getting closer. He thought: If I slide off and crawl under the branches, the rabbit will be in reach but if it bounds away it will escape before I can mount again. Then he smiled suddenly as he noticed the pine cones on the branches. He jerked at one and tried to break it off, but the cone was green and he could not rip it loose. It tore the palm of his hand. He swore and shook his hand. Breaking a piece of branch from the jack pine, he threw it at the huddled rabbit. It didn't move.

Very slowly he slid off the horse, his eyes never leaving the brownish blur in the weeds. Looping the bridle reins over his arm, he silently stepped through the tall grasses toward the rabbit. He knelt under the low pine branches and stretched out his hand. The rabbit seemed hypnotized as the hand came nearer. Then as the fingers almost grazed its fur, it shuddered and bounded away with slow twisting leaps.

The boy swore again as the rabbit stopped and huddled on the other side of the jack pine. He had hoped that it would at least be

scared into the open. He was suddenly angry. He couldn't understand why the rabbit acted in such a strange way. Why did it hop so slowly that he could follow? Why did it crouch motionless almost in reach? Ducking the scraping pine needles, he backed out from under the branches and straightened up. His head pounded dully. Damn it, he thought. That crazy rabbit. Now I'm probably covered with ticks. He leaned against the horse and stared at the rabbit with baffled eyes. Why in hell do I want to catch it? he asked himself. It's probably covered with ticks—with fleas, and mange, and everything else. . . . And if I caught it— What could I do with a rabbit? Put it in a box and watch it die three days later?

The boy laughed, but that did not rid him of his perplexed feeling. He was suddenly furious again because he could not understand himself. At home he had a gun but he never used it to hunt animals. So why should he be interested in hunting this rabbit, even if it was with his bare hands? And why should he want to catch it now even more than before? He scowled. Why, he had never heard of such a silly thing. Here he was on a big horse chasing an idiotic little rabbit. The whole thing was a joke. And that damned rabbit was making him the butt of it, playing with him, making a fool of him. He clenched his fists. The sorrel horse had bent its head and was nipping at the long-stemmed grasses that poked up between the briars. His hand grabbed the rein—he had to grapple with himself, he could barely keep himself from viciously jerking on the bit. So cleverly eluding him—he almost wished that he could kill that rabbit. Yes, if he had his gun. For two cents he would do it.

Tossing the reins back over the horse's head, he jumped against the gelding, hooked his elbows over the withers and pulled himself across the sorrel's back. Then he stretched his legs out and examined them for ticks. There were none as far as he could see. Lifting his head, he turned and looked at the rabbit. The evening breeze, drifting past him, feathered the sorrel's mane and blew coolly against his sweaty face. "O.K. rabbit," he said. "You win." He wrenched on the reins and backed the horse out of the briars. I was a crazy fool to have dismounted, he told himself. Crazy. . . .

He kicked the horse and cantered him back to the ring. But the pleasure was gone. He was filled with a feeling of sullen discontent. Everytime he galloped past the tree, he wanted to stop, he wanted to yank the sorrel to a halt. No, he thought. You're going to forget that miserable flea-ridden rabbit. You're going to forget you ever saw it. The sun had almost set now, and there was only a thin fringe of gold edging the black tree tops. He began to wonder if the rabbit had

moved from its spot. He wanted to know. It was getting harder to see, and he could not tell now whether or not there were only shadows beneath the pine.

Frowning, he jerked the gelding around and trotted back to the jack pine. He was humiliated that he should return, but doing so eased something in him. He stopped the horse, and with a face that was hard and unmoving stared into the weeds. The rabbit was still there. It looked at him with its flat oval eyes. His hands went cold. He felt strangely sick as he gazed beneath the shiny surface of the rabbit's eyes.

The sorrel moved a little and as the rider tightened the reins to turn away, he saw a dark blotch on the rabbit's fluttering side. His eyes narrowed. He leaned forward, puzzled. Then he saw that the dark blotch was a deep bloody hole.

The First Stage

Patsy Price

Sarah sat on the edge of the stage hammering with ruthless abandon on the battered flat which was being resurrected for the Christmas pageant the next night. Her aim was not good, and each time she hit her thumb she cursed softly, automatically. Peter, from the top of a ladder where he was attempting to secure a spot to the rafters, watched her and laughed. "You'll never make a carpenter, Sarah."

"No, I suppose not. On the other hand, who wants to be one?"

"It pays well."

"So does brick-laying, so what does that prove?"

"Your logic is irrefutable, my dear. I bow, I surrender. Isn't it about coffee time?" Peter climbed down the ladder.

Sarah put down the hammer. "You're lazy, Mr. Courtney. No perseverance."

"Hell, it's ten thirty. We've been at it for three hours, and you certainly need something to revive you, because right now you're doing nothing but knocking that flat apart."

Sarah smiled. "All right, Pete, but just for a little while. We've got to get this done tonight."

He put his arm around her shoulders and guided her to the door. "I want to get you out of here before you regain your strength of will."

They left the gym where the girl's school which Sarah attended gave its plays, and walked out to Peter's car, very old, very battered.

"Where did you ever find this fine object, this — this automobile, to use a euphemistic expression."

"The brown bucket? Oh, one day I was walking down the street feeling lonely when what should I see coming towards me but . . . "

"No witty stories, boy. I'm tired enough already."

"You work too hard."

"Oh, now we've got this turned around, because you are certainly the one that works, Pete. I don't see how you stand it, all day at the damn supply store, then here almost all night. Why do you put up with us?"

"For the love of it, I guess. Until that job with Laughton comes through—and I doubt that it will, he wants me to direct and I want to act, and he doesn't really want me very much, I'm afraid—I have to be at least near a stage . . . And for Margaret."

Sarah smiled in the dark as she thought of the beloved Margaret Kauffman, their director, who had, before she came to the Manfred School, taught Peter in a school in the East, and for whom they would all lay down their lives. It was for her that they had been working late each night to put up a set for the school Christmas pageant.

"And for you, Sarah."

"Oh, yes. Indubitably for me!"

"You're refreshing."

"That's a hell of a back-handed compliment."

The car stopped in front of a little bar in a dubious part of town. "This is a fine place, Peter."

"It's about the only place I can bring you, looking as you do at present."

"Thank you kindly, sir." He was right, her blue jeans were covered with paint, the tennis shoes and old shirt hardly bespoke gentility. "I think I look lovely."

"And so you do, in your own inimitable way." He reached in front of her and opened her door, because the one on his side didn't work. They got out and walked into the noisy bar. A table at the far end of the room was empty, and they sat down in the silence which other peoples' noise makes. A waitress with dyed red hair and a soiled blouse wiped the crumbs off the table to the floor with a wet rag. She asked, "Well, what do you want?"

"Beer?" Peter looked at Sarah.

"I haven't had any dinner. It will be disastrous."

"Yes, two Schlitz."

The waitress walked over to the bar, hips swaying. The truck

drivers and their women stared at her and laughed. She returned with the beer. "Pay me now." Peter fumbled in his pocket, brought out some coins, and she went away. He poured two glasses, quickly, expertly, and handed one to Sarah. "Do I pollute you?"

"Yes, horribly."

"Good. Here's to Sarah—She's beautiful, she's lovely. Here's to the God that made her. Wish to hell I could too."

"Funny." Sarah watched him as he drank. At twenty-five he seemed still a boy with his sensitive thoughtful eyes and intent face, not happy, but with a great capacity for gaiety. Like many of the young men who had been in the war, he had suffered too much ever to be entirely happy. For his melancholy nobility and for his beauty, she decided she loved him.

"A penny."

Sarah started and smiled. "I was thinking how blue your eyes are."

"Look deep into my eyes, look deep, and you will find there all passion and all love."

"Oh, God!" They laughed.

"Have another beer, little girl, and we will get drunk together." He beckoned, and the waitress came, listened, returned with two more bottles, all in sullen silence.

"Peter, Peter, we've got to get the seat done. I swore to Margaret that we would do it if she would get some sleep tonight. And she'll be in absolute despair if it isn't finished."

"Don't worry. All we have to do is put up that one flat you have been mauling so, and fix the spots on the right places. Then you can go over the script and give me light clues, and we're done."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Nothing to it, eh? It'll all do itself."

"You're much too conscientious, Sarah. You'll grow up with wrinkles on your fair brow. Relax and drink your beer."

"Yes Sir! . . . Margaret showed me your play, Pete." She thought of the simple, impressive story he had written about American soldiers in a German prison camp.

"Oh?"

"It was good, it was somehow very, very good." He sat looking at her with an author's inscrutability. "It seemed so strange to me that you were going through all that in Europe, fighting and being captured, while I was—what?—twelve years old, playing hopscotch and wondering whether Mom would let me wear lipstick." She

laughed. "It must have been hard to write. I always wonder how people can go through something so very intense, and then be able to be objective enough about it to look for a dramatic situation with a beginning and an end. I know I might be able to write about an experience, but I don't think I have the imagination to change and twist it, and make of it what it is not."

"It's not easy. But if you live with the facts for long enough, they finally work themselves out."

"I guess. For you they did at any rate. Because the whole thing was quite effective."

"Are you honest?"

"My lord?"

"Ha! Good girl!—Are you fair? I don't like empty compliments."

"Nor I — I don't say things I don't mean to people I care for. Do I make myself at all clear? It was a beautiful play."

Peter smiled, no longer inscrutible. "Thank you kindly, ma'am."

Sarah finished her beer. "Home again?"

"Yes, I suppose, now that it's unavoidable. Work is ever-present." They rose, walked to the door, paused a moment to watch the progress of a pick-up at the bar, then went out to the car. Driving back to the school gym they were very silent. Sarah thought of the pageant they were working on—a medieval, melancholy thing with haunting music. In her mind it was all mixed up with Peter, as she had come to know him while they worked on it together. It was like him—or was he like it?—the melancholy, the beauty, the certain intangible feeling of nobility or valor, perhaps. Or possibly it was simply that she loved the pageant, and thought she loved the boy, a first, uncertain idol-love, and the two became confused. She wasn't sure. And what was Peter thinking? Who knew. He had been in the war, been broke in just about every city in the country with a good theatre, had tried hard, was trying hard to get on the stage with very little success. He was thinking about these things, perhaps, not about Sarah, surely. But she could nonetheless sit in the dark and worship.

Back in the gym the flat went up quickly with both of them working. "Now get up on the stage and let me fix these lights." Peter climbed the ladder. "Where do the kings stand first? On the steps. Mmm, yes. Stand still. I want to be sure to get the faces . . . Now the shepherds—there and there—good. No, back again, that isn't right." Sarah stood quietly looking up into the amber lights. She could see the outline of the boy's figure, but not his expression; and the knowledge that he was watching the light play on her face

made her nervous. She waited for him to achieve the effect he wanted. "There, I think that's it." Peter wiped his hands on his pants. "You know the play better than I, come see if I've got the light cues right." He watched, hand on her shoulder, as she went through the script marking the lines and humming the music softly, showing him how their director had said it was to be done. "Okay, fine, all except the last fade-out of the Mother and Child. We've got to time it just right with the song. What is it?—about a falcon?"

"Yes."

"Sing it, let me see."

Sarah sang the song telling of a knight taken dying from an orchard and carried into a great hall—"The falcon hath bourne my Make away." Strange, cryptic, so simple that it brought tears. Peter listened, absently manipulating the dimmer as she sang. "Yes, that works. Beautiful song."

"Beautiful," Sarah murmered, close to tears. It was ridiculous, this emotion. They both stood in silence for a moment, then Peter grinned and said, "We're finished, kid. It's all done!"

She looked at him. The song and the boy and the amber lights all brought a pain to her throat.

"You're tired, Sarah, but we can go home now." He started to turn her around towards the door, but stopped, seeing her face. "Oh, little girl," he said, paused a moment, then kissed her. Suddenly released, Sarah kicked him with energy, laughed, and ran towards the door. Peter stood, hands in pockets, watching her go. The spell, whatever it was, had been broken.

Conversion

Patricia R. Jamison

There was a time when Henry would have gone. But now his theory was grab what you can and get out. It had taken him nearly a year to formulate this theory. Some men were quicker to reach the same conclusion, but Henry had a bigger conscience than most, or a more violent one. Now, with conscience safely in the background, he had this theory. It was a whole philosophy to him, a practical philosophy which seemed to be working very well in this man's army.

A year ago October the first notice came. So Henry went down town and spent a social hour or two with some of his friends on the draft board. They put it to him straight.

"Look, Henry," one of them had said, "we have a quota to fill. You are a fine upstanding lad of twenty. Your teeth are sound and you manage to hobble around town without slipping on too many

banana peels. Henry, we are on a spot and you are just the boy to help us."

Henry could not resist saying, "All right, Louie, you can count on me. And if Uncle Sammy wants to adopt me for a while, that's all right too."

"You're a good boy, Henry," Louie said. And Louie was absolutely right.

Naturally Henry was tickled to death when the letter came. "Greetings", it said. Henry was one of the chosen and Uncle Sammy was welcoming him.

Mama and Papa, Bobbie and Butch, stood on the front porch and waved as Henry disappeared around the corner toward the induction center.

A proud parental tear brightened Mama's good eye as she said, "Henry is a good boy."

Bobbie and Butch puffed out their ten year old chests. "Henry is a hero," they agreed.

Papa had been inducted himself once. He lit his pipe.

Henry went down to the induction center and stood in line. That was the beginning. Then it was a bus, a train, a bus, and so to camp. Henry didn't speculate on the way. His conscience didn't even speculate. They were both secure in the knowledge that Henry was doing the 'right thing'.

He met some nice guys, some tough guys, some big guys, some little guys. They were all green. Then he met a guy who was God. He was the sergeant.

For a week or so Henry went around in an Ike jacket that was too small, fatigues that were too large, a helmet liner that was too tight and civilian shoes. There was no heat to speak of in the barracks and no dry places outside. But Henry didn't mention all that in his letter home.

"Henry is a good boy," Mama told the neighbors.

"Henry is a hero," Bobbie and Butch chanted to the basketball team.

And Papa smoked his pipe.

Henry got through basic training without a hitch. He dashed through physical training with gusto. He got five marksmanship medals on the range. He hung the string of them on his chest. It was wonderful. Better than Sunday school attendance bars. He cadenced with glee as he fell into step with his buddies. "Aaaaaraugh," he shouted at bayonet practice. He pulled K.P. and guard duty without a grimace. The only thing that bothered him even the littlest bit was this business of "Kill the enemy", but he want along with that, too, because he knew it was his duty.

Henry was having a wonderful time in the Army. This was better than the Boy Scouts! Henry was so busy being a good soldier that he didn't have much time for people. Every night he wrote home, cleaned his rifle, polished his brass, shined his boots and went to bed. Sometimes he would spend a minute or two dusting the pictures of Mamma, Papa, Bobbie and Butch. Once he even went to the P.X. for a candy bar. But mostly he polished his brass and went to bed so he would be fresh when the sergeant woke them the next morning.

At the end of basic, Henry was the shining star of Company A. Nobody knew him, but the sergeant was convinced that Henry was a good boy. And the sergeant had a surprise for Henry. On the last day of training, Henry got the most coveted award. The sergeant served him breakfast in bed. The picture was in the Camp Newspaper. The caption read, "Prize Recruit." The home town paper gave him a four column spread. Bobbie and Butch chanted all the louder; Mama beamed at the bridge club. Papa went down to the drugstore for another can of pipe tobacco.

Henry applied for Clerk Typist School. His sergeant felt that Henry was good material, eminently qualified for the job. They told him at Classifications and Assignments that there would be a delay, but Henry didn't mind. In the interim, they made him a cadre man and gave him a stripe to sew on his uniform. Spring was coming and Henry was happy as an apple blossom.

While he was waiting for his orders to come down, Henry worked with the recruits. This was an eye-opening experience. So was his friendship with Max. Max was also cadre. Permanent party. Just a wee bit cynical about the whole thing.

"Henry," Max said one day, "how long you been here?"

"Six months," said Henry, a note of pride in his voice.

"Hmmmm", said Max.

Before too long, Henry began to really notice these recruits he was supervising. He noticed them because they seemed incapable of catching that spark of enthusiasm for Army life which Henry tried so desperately to communicate to them. They just weren't cooperating. Every Friday night as the recruits G.I.'d the barracks Henry watched with growing dismay. They didn't seem to care whether the floors were clean or not. The worst part of it was that they got away with not caring!

Henry grew bitter. He didn't find the old pleasure in polishing his boots. When his brass grew green around the edges he put it away and bought new. He didn't even enjoy being corporal of the guard.

The next payday Max said, "Henry, get yourself a pass. We're going out."

Max took Henry over to the orderly room. Henry's mouth was sort of hanging open, so Max talked for him. Then they piled into Max's car and headed for town. Max and Henry talked for hours that night. About the Army and 'life'. Max gave it to Henry straight.

"You're a good boy, Henry," he said, "But you gotta wise up."

"There are Boy Scouts and Boy Scouts," Max said. Then he talked and talked and talked. Henry drank it all in. Finally Max said, "I wouldn't be telling you all this, but you're a good boy."

Then he took Henry's arm and lead him back to camp. Henry was so drunk that he couldn't write home that night.

"Damn," said Henry. And he went to bed.

The next night Max and Henry went out drinking without a pass. Nobody was any the wiser for it, except maybe Henry.

When Henry wrote home the following day he was in a poetic mood. "Liquor is a telegraph pole on the road to Hell," he said. Mama beamed over the letter. Bobbie and Butch began to get a little hoarse from seven months of chanting. Papa tapped his pipe against the fireplace.

Under Max's tutelage, Henry had been doing a lot of thinking and a little field work. There were lots of angles if you stopped to look. Overseas for instance. If you got to Japan, you could rent yourself a house complete with geisha and it was just like being married only not quite. And you could use the Army time to see a lot of sights. Yes, Henry decided, there were a lot of deals. Guys had worked them before, so why shouldn't he? What was the point of doing your duty, anyhow? So you do your duty and you get a medal and you're a big hero, but you can't sit down on a hard chair any more because that's where you got shot. Life's short, Henry decided. And there are a lot of deals. So he said, "Shut up," to his conscience and went out drinking by himself. He picked up a WAC Corporal around midnight. She was very young and very cheap. Henry was entranced.

Someone had lost Henry's orders. It was late in August when they finally came down. He was to go to Clerk Typist School the following week. The sergeant was very unhappy at the prospect of losing Henry. He begged Henry to stay. He needed Henry. Henry was, in his estimation, a good boy. Henry stayed. Clerk Typist School meant more time in the army; staying might mean overseas, soon. There was a time when Henry would have gone, but now his theory was grab what you can and get out.

A Day

V. di Lexi

It is a steel cable. At first there is only the frayed end of it, longer if she dreams than if her sleep is blank, longer still if the dream-material is tough and real, and able to compete with so formidable a fact as this cable. But, sooner or later, the broken tangled threads twist into neat strands which coalesce to form the solid cable. The cable grows longer and longer, maddeningly and resistlessly, penetrating space straight and strong and cruel, threatening the infinite itself, until she flings out a hand to press the button that will cut off this end of the cable as clean as the other end is ragged. Sometimes her hand is weak, and the button springs up again, allowing an inch or so of additional cable to escape before she is able to apply a more conclusive pressure. She pushes her face into the pillow. The ticking of the clock is abnormally loud. She rolls onto her side and looks obliquely at the face of the clock, hoping it hasn't lost time since yesterday when she set it ten minutes fast. If not, she still has ten minutes to enjoy this warm white bed that has shielded her for six hours as well from external pressures and obligations as from the cold. She feels drowsiness seeping back into her bones, and, with a sigh, throws off the covers and steps quickly but gingerly onto the cold wooden floor. Shivering, she washes her face at the basin in the corner of the room. The water is only lukewarm and the soap feels gummy and unpleasant. The sleeves of her nightgown get wet at the wrists. On either side above her head hangs last night's wash, limp socks and dank underwear. She pulls clean underwear out of a tumbled top bureau drawer and bravely pulls her nightgown over her head. The frigid air assailing her bare skin makes her pull in her stomach. She remembers the thermostat and turns it up as far as it will go. No reaction. Maybe if she goes to the bathroom the heat will be on by the time she gets back. Huddling under her wrapper she shuffles down the hall. The bathroom is nice and warm and she is tempted to go to sleep again, right there on the toilet. But no, it is almost breakfast time, and there is the thought of nine-o'clock philosophy class. She goes back to her room. It is still cold, and she dresses hurriedly. As she bends over the bed to make it, she can feel the sleep collecting in little pools in her body, in her wrists, her shoulders, the sockets of her knees. It is an effort to straighten up and push the bed back into position. She opens her door and starts the long journey toward the dining room. She is always one of the first to go to breakfast, and as she pads tiredly down the corridors she can hear alarms

going off on either side of her, and beds creaking and bare feet slapping the floor. Sometimes a shadowy form emerges from a darkened door and greets her with a look of still despair. She tries to avoid such encounters, and keeps her eyes fixed on the linoleum floor.

Breakfast may be a time of silence, intermittent conversation, or actual raucousness, but in any case it is a time of the delayed reflex. "The marmalade? Where is it? O, yes, sorry!" and it was right in front of her the whole time. Coffee slops, spoons clatter, jam drips over the edge of a plate onto the tablecloth. She wishes certain people would comb their hair before breakfast. Her mind stiffly registers the various unpleasant sights and sensations associated with the earliest meal of the day. Soon, satiated and somewhat disgusted with the dry cereal and bread she has consumed, she pushes her chair away from the table and walks out of the dining room, orienting herself by the clock as she leaves, although she knows it is wrong. She sits down on the bottom step and looks vaguely over the shoulder of a friend who is perusing a formidable looking newspaper with evident comprehension. Unable to share this intelligent understanding, she gets up and slowly climbs the stairs. Back in her room she makes a concession to that day's possible inspection by arranging in piles the books scattered on the window-seat, closing all bureau drawers, putting dirty clothes on the washstand and firmly closing the door partitioning it from the room, and throwing all extraneous shoes and clothes into the fortunately capacious closet. She smoothes out a few wrinkles in the bedspread and recreates them by sitting down on the bed to read a few pages of the Faulkner novel relegated to her "spare time." It is almost time for the bell to ring. She lays the book aside and hunts frantically for her scarf. She'll freeze without it. And her mittens. Finally she locates them on the window-seat, which is the same color. No wonder she couldn't find them; protective coloring! The bell rings proving that her clock is, indeed, ten minutes fast.

The classroom is terribly hot. At first she is grateful for this, still cold from her walk to Taylor, but as the heat ("our private coal mine," says the professor) steams up, she becomes sleepy. Her eyes are heavy and aching, and her fingers feel weak on the pen. Then the professor opens two windows, wide. At once an icy breeze whips across the back of her legs. She glares at the professor, wraps her scarf tightly around her neck, and hunches up her shoulders. He requests a student to shut the windows. The room is immediately suffocating again. What a perfectly impossible class! The bell rings and she goes downstairs for her next class. Here the temperature is moderate, but the room is dark and there are no light-switches.

The professor comes in and starts lecturing, evidently oblivious of the room's semi-gloom. She leans back in her chair and abandons note-taking.

The next two hours are free. So is the rest of the day. She happily spends the time left before lunch going to the five-and-ten cent store in the village and unwrapping her puny loot when she comes back. Colgate's, a piece of black velvet ribbon, bobby pins. Then she thinks of writing a letter but decides to read instead. Tiring of this, she hunts up a friend who, like her, is willing to waste time. Then it is lunch-time, a meal eagerly awaited but frequently disappointing. Good, French bread. She takes a couple of slices, tears out the centers, butters only the crust and eats it ravenously. The diningroom is pleasantly sunny at this hour and the people are looking much more attractive than they did at breakfast. She makes a date for tea and hurries back to her room determined to get some work done on a paper due very soon. She sit down at the desk, pen in hand, and stares out the window. Since there are six windows to stare out of, this is difficult to avoid. The trees fascinate her continually, with their outward changes belying permanence. They make her think of the passing of time, the constant riddle of seasons that come and go. She thinks of a year ago, six months ago, the past two weeks. She sighs, much as she sighed when she got out of bed, and turns to the empty page before her. She must fill it not only with words but with meaning. What a task! She is glad when it is time for tea. Almost inevitably her life here is marked off by meals.

Tea for her is coffee and cinnamon toast. It helps her pass safely that period of the day when it is easiest to feel discouraged, that time of cold and darkening air when the lonely are attacked by memory and aspiration itself assumes a desperate quality. It is the barrier between herself and certain private wolves. She is able after tea to go back to her room and work with new energy. And then it is suppertime. This is the merriest meal. The food is better. Spirits are higher. The girls are working up to that pitch of energy which is highest at the hour when, by common sense, they should be in bed. After supper there is the demi-tasse to be drunk, and talk and laughter. There is more work, possibly at the library. And always more talk, about everything and about nothing, more talk to put off bed which will not become dear till the next morning. Maybe one of the girls will play her guitar downstairs by the fireplace, a madonna of the blue-jeans, singing unforgettably. These are the finest moments of the day, when cares are brought close to the mind's rim by the beauty of the music but are transmuted, for the moment, into something that doesn't sting.

But this day's rounding off must itself end, and again she retraces the stairs and the long corridors to her room. She washes her face and puts Noxema on it, amusing herself by dabbing the cool white stuff on the dark circles under her eyes, so concealing them. She winds the clock and and pulls out the knob which frees the way for the ragged-edged cable to perform its duty tomorrow as usual. She climbs into bed and feels fatigue spread evenly throughout her body, depriving her of all volition. These minutes before sleep are precious; forgetfulness lies ahead of her and the cable is powerless to surprise or dismay. There will be dreams for a while, lethe and oblivion. The white bed accepts her sleep.

The Actor

Ellen Bell

"New York isn't real the way the country is. There you can see the ground, it isn't hidden by the pavement, not turned into an entity of presumed existence. You think here, 'now the ground, the earth, must exist because what else would hold up the pavement?' This amounts to saying that substance is what holds qualities together to form entities. But that makes substance an unknown, because we know nothing about it except that we want it to exist. But in the country you see the unknown, you feel it, you understand it, you know reality, and what could be greater than that?"

"Are you trying to tell me, you little punk, that it takes a country guy to tell a city guy what the score is? To tell him what holds the pavement up?"

"In a way, I guess."

"Well look here kid, I just switch lights on and off in this here theatre and I probably won't never do nothin' else, but I'm telling you, you aren't even doing what you think you're doing. You think you're an actor, but do I ever see you acting? You're kidding yourself about you the same way as you think we kid ourselves about the dirt. We say dirt when we mean 'x' because we don't know anything about it and you say actor when you aren't even acting, so get off it."

Robin thinks to himself, "Nobody understands me, in the country they say I don't understand the country, in the city they tell me to get off it."

"Guess I cut off your water, eh? Well Robin, if you think you're going to build yourself up by trying to tell an electrician about dirt, you're wrong because we know what you are. 'I know you for what you are, you are too proud, you are too fair, but get thee to your master, no more of this.' See, even an electrician can spout that stuff. And you don't know any more about dirt than you know about acting. And you sure couldn't know much about acting if you sit around back stage waiting for a part day after day, waiting for Eva, chewing the rag with me."

Robin turns away with a pout on his lower lip. It is large and shining with saliva which never seems to dry but is always glistening freshly. He looks for someone else with whom to talk about the country.

"Come here grey cat. Robin wants to hold you in his lap against his small, drawn, stomach—Robin is so hungry—and the dirt from the gutter will rub off your long dull hairs onto my thighs and against my shirt. We forsaken ones will be alone to dream—for we were destined to loneliness and dreaming together. Here amidst the wires and coils of the electrician in the dimness, the softness of the heavy dirty velvet curtains of the wings, we will think of the valley and Stephanie. Sweet young Stephanie, to whom I told the filth of the theatre, transformed it to the magic of the theatre, and Stephanie is sweet no longer.

"Early one morning I crept out of bed—just like you, grey cat—contracting and flexing my muscles. My cheeks were drawn and pale and my long black hair curled at my neck and ears and fell forward over my brow in a heavy shiny blue-black to shade my huge heavy-browed eyes. The first cold pale sunlight sifted through the grey smoke from the smudge-pots. Down in the valley the smudge settles in crannies the way you, grey cat, settle in the valley of my groin and stomach. The smudge was from the orange trees but it had blown into this pit. I knew I must get Stephanie, that we must leave the school and the smudge and climb to the oaks or up the canyon, somewhere high and near the sun and near the blue, blue sky.

"Stephanie smelled so awful. She evidently hadn't brushed her teeth after the cigarette I had given her the night before. I had been trying to teach her to smoke with a holder; something in me kept me trying to bring her to my level, to make her grow up or to make her grow down to the cheapness of the cheapest girl. And I succeeded, grey cat, because Stephanie was so young and so weak. Stephanie and I were hungry but we walked quickly, trying to get warm, trying to get to the fresh air. It was so cold. The pale long wet grass sheltered

the new green hairs which sifted up through the huge pink lumps of soil. The ground there was like abysses for when the earth dried it drew apart into splits and there were slits which went down, down. You would have to watch your step there, grey cat, you would have to watch when you crept forward on your belly to snatch a mouse or a gopher who came up to twitch its nose at the blades of grass and the sparkling sky. But when it rains the lumps soften and the grass comes up and the mud becomes sticky. Stephanie and I could hardly lift our feet as we walked with the great gobs hanging on like growing snowballs. We were both wearing sandals and the mud slipped between the leather soles and our feet and bubbled between our toes. Our thighs were wet from brushing against the wet hay and tarweed, black sticky tarweed, for we had to walk through a field to get to the mountains. We crossed the highway with the diesel trucks and cars piled high with luggage. Their wheels had been turning all night, their drivers must have been dull and cramped from sitting in the same position, looking at the white line hour after hour. Stephanie and I walked across the cold pavement and under the barbwire fence. I didn't lift the wire for Stephanie, she liked me just as much if I didn't, she could get along by herself on things like that. The barbs made tiny black lumpy crosses on the twisted wire which was strung onto boards driven into the clay as fence-posts, splintered piercing the hardness. We walked up the foothills towards the pink and grey peaks of the mountains beyond. They were like the dreamy heights in a fairy-tale. I tried to describe them in my mind so that I would have something to tell the people when I got back.

"They would look jealously at me when I told them of our walk in the early morning, thinking we must have had some spiritual experience, climbing the mountains, like the journey in *Pilgrim's Progress*. I held Stephanie's hand to make the effect more one of unity. Her finger-nails were dirty and broken, mine were meticulously clean and my nails were long. I always take the greatest care of my hands, grey cat, for I have sensitive fingers. Stephanie's hair was stringy too; I knew mine must be glistening in the sun.

"By now the sage was dry and bristly-warm. Its smell was pungent and made us thirsty but we were far from water. We could look down on the green and yellow patches and see the grey highway cutting straight through the fields, going towards the mountains. But then the mountains would make the road turn and twist, would crumple its straightness, like a strip of metal crumples when it pushes into a wall.

"We were tired and achey, but that made the walk all the more

meaningful, more necessary. Walking to the tops of the mountains like *Pilgrim's Progress* was going towards reality, towards Truth, away from the smudge and clay and fields of wheat.

"Now there were only rocks and dry shale with weeds smashed and crumpled beneath the landslides. The sun was hot now and made our mouths thick and dry like unripe persimmons. My shirt was wet and I wondered if I had forgotten my deodorant—I knew that Stephanie had. But somehow sitting there on a rock against a molten blue sky, she with her pale freckled face but strong young body, was at home—here at the top of the pale pink peaks, now turned to mud-yellow and grey, here she was happy.

"But I looked downward. Down, grey cat, to the green checkerboard fields, to the faint outline of the river-bed, to the black dots of oaks in the fields, to the little scattered houses. There below was peace and beauty. The memories of the smudge and cracked soil were gone. The smudge had risen towards us in the mountains now, and had left the valley clean. This smudge always chases after me, grey cat, wherever I go. Down there was the warmth and friendliness of food and companions, and I could tell them so much about our journey into the pink and grey shadowed morning mountains. I would not tell them that the rocks were hard, that the soil was dry and sliding down the mountainsides, that the world was barren at those heights. No, I would tell them that it was like being able to look objectively at the 'self', seeing its beauties and faults, comprehending the unity and . . .

"Come on Stephanie, we have been away too long, we must get back for classes. O this country bores me—O Darling, I must tell you about my first part on Broadway. The way that Chekov creates the reality that is supposed to be in the country, right there on the stage, that is Truth, dear Stephanie, not this . . ."

"Get on out of here kid, place should have been closed up hours ago. Someone would think you were crazy the way you talk to that damn cat, and by the way, if you're so interested in him, get him out of here for me, too many strays always wandering in."

Draft of a Sestina

I in my twenty-first year
Under the sum and sun of my age,
This posturing body, these turnabout eyes,
Twist and turn on my healing image,
Reflecting all that my time says
In the summoning light of its fire.

O look me in the eyes.
Is it the time to ask the year
Of one and all what each says?
The body and light of my ailing age
Turn in the burning glass its fire—
Catching and rivening image.

It's what the sea says,
And the city within whose eyes
I live and move and take to the fire—
light the speech of my friends this year,
That haunts my house now, the dark image,
Morning and night, of my whole age.

This morning I woke to the fire
Raging through all that my house says
And rose to enter the air and the image
My city is, and stepped forth, but its eyes
Grew dim with fear of watching the age
Bury its good earth year by year;

In burning air the image
Blazed like glass, and flickered with fire
The voice raised of the sea's great age
To drown out all that my time says.
Housed in the sum of my twenty-first year,
Through the ruined city, the eyes

Of my friends remember my age.
The speech of love restores my image
To body and light the time this new year
Wakes to in me. Now air and fire,
Earth and the sea, tell through my eyes
The sum of all my city says

And utter the image of my age
That year by my year, and fire by my fire,
Turns in my eyes all my life says.

CONTENTS

CARTOON - - - - - - - - - - - - 1
Laura Knipe

THE RAINCOAT - - - - - - - - - - - 2
Naomi Ellenbogen

HUDSON - - - - - - - - - - - - 4
Jo Case

MORNING SONG OF SEN-SEN - - - - - - - - 5
Gwen Davis

MOTHER-OF-PEARL - - - - - - - - - - 14
Kirsten Rodsgaard
Illustration by Helen Katz

A STONE - - - - - - - - - - - - 19
Anon

PROTECTION FOR LIFE - - - - - - - - - 20
Muriel Farr, R.N., B.S.

YOUNG ORION - - - - - - - - - - - 24
Spencer-Marx

THE FIRST STAGE - - - - - - - - - - 28
Patsy Price

CONVERSION - - - - - - - - - - - 32
Patricia R. Jamison

A DAY - - - - - - - - - - - - 36
V. di Lexi

THE ACTOR - - - - - - - - - - - 39
Ellen Bell

DRAFT OF A SESTINA - - - - - - - - - - 43
Phoenix II

LIVINGSTON PUBLISHING CO.
NARBERTH, PA.

78.73B9
Co
Spring. 1953

Counterpoint

Bryn Mawr College Spring 1953

LIBRARY
378.73B9
QCo
Spring 1953

COUNTERPOINT

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

SUMMER, 1953

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Diana Forbes

EDITORIAL BOARD

Josephine Case

Isabel Nash

Patricia Price

Renie Peirez

Bobbyann Roesen

Sallyann Burgess

Judith Catlin

Maxine Schwartz

BUSINESS BOARD

Katherine Masella

Si-Si Chu

Cynthia Sutherland

The Eternal Huntsman Finds Immortality Burdensome

The sound of horns!
The bound of hounds!
Friends—I was born under a hungry sun—
Unicorn, stag and buffalo, I have hunted, every one.
Yes, and I have hunted the moon with windy beagles
Till she'd gone to earth in the furrowed west;
But I am old now, and cannot find
In all this green perimeter, a place to rest.

The sound of horns!
The bound of hounds!
Friends—I was born under a blackening sun
I have pursued the sunburned angels
Into their lairs under the subways,
And could have captured one.
My brittle bones in gay arterial pink
Have tracked down myths on monolithic mounts;
But one night under icy skies, as I surmise,
I let unchallenged pass my soul with hollow eyes.

The sound of horns,
The bound of hounds,
Can bring me out no longer on the trail,
And the great silvered salmon of despair
Leap in the shadowed spring to no avail.
I have worn out the earthy steeds I rode,
The wide world will not let me mount again
(Even to hunt the earth worm and the toad,
Under the grasses in the gentle rain.)

Isabel Nash '55

Brightness Falls, October 1952

When Nashe said, "Brightness falls from the air,"
Did he think of leaves that swirled and fell,
The sinking flame, the breaking spell,
The fading, dropping, dying of the fair?

Did he stare as I while a yellow leaf
Blows prodigally down to death?
He sang the vanity of breath
But did he know my ancient grief

For brightness that must fall from high,
The brittle harvest of the wind,
The spring's long feared and foreseen end?

Did Nashe hate to see leaves die?

Diana Forbes '54

Rondel

This, I tell you, is the time of year
Least sung, and yet not all unworthy praise:
Brown month, unnoticed pass your falling days.

Two faces has this month—of different cheer:—
the darkening evening finds a world in fear,
But dawn breaks frostily in diamond-blaze;
This, I tell you, is the time of year
Least sung, and yet not all unworthy praise.

The ghost of summer, unloved, lingering here,
Laments with wind-voice while the cold trees jeer—
On withered fruit a timid snowburst plays—
First premonition of December days;
This, I tell you, is the time of year
Least sung, and yet not all unworthy praise:
Brown month, unnoticed pass your falling days.

Josephine Case '54

King of the Mountain

Renie Peirez, '55

The house stood on the side of a hill, surrounded by higher hills, so that it was both in a valley and on a slope. On stormy nights the hills rocked outside my window and the cold moon shone between strips of cloud on the glazed blue sky. It rained a lot that summer; the valley seemed forever full of a pale green mist. From the bed where Ellen and I slept we could see the old graveyard on the next hill. When the sun shone on the stones we hardly glanced at it, but at night, when the moon and mist turned the valley into a lake of shadows, it was unbearably romantic. We had been reading Shelley and we were bored, so we decided to make a trip there one night.

Of course, everything would have been spoiled if the grown-ups had known about it; we were quite young, barely twelve, and adventure was still connected with secretiveness in our minds. The day of our expedition we passed the time exchanging significant glances and smuggling canned foods up to the attic where we slept. We let Ellen's sister Grace in on the plan and we were forced to accept Jimmy and Kitty Fixe when Jimmy overheard us talking in the orchard. We set our alarm clock, a monstrous machine with an alarm like a fire engine, for twelve o'clock, and arranged to meet the Fixes halfway up the road to their house, at twelve ten. At nine we went to our beds, gazed for a while at the tombstones glistening in the moonlight, and fell asleep.

There is a kind of night in the country which seems completely empty. No distant city lights the horizon or sends out the comforting moan of traffic. Even the crickets and peep frogs are silent. The moon lights a thin strip of the land and the rest is blackness. It was like this when we woke up. We were scared.

Nobody showed it, for we had our code of honor, but it was apparent in our silence, our giggles and our fumbling. We dressed in the dark, keeping close together for protection rather than for warmth. The furniture all seemed to be in the wrong places; I cracked my shins twice on the corner of the bed and Ellen tripped over the chamber pot, an embarrassing object made necessary by the erratic plumbing.

When we saw the Fixes standing dark against the pale ribbon of the road, we climbed down from our window. Ellen and Grace had the food and flashlights; I held the seeds which we, in a flight of romanticism, had decided to plant around the graves as a remem-

brance of our visit. We had wanted lilies or violets, but geraniums were all we could find.

It was dark as we ran barefoot on the grass toward the road. The darkness was thickest in the shadows of the great trees; on the stretches of dew-covered grass it became thin and rarified, as though light lay on the other side of a thin veil. Ellen dropped a flashlight and screeched, "Wait, wait for me." It was odd, standing still; we wanted to run. We shifted our wet feet and talked in jerks and fits until she caught up to us. Then we walked on, taking pride in the slowness of our steps and in not looking behind us.

The road lay in the path of moonlight. When we reached it, we started to run, laughing and calling out, breathing quickly and stumbling. We felt like birds or rabbits, dashing smoothly, scarcely touching the dirt, shooting off in the giddy moonlight. We reached Jimmy and Kitty with great shouts of, "Ahoy!", our breath catching in giggles. Grabbing them, we pulled them after us, down the fine hillside and up the next. "Stop," Kitty cried, "Stop, I can't go so fast," and we laughed and pulled her on and upwards. We ran up and up until we came to the top and there we fell in a great heap on the ground.

And there was the graveyard, bound by a crumbling wooden fence. It lay silently in the moonlight, a patch of earth set apart. It was quite small and displayed no order or plan. Stones leaned tipsily on one another, waiting as they had waited for years for a hand to right them. But at the moment we didn't care for sentiment or poetry, for we were gloriously young.

We leaped over the fence, still giddy from running.

"Look at me," Jimmy cried. "I'm King of the Mountain."

"No you're not." And we were after him.

We played King of the Mountain and Tag and were going to play Hide and Seek until, stopping for a moment, we remembered again the darkness around us.

My, but we were brave! We read the inscriptions and laughed at the names.

"Oh my, oh my, I'm Hepzibah!" Kitty laughed and we circled about her, shouting, "Hepzibah! Hepzibah!"

Then we scattered the seeds grandly, over graves and in patterns. We tried to write words with seeds, but we found Jimmy writing a dirty word and fell on him as the whirling of our bodies scattered the seeds. Over and over we rolled, kicking and clawing and laughing headily. We scrambled up and fell again, a mass of knees and elbows and heels. My breath came in long gasps, and my chest hurt from trying to stop the laughter. Ellen and Grace gave up and joined

Kitty, who was yelling, "More, more." And still we fought, our bodies impersonal, apart from us. There seemed nothing left but Jimmy and the soft earth beneath us until, with a great lurch, we hit a gravestone.

We sprang apart and stood there and watched it sink to its side. It fell slowly and terribly as though a great weight were on it, and while it fell I do not think we breathed at all. The others watched, too, until it had fallen with a soft thud onto the moist earth. It lay on its back, and we could read the inscription plainly in the moonlight: "Anne, beloved daughter. June 12, 1835—September 28, 1847."

We tried to lift it then, but the earth seemed to give way under our feet as we pushed. My arms felt heavy and I was suddenly very tired. For half an hour we stayed there, trying to stand it up, but that piece of marble lay there. Our arms hung by our sides.

"It's your fault, anyway," Jimmy said. "You shouldn't have jumped me." Somewhere behind us, Kitty started whimpering.

"Oh, shut up," Ellen said. "It's only an old piece of stone. Come on, let's eat our food."

We walked out the gate and closed it carefully behind us. Then we sat on the edge of the cliff.

"Have some applesauce," Ellen said.

"I'm not hungry."

"Oh, well, we forgot the opener anyway."

We walked slowly back along the road, all holding hands. When we came to the Fixe's house we stood quietly for a moment. I said, "I hope the flowers don't grow."

"Oh, well."

And then we left them and walked back, crawled in the window and got into bed.

Where are hills that we called ours—
Plumed with heather, pricked with furze?
Long sea-loch where grey gull soars?
All are lost in tears.

When again shall kilted troops
Come again with drums and pipes
To halls where memory escapes
Though history still weeps?

JOSEPHINE CASE '54

The Last Time I Saw Boston . . .

V. di Lexi

The last time I saw Boston was at Christmastide. As is usual in most American cities, garish symptoms of the annual festival appeared weeks before the actual day. The windows of every five-and-ten-cent store blazoned Noel in symmetrical inartistic designs of silver and red, and prominently displayed special Christmas offers of the forty-nine cent jar of bilge for only twenty-nine cents, on the trifling condition that the buyer purchase with it the large economy size—a dollar plus twenty per cent tax.

Inside flourished the vulgar paper peonies of Xmas cards with their hackneyed sentimentalities addressed to A Dear Friend, The Best Little Girl I Know, My Aged Mother. Toni twins grinned with vacuous intensity from pyramidally arranged blue and white boxes, and rampant were scores of other unique Yuletide specials. The most mundane articles had their Christmas mask of red paper, and stiff little fake ivy corsages with bright perfect berries on rigid stems coarsely evidenced the holiday season. Everywhere, banked high, stacked, pyramided, piled, heaped or left disorderly, junked by purchasers' careless unsatisfied fingers were the cheap impermanent goods that celebrate the coming of Our Lord, from the plastic crucifix to the ball-point pen. And, somehow managing to look real among so much of the tawdry and pretentious, were the Christmas tree balls, retaining individuality despite their indiscriminate profusion. They needed no mask, no belligerent advertisement; just to look at them was to feel again the old surge of Christmas excitement. Theirs was a purpose and beauty that, quite unexplainably, had more to do with Christ than any plastic crucifix.

But now to leave the five-and-ten. It is late afternoon and already the street lamps are lit. The wind is bitterly cold, and moreover in Boston it is diabolically capable of whirling around both sides of a corner at once—which it now does with malicious gusto, catching me just as I try to cross Winter Street. I look a bit wistfully into a lighted Schrafft's window, then resume my way, disgusted by the eating manners of a party of four middle-aged women engulfing high tea at the table nearest the window. It is obvious from their figures that the longest time they have ever gone without food is overnight, and I am unspeakably repulsed by the predatory way in which their grubby painted claws scrabble for chocolate eclairs and leftover bits of pie crust.

I find myself against the main current of humanity as I hurry along the darkening street, and so have fair opportunity to observe

the multitudinous face of the crowd. Males are not many at this hour; the old and the very young only are here to represent them. A newspaper boy or two shouting something in hoarse bravado voices about the latest Massachusetts murder send a paradoxically reassuring note into the chill of dusk. Mostly I see women, women pressing homeward with packages, women pressing homeward wth children, women pressing homeward with packages and children, the former the spoils of a hard afternoon's fight in the various department stores: Filene's, Jordan's, Conrad's, White's. Their faces are tired, not unhappy; I see little more in them than that Jordan's Hundredth Anniversary Sale ran out of housecoats when it came to size forty-six; that the nylon blouse from "Fleens" is just perfect; that it is already past little Johnny's suppertime.

There are other women, more leisurely, who walk in groups of three or four and whose flashy junk jewelry, brilliant cheeks and faddishly unattractive shoes attempt to create glamour where none can ever be. They chatter to each other in loud flat voices and make frequent pauses in front of clothes and jewelry store windows. A third group, the schoolgirls, advance in still larger groups, chattering and chewing gum excessively (a sin of which the previously described beauties are not entirely free). They are apparently loaded down with books to be studied that night, and quite appealingly combine self-consciousness and relaxation as they shuffle awkwardly along in their loafers and ballet slippers.

I am past the main surge of expressionless faces now, and on Beacon Street, treading again the familiar uneven bricks. Every door I go by bears its own wreath or spray of evergreen and holly, and these seem hearteningly genuine in comparison with the paper imitations displayed in the five-and-ten. It is close to Christmas now, and through uncurtained living-room windows can be seen lighted Christmas trees, laden wth nostalgic memories to the solitary passersby. As I stand there, gazing at an especially lovely tree, snow begins stealthily to fall. I continue my way, walking faster now, until I reach Beacon Hill and Louisburg Square. It is Christmas Eve.

Nine o'clock: The square is crammed. On at least three different corners people are singing, simultaneously, "Silent Night," "Joy to the World", and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". When different corners do happen to hit on the same song, one is invariably several measures behind the other. Take the group which is singing "Joy to the World". It isn't a very big group, but it is lusty and gruff and making plenty of noise. At its center stands a man of about forty-five, tieless and unshaven, gesticulating in a pathetic attempt at con-

ducting the group. He grins semi-toothlessly at each new arrival and waves his arms with even more emphatically awkward monotony. My soul shrinks from meeting his eyes, beaten behind his temporary pride of leadership. Those who do return his smile do so from great perception or none at all. "Let every heart . . . " but I am coward.

Ten-thirty: the singing has passed its peak and considerably declined. The white faces that for a moment hurled rude voices into the pure air have for the most part disappeared from the square. Every so often nomadic groups will pause on their way to the next punch party and yield a song or two to the night, and the square is still festive with its Christmas trees and lighted creches shining through tall windows.

Twelve-thirty: a rowdy group of college girls and boys are bunched by a lamp post singing "Silent Night" as though it were a college cheer. None seem aware of the travesty, and welcome affably to their group a woman and two men who stumble drunkenly against the lamp post in the attempt to step over the high curb onto the sidewalk . . . The woman is drunkest of the three; she laughs hoarsely and clings convulsively to one of the men, looking up into his face with a bewildered, affectionate expression. The song finished, the boys and girls march joyously down the hill headed for a "game party that somebody's game mother is throwing on Marlborough Street". The other three continue their lurching progress up the hill. It has stopped snowing, and overhead, unnoticed by the wandering ones, the sky is a bright dark blue, pierced by the cold facets of a thousand stars. I feel a little sick at some of the things I have seen tonight. I remember faces cut into grimacing lines of fatigue, bewilderment, pain, by the harsh street lamps. This night is characterized by lack of direction. It is perhaps a personal idiosyncrasy that I always dwell on the lost faces, the unhappy faces on Christmas Eve. There must be other faces.

And there must be other values than those which govern the erection, on Boston Common, of mammoth wooden figures of Mother and Child, complete with father, sheep, camels and Wise Men. These figures are uglier than I can say; it is an impoverished soul which can be inspired by them; and worse still the set is duplicated in another part of the common; they are within sight of each other, their crude colors an insult to the eye.

That was Boston the last time I was there. I have told of Boston because that is the city I know best. There are, of course, other cities where Christmas is bought and sold . . .

Advent

This is the season of the terrible child
the last hours of the habitual year
Here in the birth of the waiting season
the waiting for the true birth
the trees are fallen and left scattered
revealing in rigid iron the dominant form
Skies stretch with the hard washed brilliance of polished metal
and naked earth is harsh and unconcealing
Small soft animals cower into thickets
in the heart's earth
Our days are dragon-ridden horses
ride upon the hours of the night

Now the grip of custom
the familiar censure the weight of order
retreats appalled and the inflowing winter
has left us weaponless against this night
Half-heeding the approach of urgent angels
men huddle numb under the dawn stars

until the brilliant arrows of the morning
pull the dull clouds to tatters
smoky bright ashes sinking into the path of the sun
to usher in the rose of the sacramental season
or the unbearable trumpets of the last day

MARY CONWAY HENDRICKSON '53

Mrs. Towle

KIRSTEN RODSGAARD, ex-'53

The cook was sitting at the table in the manager's office counting his pay. He licked his thumb carefully before touching the notes and his eyes were fixed upon the small heap they made on the table. He was pretty well paid, to tell the truth, but everybody, he decided, should aim a little higher than just to be pretty well paid. Maybe he should ask for a raise — chances were that he might get it — chances were also that he might be kicked out; he smiled. He would like to see Mrs. Towle kick him out, literally, pushing with her fat white hands on his back — now he giggled: he had an intense feeling that

Mrs. Towle might even like to touch his back. She looked at him sometimes with those water-colored eyes of her so he didn't know quite what to think.

He stopped counting and put the money in his pocket. Pretty well paid, but still not enough. He would not get a raise, even if he asked for it, but he would certainly not be kicked out. The place couldn't do without him. It was difficult these days to get a good cook, and it was just lucky for the restaurant that he consented to take the job in the first place. They would be lost if he went. Why couldn't he ask for a raise, then? He didn't like the thought of Mrs. Towle's white hands on his back, and he felt that that was the way to a raise rather than the refusal of it.

He stretched his arms above his head and opened his mouth to a big yawn. It was a nice office, Mrs. Towle's, and he didn't mind sitting there for a little longer. The chairs were comfortable, and there was a thick rug on the floor. He thought of his small room with the view over the backyard a couple of blocks away, and decided that life would be so much better if one had a room with soft chairs and a rug on the floor. He wondered whether Mrs. Towle really appreciated it. Probably not. Very likely she had been used to that kind of room all her life; she must have, her fat white hands told about that.

"Oh, James, I didn't know you were in here!"

She was standing in the doorway with her hand upon the knob. The water-colored eyes were big and inquiring, as if she desperately tried to remember whether she had sent him in here.

"Oh, your pay, of course."

Of course. She irritated him with her silly Ohs and of courses. Why did she have to give him the impression that she was frail and absent-minded? He didn't care for women that were, still less for those who pretended to be.

"Well, have you counted it?"

She had a very plump figure and she always wore dresses with a large flower design that didn't become her in the least. There was no rule, as far as he knew, that managers should wear that kind of a dress. On the other hand, there was a rule that they should try to make the best of their appearance lest they would scare the customers away. But he admitted to himself that Mrs. Towle couldn't possibly scare anyone away no matter what kind of dress she wore. She was pleasant, that was all there was to it, utterly and irritatingly pleasant.

"Yes," he finally said, "yes, I have counted it."

He got up from the chair and went towards the door. He could see how she clasped her hand tighter around the door knob. He smiled

unconsciously, pleased with the way he was able to frighten her.

"I was just thinking that you have a mighty nice office," he said.

She blushed a little and tried a smile.

"Oh, thank you, James. Yes, I like it myself. It is so nice to have pleasant surroundings when you work, don't you think so?"

"I don't know why I should. The kitchen is not much of a room, is it?"

This time she blushed more violently and tried to look away from him. She removed her hand from the door and walked past him into the room.

"I had great trouble finding the right shade for the wallpaper," she said, "my sister helped me with it, the dear soul. She never got to see the result before she died."

"I didn't know you had a sister," James mumbled apolegetically.

"Well," she turned around and looked straight at him, "how could you possibly know? People don't know much about each other in this place, and I suppose it is just as well."

"I'll have to be going now, Mrs. Towle," he said. He could see that she wanted to get rid of him. If she hadn't mentioned the dead sister he might have stayed longer and maybe have made a joke or two at her expense; but he didn't believe in taking advantage of people's sentimental memories. "I'll see you tomorrow."

She nodded mutely and sat down at the desk.

He put his hand on the door.

"Good night."

"Good night, James."

He would have to go home now, to the small room with the view that he hated. Naturally, it would be all dark now, but he knew that there was nothing outside but a grey and dismal backyard.

"Oh, James?"

He turned around quickly and looked eagerly at her.

"James, could you bring me a cup of tea before you go? If you are not too busy. I am afraid the waitresses have left."

"Tea?"

"Yes, with lemon, please."

He smiled to himself as he fixed it in the kitchen. Nobody could tell him that she really felt like tea with lemon now and get away with it. She wanted his company, that's what she was up to. Keeping him a little longer.

"Thank you, James. I hate to keep you so late, you know."

"Sure."

He wanted to be nice to her because she was so pitifully ridiculous. He wanted to sit down on the arm of her chair and tell her

that life might have its good sides even if she was short and plump and had fat white hands, fit for doing embroidery only.

She squeezed the thin slice of lemon into her tea, and wiped her fingers carefully with the napkin. Then she lifted the cup to her lips and slowly sipped the hot golden tea in. She wasn't exactly bad-looking, he concluded, rather nice as a matter of fact, only there was too much of her. But the round, rosy face, completely absorbed in the tea drinking, appealed to him. It was a face you could bear looking at; but you got tired of it, somehow, when you looked at it for any length of time. No, she would never be able to kick him out. She would never even suggest it. She was not that kind of a person. He had no idea with what efficiency she exerted her job as a manager, but he guessed she did all right. It was rather appropriate for a manager to sit in her office and sip tea. The customers would approve.

She didn't look up from the cup, and he wondered whether she knew he was still standing before the desk.

"Mrs. Towle!"

"Oh!"

She gave a start in the chair and the tea was all over her dress with the flower design. Her hands were shaking when she put the empty cup down, and her face had the color and expression of a little girl just about to cry.

James was at her side at once and wiped off the table. He handed her a clean handkerchief from his pocket and blessed the luck that he had one.

"How terribly clumsy of me," she mumbled. "You gave me such a fright; I thought you had gone."

He couldn't make out whether she was telling the truth, but all the same he blamed himself for not having left.

"Thank you," she said, handing him back the handkerchief.

His face was very close to hers, and he could feel the quick breath as a faint tickling on his forehead. He withdrew a little to get a full view of her.

"You are very pretty when you blush," he said.

"Oh."

He could see that she didn't know what to say, so she chose the easiest way of not saying anything at all. She wanted to get out of the chair, but he was barring the way with his arms.

"I would like to have met your husband," he said. "The others told me he was a wonderful man. Such a pity that he should die."

He was aware that he was being cruel to her, talking about the dead husband, but he had been with her so long now that he could afford it, and he wished once more to see her confused and bewildered.

"My husband—", she repeated.

"Yes."

He stood back and she got up and started walking around the room, her hands clasped in front of her. All of a sudden he felt guilty. She hadn't done anything, and there was no reason for him to be cruel to her like this.

"I am sorry," he mumbled, "I shouldn't have mentioned it. I am sure you don't want to talk about it. I apologize."

She was standing at the window now, looking at him with empty eyes.

"Its all right, it's all right," she said, but her voice trembled, "it's just that . . . "

Now the tears were rolling down her cheeks, and he didn't know what to do; surely, it couldn't have been his mentioning the husband that . . . he had told her he was sorry, what more could he do except leave . . . That's what he would do, just walk out as she had expected him to do long ago. Why had he ever considered staying in the first place?

But when he had reached the door her voice held him back.

"James, before you leave there is something I want to tell you. I think I owe it to you."

She was still sobbing and rubbing her eyes vigorously. He wished she would stop confiding in him and just let him go. He had never been mixed up with a stupid widow before, and he had absolutely no wish to hear the story of her life.

"Yes?"

"I never had a husband, James," she whispered, "I have never been married."

He looked at her incredulously. Obviously she was speaking the truth, but why?

"But why . . . ", he said.

"Well, you know" — now she was moving towards him — "a woman in my position, in this place, is so much better off with a Mrs. before her name. "Don't you agree?"

Here eyes were fixed upon him, and apparently she had got rid of all her previous embarrassment. She wasn't even ashamed of her confession any longer.

But James didn't wait to answer. He slipped out of the door and didn't even feel guilty for slamming it after him. All of a sudden his small room with the dismal view was not so bad. And while he put on his coat in the cloakroom and rushed down the street, he could still see the plump figure as she had slowly moved towards him, saying: "Well, you know . . . ".

Augmented Requiem

Without our running lights
We sail down the moon's wedged wake,
Signal-less
In after-sunset stillness.

The bowsprit nudges stars
Under keel-cleave; ploughs
The Pleiades
Into the phosphorous furrow.

The dark, pungent pines
Stand ranked and amber-wreathed
In silhouette;
They sear the moon's new face.

We tack to starboard of
The lonesome harbor nun,
Gull-visited
And high among the reefs.

The barnacle-bitten buoy
Leans gently with a wave
And mourns
In groaning dissonance

The passing of ships and time.
The kelpy wake foams up,
Belches, belies
Our speed; imagination

Inverting sea to sky
And transposing ocean
Synthesis
To Milky Ways of depth

Unfathomed. Slatting sails
Slap the sea-tuned ear,
Cutting canvas
Prisms against the night.

SARAH BOLSTER, '53

Diary of a Debutante

ASHE

I regarded him with acute distaste. "Why, you mealy-mouthed twerp," I was on the verge of saying—but instead I carefully adjusted my gay smile, patted him playfully on the arm and said "Come on, silly, let's dance." For this was my coming-out party, and he was one of my guests; and no debutante can afford to be truthful to an eligible male.

Besides, the evening was just beginning. As we rose from the dinner table to dance I looked over the eight hundred people who filled the marquee on our front lawn. I was aware of their bright eyes and moving lips—it sounded like feeding-time at the zoo—and of the fact that nearly every remark being made at that moment was a comment on my looks, past, or financial resources. I could pretty well have told you just which of these three topics was engaging any given couple, if I'd cared enough.

"The decorations are lovely" burbled the fatuous face I was pursuing around the dance floor. "Charmin' dress" yawned the one who cut in on him, looking thoroughly bored. Well, he had nothing on me there; I was so bored I could cheerfully have eaten my own orchid, just to create a diversion. "Gee, this is fun" beamed a chubby lad who danced like a rubber ball on a string. Even I, hardened socialite that I was, could think of no answer to that one; I saw that our viewpoints originated poles apart and were continuing to diverge steadily.

As a matter of fact, the decorations *were* lovely. The lawn, which is a large one with oak trees in strategic places, looked pleasantly unreal in the light from the marquee and the strings of Japanese lanterns from tree to tree. Our house managed to appear both very beautiful, which it is, and freshly painted, which it is not. A ball-dress is usually a thing of beauty, regardless of its contents; there were a great many ball-dresses roaming about and looking very decorative.

In all its other essentials my party was being equally successful. The music was good—that is, loud, hot and tuneless; liquor was flowing like water. Everyone was dancing; I had not sat down since dinner, owing to the grim determination of every boy present to discharge his obligations by a dance with his hostess. Once that was over he could sigh with relief and rejoin his best friend, who would then come take *his* turn with me. (Unless he already had, in which case they could both go and have another drink.)

At long last the hour arrived beyond which the orchestra could not be bribed to stay. Besides, the liquor was getting low. People began to move out toward the drive for their cars. I stationed myself at one door, and my best friend at the other. I obviously couldn't be saying good-night at both places simultaneously, and anyway, only one in ten of my departing guests would know the difference.

This farewell part was much the easiest; it was just the receiving line in reverse, except that now I had hope to sustain me. Aside from the boy who shook hands with me and kissed my father, we had no unforeseen occurrences and soon they had all gone on to higher things. (Higher priced, at least; *our* drinks were free.)

So then, after scrambled eggs and coffee in the kitchen, I and my overnight guest retired to our beds. Next day I took the "East Wind" for Maine and never came back.

In The Twentieth Year

These are the waiting days.
Children run to me, remembering still
Their mother has a different fragrance.
The boat sails and I watch on the pier until
The purposeful have joined the haze
That surrounds those moments which are not dreams.

These days have no ending,
Only addition of dissatisfaction
That comes with a half-completed laugh
Or the smeared colors of the painting that isn't creation.
Brief as the burnt-out candle of understanding
Are the memories I would keep.

Days out of context, these.
The first spring star cries "wish I might."
I can only store up knowledge
Against full summer when actor and critic unite.
Then shall I sing my song with ease.
For there are those among you whom I would love.

PATRICIA PRICE '54

As Easy As Lying

JUDITH THOMPSON, '54

"Mi-iss, Miss Mareeee!" Peter Sinopoli ran as fast as his short legs could carry him, up to the top of the hill which served as a playground for the camp for underprivileged children. His favorite counselor, Miss Mary, was helping the youngest girls make tunnels in the sandbox. "Mi-iss, Mi-iss, look, Miss!" he cried insistently, holding out something in his small dirty hands.

"What have you got, Petie?" his idol asked. Peter had slowed down, and his baby, almost monkey-like face had become earnest. He looked at an older girl who was sitting apart from the group and who was whittling slowly at a stick.

"Tootsie can't see," he said firmly.

"Petie, come show us all," Miss Mary urged. "Tootsie wants to see too." Petie skirted the sandbox being careful to keep away from Tootsie. As he neared the counselor he forgot his wariness and, in an exalted voice, almost a whisper, he said,

"It's a frog!"

"Petie, where'd you find it?"

"Over there, Miss, over there!" Peter squeaked, jumping up and down. He pointed to the swampy woods behind the main camp house at the foot of the hill. "Petie found a frog, Petie found a frog . . . !"

Tootsie had continued to sit aside, but now as the elvish figure danced around his prize which crouched in Miss Mary's hand, she was drawn by Peter's intensity. She stood up and walked toward the group.

"Can I see, Petie?" she pleaded, leaning over Miss Mary's shoulder. "Ooooh Petie, how nice! Where'd ya get him, Petie? Can I have him?" As quickly as she had stood up, she reached down and snatched the frog from Mary's light grasp. Peter went on dancing, no longer conscious of the older child as she held his new pet.

"Petie, can I have him?" repeated Tootsie. She turned soft, pleading eyes toward the dancing figure. Peter paused. He looked first at Tootsie's face and then at the frog in her hand.

"Petie, do you want Tootsie to have your frog?" asked Miss Mary, intervening before the possessiveness of the older child. But Peter in his moment of hesitation had lost interest in the small frightened animal in Tootsie's hand, and he tugged at Miss Mary's arm, urging her to return to the sandbox where something had, that moment, caught his eye. As Miss Mary and the younger children moved back to their playing, Tootsie, unnoticed, walked slowly away with her new acquisition.

II

Tootsie looked strangely alone in the sunny August afternoon, as if nothing existed except the tiny object which she held in her cupped hands and gazed at intently. Her face was that of a twelve-year-old with the gentle line of the undeveloped nose and the softness of the large brown eyes. Yet her wide mouth and her bedraggled hair belonged to an older, cruder face. Her slight body and her thin arms and legs seemed unrelated to the full breasts which her proudly held shoulders carried high. Tootsie was only a child as she walked along talking softly to the damp frog in her hand.

"You don't want to be Petie's do you, Frog?" She ran her finger over the top of the frog's soft slimy head. Its beady eyes looked eagerly at her. Its tiny throat throbbed more slowly now as the soft touch reassured it. Tootsie had reached a narrow brook which ran gurgling quietly into the deeper part of the forest. None of the children ever came to this place, for they always played on the playgrounds with the counselors. Tootsie set the frog down and made a small pen for it in the brook. "Frog, don't be scar't," she reassured him in her coarse voice, "you can live in this brook; here's a stone for you to sit on. I'll bring you some food from Granny—she's the cook—I help her in the kitchen—she's the only one that can tell me what to do . . . you be my friend, Frog, and you'll be okay . . . don't go away Frog." The pen was completed and the frog, too young to care for a less limited space, seemed contented in his new home. Tootsie sat down to watch her pet.

"Frog . . . you like your house?" In the distance, the dinner gong sounded warning Tootsie that she had to help Granny set the tables. "Frog, I'm sorry . . . I gotta go . . . don't be scar't tonight . . . I'll getcha some food tomorrow and bring some candy—I know where I can get some—we'll have a picnic! Goodnight Frog."

III

"Where have you been?" screamed the fat cook through the screen windows of the eating porch.

"Miss Mary kep' me . . . we was pickin' blueberries," Tootsie lied quickly, as she glanced over her shoulder at the group advancing, laden with blueberry cans.

"Okay, Tootsie, get to your work now," said Granny. She waddled back into her familiar post behind the serving shelf. Tootsie got out the napkins and silver and distributed them around the grey wooden tables. She gazed idly out the screen door, watching a little boy swing on the upper playground. Miss Mary appeared in the kitchen door and stood, half seeing Tootsie and half seeing Granny, who was pouring the berries into a large bowl.

"Miss Mary will be eating supper with the kids," Tootsie thought to herself. "I could get upstairs during supper and no one would notice I was gone."

"Where've you been all afternoon, Toots?" asked Miss Mary, crossing the dining-room and walking toward the screen door.

"Playing with the kitchen girls, Miss," answered Tootsie quietly and absently, not moving her glance.

"Wasn't that a nice frog Petie found?" Tootsie did not answer, but went back to arranging the silver in its appointed rows across the bare tables. The screen door banged behind Miss Mary.

IV

The dining-room filled fast as the noisy campers rushed in eagerly, holding their hands out to the counselor at the door for inspection. Each clamored for the most desired seats by counselors and best friends. Tootsie watched through the service window, standing beside the immovable Granny who nodded over the noise and disorder.

"Ought to keep those kids quiet . . . comin' into a meal like that's a disgrace . . . why if I were runnin' this camp those kids'd be comin' in here quiet and mannered-like . . . seems like they don't know how to take care of kids nowadays . . . gettin' in counselors like Miss Mary over there . . . nice enough—but jest not old enough to handle those kids . . . "

"Granny, where'd ya put the cream?" interrupted Tootsie, used to Granny's muttering.

"Oh . . . get it out of the refrigerator, Tootsie."

Soon the tables were served and the din quieted in the saying of Grace. The noise resumed and the hungry group set about eating the traditional Sunday night meal of spaghetti. Behind the old lady's back, the young girl moved swiftly out of the kitchen unnoticed.

V

The front stairs were familiar to Tootsie, and she knew her way to Miss Mary's room, for Mary often took her there during rest hour. Tootsie really liked Miss Mary. She was the only counselor who knew what Tootsie was doing most of the time and Tootsie respected her for it. But Tootsie didn't care about Miss Mary, and she opened the familiar door without hesitation. No one was there. The room was still light in the lingering twilight; Tootsie moved quickly to the small table between the beds and pulled open the drawer. There inside the drawer, where she'd seen them the day before, were one, two, three—at least seven rolls of life savers! And gum! Reaching both hands into the drawer, Tootsie emptied its contents into her pockets and left the room. She ran down the stairs and into the room which she shared with four other girls. Tearing back the covers of her

messily-made bed, she threw the candy down to the bottom and pulled the covers up again, tucking them in at the sides. She returned to the kitchen in time to receive the tomato-smeared dishes for second helpings in spaghetti.

VI

Miss Mary walked up the stone steps leading to the front door of the white house which served as the main dormitory for the girls at the camp. It was a peaceful night; the crickets sang to one another, making the only sounds in the stillness. Looking at her watch, Miss Mary saw it was almost eleven o'clock; the counselor on duty had gone to bed. Mary looked across the quiet playground and wondered that the bedlam of the day could be silenced by the night. Her thoughts were interrupted by the loud squeak of bedsprings beyond the window to the left of the door. Tootsie's room! Loud whispers and giggles followed; then a figure appeared at the door, darting almost instantly out of sight; another loud squeak; silence again. Mary walked in the front door and stood outside Tootsie's room waiting for the inevitable round of giggles; it came. She opened the door, and the room was silent.

"Okay kids, who was that just out of bed?" Tootsie's bedsprings squeaked. Mary snapped on the lights. Looking around the room from one face to another, Mary saw the familiar polished innocence in Tootsie's face. This face among the guilty ones was the only one which seemed capable of knowing the courage that it took to leave the room at night. Four scared faces squinted up at Mary. Tootsie watched the situation, with the disinterested air of a casual observer. Her foot was still sticking out of the side of the covers.

"Wassamatta Miss why you disturbin' me in the middle of the night? These kids is foolin', but I'm tryin' to sleep . . . can't anybody get no sleep around here? Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I was just gettin' to sleep."

"Ooooh Miss, she swore, Miss what a sin, huh?" breathed one of the others.

"Miss let us get to sleep, Miss, you're disturbin' us," a second added.

"Tootsie," said Miss Mary, "if I catch you fooling one more time tonight you're going to the infirmary and sleep alone there. All of you go to sleep now. Goodnight." She closed the door and started up the stairs to her room. She had almost reached her room when she heard the giggles starting again downstairs. She turned around and went downstairs.

"Okay, Toots—get your things—you're going to the infirmary." Tootsie, caught standing in the middle of the room, dove headfirst into her bed.

"I won't go, Miss . . . you can't make me . . . and you ain't allowed to hit me."

"Come on, Tootsie," said Miss Mary evenly, "you've had your last chance." Tootsie buried her head in the covers. Mary walked over to the bed and took her by the waist to pull her from the bed. Tootsie grasped the springs, and Mary dragged bed and Tootsie toward the door.

"I won't, I won't, I won't go . . . Mi-iss, Mi-isss!" Tootsie screamed. Several small solid objects fell to the floor from the bed. Tootsie let go her hold and disappeared out the door. Mary pushed the bed into place and followed the running figure.

"Come here, Toots, I want to talk to you."

"You'll have to catch me, Miss." Tootsie's voice was grim in the darkness. Mary quickened her step and finally caught up with the fleeing girl as both neared the top of the playground hill. Tootsie was frantic; she was breathing hard as she shrank away from Mary's grasp.

"Miss, you run too good," she said defeatedly.

"Tootsie, can you be trusted now to stay in your room and be quiet?"

"Okay, okay Miss, leave me go . . . I'm goin' back and be good." Tootsie's rough voice was sullen. She got up and walked slowly across the dim playground and into the house.

"Kids," Miss Mary stood in the doorway, "this wasn't all Tootsie's fault . . . she's paid for it, though . . . from now on I want you all to be quiet . . . have you got your bed all put back together Tootsie? Goodnight kids." She closed the door and went upstairs.

VII

The sun shone through the woods, speckling the dry pine needles which crunched under Tootsie's feet as she neared Frog's house. She walked happily, with her shoulders back. She smiled her wide grin, when she looked in at her pet.

"Hiya Frog, how ya been? I gotcha some food . . . Frog, look." She held out a small package of leftovers from that morning's breakfast. "And look what I got, some life savers and gum . . . come on Frog, we're goin' on a picnic." She lifted Frog from his pen. "I ain't been on any picnic before . . . not since last year." She gathered up the food in her free hand and walked slowly to a place in the woods where the sun lighted a tiny clearing and where the brook became a shady pool. Tootsie set Frog down on a stone in the middle of the pool and stretched her thin body in the sun, resting her chin on her hands to watch him.

"Frog, you're my friend, you're my best friend. I ain't tellin'

anybody what I tell you . . . but you gotta do what I say. Looka these life savers . . . I stole 'em from Miss Mary . . . what a sin . . . how nice she is sometimes . . . but she almos' caught me last night . . . Jes't I was scar't . . . ooooh . . . I cried—a little—I ain't cried before. Here's your food Frog."

Tootsie rolled over on her back and closed her eyes. She sucked noisily on a life saver and let the sun warm her mottled skin.

"Frog, you can come to the North End wit' me . . . we go home day after tomorrow—ma would kill me if she found out . . . I'll hide you . . . you can sleep in my bed . . . I'll make ya a box to go to school in . . . you can come to church . . . "

Plip! Gurgle! Tootsie rolled over quickly. Frog was gone. "Where you gone you bastard . . . you come back . . . you ain't eatin' my food and runnin' out on me . . . where the hell you gone? On her hands and knees, Tootsie leaned over the pool and screamed at the frog.

"I hate you Frog . . . you ain't gettin' away from me . . . I'm lookin' through these whole woods until I getcha!!!" Tootsie's eyes had become accustomed to the shady pool. As she watched the smooth surface, she saw it ripple gently on the opposite; then she saw Frog swimming under the water, stretching his legs contentedly behind him. Tootsie reached into the pool and grabbed him. "Damn good thing you din' go away Frog." She loosened her grasp. "Picnic's no fun if you scare me all the time."

Tootsie put Frog back on a rock where he sat sleepily in the sun. Grinning, she lay down again and watched him. They sat there until Tootsie heard the lunch gong and got ready to leave.

"Sorry Frog, back to yer house . . . see you tomorrow."

VIII

Mary sat on her bed making out laundry slips for the linen which would go to the laundry the next day when the children left. There was a knock at the door. Miss Mary looked up to see Tootsie standing there grinning.

"Miss . . . I took your life savers . . . you know I did."

"Yes Tootsie, I know you did."

"But, Miss, you can't make me buy you any more, Miss, because you know I ain't got no money. And I'm goin' home tomorrow. You won't tell on me 'cause you don't like me ta git in any trouble." Tootsie stood momentarily in the doorway, then left as silently as she had come.

IX

"Frog, we're goin' today." Tootsie took down the wall of Frog's pen. "First we go in the bus, then the train. You be good Frog and

when we get there I'll getcha some water . . . you'll like it there Frog. Look here's a box I got ready for you . . . there you go . . . you're Tootsie's, ain'tcha?" Tootsie took the frog into her cupped grasp. "You're comin wit' me now, Frog . . . say goodbye to the brook . . . maybe we come back next year . . . let's go."

X

Miss Mary sat on the front doorstep and watched the children gather all their battered suitcases into the pile outside the waiting bus. Peter scrambled on her lap and wrapped his short arms tightly around her neck.

"Miss, we goin' pretty soon, huh?"

"Uh-huh, Petie, next summer you'll be back though, won't you?"

"Sure, Miss, will you be here? I ain't comin' if you ain't promised to come back."

"Oh I'll probably be here, Petie, and even if I'm not, there'll be someone just like me and you won't even know the difference."

"Miss . . . I would." Mary laughed and set the monkey-child down on the step.

"Go get your suitcase, honey, I've got work to do." Petie ran off and Mary started in the front door of the house. Just then Tootsie came around the corner holding a small cardboard box in her hands. She was not ready to leave, and she still wore her only pair of dingy shorts. She didn't notice Mary, so engrossed was she in the contents of the box, and she looked up blankly when Mary spoke.

"What've you got there, Tootsie?"

"Miss—just something I got in the woods."

"Lemme see, Toots. That's like the one Petie gave you. You better put it someplace where it will be okay over the winter until you come back."

"Oh no Miss, I'm takin' it to the North End wit' me. He's got a box. He likes it Miss."

"Toots, he can't live if you take him to the North End. You better leave him here where he's supposed to be." Tootsie looked thoughtful.

"Miss, I'll kill him," she answered opening the jackknife which hung heavily from her belt. Miss Mary was stunned.

"Tootsie . . . you wouldn't dare." Tootsie's knife cut the frog from the tip of his chin to the bottom of his stomach. She dropped the split body on the ground and went in the front door to pack.

The Yaller Diamond

Ellen Bell, '53

Down in Ward 37 the women were chatting again. Every morning when the sun began to sift through the fog you'd hear those ladies warming up to their favorite subjects, like the flies that start buzzing when their wings heat in the sunshine.

Most of the ladies were sitting on the edges of their beds, dangling their legs and bathing themselves with the hot sudsy water which steamed and fizzed whitely in the metal basins. The nurses were busy too, shaking out fresh sheets over the beds and fluffing up sodden pillows. While they worked they chatted with the women, but mostly they listened to the conversations between them . . .

"I kicked him out, right out the door that night. He'd been drinkin' for nigh on three day and his words weren't good for none of my kids to hear. I told him they was goin' to speak right and be brought up right, and that his foolin's around wasn't goin' to stop 'em if I could he'p it."

The woman was sitting on a stretcher. They had put her on it because she was too large for a nurse to move while she was making the bed, and besides she loved being wheeled out to the center of the room, where she could be in the middle of all the cross-currents of conversation. A short nighty barely covered her large hips, so she had drawn a sheet up tight around her to assure herself of her modesty. In this crouched position she talked on at a hectic pace.

"People say I talk too much, why Dr. Parker, he says to me, 'Calm down Mrs. Garbor an' you won't be in this place so much.' But how does he expect me to calm down when I've got to work to take care of myself and the kids."

"What did your husbin' do when you started tellin' him about your responsibilities and all? Lord if any man done somethin' lak that to me."

"My man didn' do anything like that agin. Believe you me that ended him. My kids was tole the story of his goin's on. Kids got a right to know if there's trouble. And if I've got to work they're goin' to know about it. Now don' get me wrong. I don' mind workin' for them but . . . "

"We know, honey. How many kids you got anyways?"

"Well two's growd and I've got one still in school. She's the baby. Course even then I could tell ma husbin' wouldn' be keepin' me company for long, and I need company."

A wry voice interrupted, "Woman, you kin say thet agin'."

"Lucy turned a bewildered face towards Mary and said in a wary tone, "You teasin' me, Mary?" Mary was quick to reply into the sudden quiet of the ward.

"Sure I'm teasin' you, Lucy. A'm the biggest tease aroun' here I guess." Her voice lost its pepper and she looked gently and apologetically at Lucy. She didn't want anyone lookin' at her like she'd slapped them on the face with the hand print still stingin' and showin' all over. She'd just been kidding her along. She'd even forgotten what she'd said now. Funny how some folks thought one thing was funny and others thought 'twas another and they all lived in the same place . . .

Mary's sinewy old arms were wrapped around her purple streaked legs and her arched back was roughed with a curved rib pattern and her horny back bone. She looked just a little bit tougher and sharper than the other girls.

"Go on, Lucy, what happened next?" As Mary spoke these words her head scooped forward and she smiled encouragingly as if she were physically trying to help Lucy with her story.

"The next thing happened 'twas my son got married." Lucy was starting her story again, cautiously. "We all knew Julie hadn't been faithful during the war, and he knew it too, Bob ain't that dumb. But he'd been waitin' for her too long to forgit about her by then. So he married her and now he's just as alone as he was before he was married. Cause Julie upped and went off with ma husbin' Harry. Every weekend they git in the truck and go where they please, sometimes Reno, sometimes the races down to Tijuana, and Bob and me left with the kid."

"To think, a father runnin' around with his own daughter-in-law."

"Yes! They've been havin' theirselves a time."

"You'd think you'd both get divorces, the way you and your son git pushed around by them divils."

"Well I told Bob, wasn't he through takin' Julie's riff-raff."

"You think he'll git rid of her?"

"Not while he still likes to see Julie wigglin' and wagglin' herself around, not with the baby he won't."

"Them babies keep more than one unhappy person from changin' their ways."

"What about you, Mrs. Garbor? You through with Henry?"

"No I'm not. And I'll tell you why. He ain't goin' to get no divorce until he gives me something to live on. A woman needs somethin' besides a ring to git along. Look at it shinin' there doin' no one no good." She brought her hand from under the sheet. The

diamond sparkled bitterly back at her, but she added a little sadly, "It be a good diamond though. Onst nothin' was too good for Lucy."

Mary Poke straightened her back and spoke, "Maybe you folks ain't got no lovin' no more but when my husbin' give me this ring it was jist the beginnin'. Homer loved me as much or more the day he died as the day he married me."

"Your husbin' dead long?" Lucy queried.

"He be dead nigh on three year now." And she added solemnly. "We women be lonely when our men folk go, be they good or bad. It's jes' some is lonely one way and some's lonely t'other." She looked gently at Lucy, and then into the other faces for some acknowledgment of her words.

"You must've had a fine husbin'," said one woman.

"Yea. He be fine." Mary was now caught up in her memories. She had completely forgotten that she had interrupted Lucy. She leaned to the foot of the bed and said to the mound on the stretcher, "Look! This be a rare diamond. This is a yaller diamond." She stretched out a calloused weak hand. On her finger beneath two enormous knuckles stood the yaller diamond. It gleamed dully and only a sympathetic eye would have taken its lack of luster for yellow. But looking closer at this jewel, almost like a third callous in its well worn white gold setting, you could see there was in it a great warmth and strength which was like a reflection of Mary herself. It had been longer on her finger than the very skin itself and though worn, was still strong, as was Mary's soul.

"If he'd a knowed it was so costly he wouldn't a never bought it." And she added a little begrudgingly, "Course it's synthetic, but they cost too and look jest as nice as the real."

As no one interrupted her reminiscing, she settled back against her pillows and said, "You know, this ring's got a story behind it."

All the ladies but one smiled, secure of another hour's entertainment, curled up like children waiting for a bedtime story. Mrs. Garbor looked at her unhistorical ring, then at Mrs. Mary Poke, just a little bit jealously, and then she too resigned, leaned back on the narrow stretcher to hear the story out.

"Ma husbin' an' me was travlin' from Oklahoma to California."

"We come from there too."

"Us too, where 'bouts you from?"

"Shawnee, and you?"

"We're from the city."

While this slight detour took place, Mrs. Poke looked at her ring as if to say, "It'll be alright. They'll hear 'bout you yet." Then she rolled on her side, leaned on her elbow, and began her story.

"As I said, me an' ma husbin' was comin' out to California. We was married in Oklahoma but we decided to head straight for Ventury without wastin' time honeymoonin' or gittin' settled in the wrong place. You know how people do get tied down and then never git where they want to."

"Well I didn' have ma ring yet because we didn' have no time afore the weddin' to hunt for anything good. Se we hopped off at Tucumcari where we had to wait a spell between trains. Homer says, 'Mary, Ahm gittin' you a ring.' 'Right now, between trains,' says I. And he says, 'Sure between trains. Caint very well be on trains.' 'But mebbe we could wait til we git there,' says I. 'All the way to California sleepin' on the Pullman without a ring,' says he."

"So we hopped off the train and walked up the main street, alookin' in the winders. It was mostly saloons and sech but we finally found the store. Didn' look like much of a jew'ry store kez there warn't no jewels in the winder lak they is now. No nothin', jes' a long counter in a big bare room. Ah'll remember that room til the day Ah die."

"How'd ye ever tell twas a jew'ry store?"

"Sign honey. Big sign outside."

"What'd it say?"

"Said in red letters on black:

Jewelry Store
When You've Bought Once
You're sure to buy some more."

"Don't sound too refined to me."

"Wal it warn't too refined. But it was a heap more refined than sleepin' with your man on the Pullman without no ring."

"Sure plenty people now a days who do."

"Sure is, an' you remember those that do, an' I remember an' I didn' want any of those folks rememberin' about *me* sleepin' there."

"What happened when you walked in?"

"Two men come out an' . . . " Mary took a deep breath, bit her lip and tightened up all over.

"What's the matter Mary?"

"Ma organs. I kin feel it right here." She pointed to her swollen belly. "It's ma organs and ma tubes."

"Better tell the doctor when he come in."

"Sure, I'll tell him. Anyway I feel better now. Wanna hear the rest of the story?" She seemed to want to push her trouble aside with her enthusiasm, as she prepared to go on.

"Sure, Mary, but do you feel alright?"

"Yea I feel fine." She waited a minute and then began again.

"Wal, as I said we walked back to the store and two men come out. One stayed sort of in the back room and the other one said, 'Kin I help you folks?' Homer, he took my hand kind of sweet like and says, 'Yes sir. We're gittin' this gal a weddin' ring. And the man says, 'What kind?' 'A biggun,' says Homer, 'And not a real one of course,' he adds as delicate as he can. 'What do ye want,' says the man agin', an' he adds like twas a cuss word, 'Zircon?' 'Sure,' says I poppin' in real demure like, 'Zircon's jes what I wanted,' and I look real quick down to the floor."

"Now they didn' bring down no rings, but all these jewels are on a board covered with velvet. The corners of the velvet were wearing away but them jewels sure looked pretty. Pretty enough, that is. So I talked about how much I liked this one and that one, an' Homer asks how much this one and that one costs, and finally we choose."

"The man he bring out the setting, picked the ring to fit my finger and says, 'Come back in an hour and we'll have your ring fixed!"

"So we walked up and down the streets and had our lunch. We was real happy then, thinkin' of our jewels and all. And after a time we come back. The other man come out this time and says, 'Here ye are.' So I put on the ring and Homer says, 'Hurry Mary or we won't kitch the train.' (He's always worried about kitchin' trains and sich.)"

"Believe you me, I am too," said Lucy from her stretcher. "Time was, when I traveled, I got to thet station two hours a fore hand."

"Well you can see why we ran fer thet train." Mary was sitting up now with her hands clenched at her sides and eyes intent on space, as if willing the others to keep concentrated. "We sure didn't have any two hours to kitch that train, an' jest afore I got on thet train I said, 'Look, Homer,' an' he says, 'What, Mary?' an' I says, 'Look at thet ring, it ain't the one we bought.' So Homer says, 'Sure it is,' and then says, 'Well mebbe it ain't,' and then he says, straightening his back and alookin' ahead, 'We ain't got no time to go back now, Mary, come on.' " A low murmur of disapproval and one woman said,

"I'd a took it back, Mary."

"Me too."

"Well we didn't. We didn't wanta miss thet train, and besides we wasn't sure it was another one, so we hopped on anyhow."

"Wal, was it a different one?"

"Sure, it was the yaller diamond. This diamond here. And we had it looked at in Oxnard and they said 'twas a mighty valuable ring."

A knock on the door stopped Mary's dissertation. The doctor was coming on his morning rounds. The women transferred their interest from Mary to flustered primping and then one ventured,

"Sure, doctor, come in." And whispered, "It's Dr. Parker, sure glad my doctor didn' come when I was a lookin' lack this."

"Well, girls, how are you this morning? You're lookin' good, Lucy."

"Oh me. I always look good. Folks say I'm the picture of health." She drew the sheet up over her short nighty which had again slipped down and blushed a little.

"And Mary, how're you feeling?"

"Oh fine, doctor, the pains easin' up now."

The women looked at each other when she said this, remembering her face a few moments before when it had shown so much pain. The doctor seemed to take her word, for he said,

"That's good. You're coming along just about the way we expected. You just don't want to overdo things now that you're regaining that pep and energy."

The doctor left soon and the women noisily relaxed when he closed the door. Immediately the pent up silence released itself into excited chatter.

"I never expected he'd come in when I was sittin' here with my legs all showin'. If I'da known I'da had the nurse move me."

"And me still takin' my bath and all."

"Oh, girls," cried Mary denouncingly, "he's seen so many women he doesn't care. Anyway he was only lookin' at me and Lucy." Now her words even sounded harsh in her own ears, not joking the way she had intended.

"Well, if he doesn't care why didn't you tell him about your pain?" a voice challenged.

"I fergot, I guess." Meekly.

"I was goin' to tell him," said Lucy, "but I thought you would, so I kept my mouth shut."

"Wished you'd a mentioned it," said Mary apathetically. Then, more energetically, as she changed the subject from her ills again, "Guess I was still thinkin' about the ring and watchin' it shine in the sun. Sure glad I didn't give it back."

"And no one came after ye?"

"They didn' know where to go. It was their mistake, if they had a come we'd a freely given it back." Again she spoke confidently as she turned the current of conversation. "That wasn't the cause of our love."

"Guess you're right Mary," said Lucy. "Sure is a pretty ring. And

to think that it was only the beginnin' of the blessings he poured upon you."

Mary looked at her, a little afraid of Lucy's sensitivity. "Guess my ring's got his soul more than your'n and thet's why it's worth more. Thet's why you're lonely in a way I ain't." Suddenly she seemed a little ashamed of displaying so great a treasure and she drew her hand under the blankets.

Pride Has Four Legs

Virginia Weltmer, '54

For over a hundred years the city fathers of the large Mid-Western town had realized that what had been the ideal fording place for early settlers was not the best site for a city. For eleven months of the year the muddy, wide, slow Missouri lazily flowed past the rail centers and the packing plants. Steel bridges miles long now crossed the water that westward-moving pioneers had waded through. The Easterners had come in with their ideas for "developing a metropolis of wheat and corn and beef in the very heart of our country." They brought the rails and the proud bridges and the experience that warned about the river. They had seen other rivers that rushed through their banks and flooded over the cities on either side. Whenever the brown water spread a bit because of the melting snows in the North, the men with know-how threw up dirt walls on the low slopes. Each year they would put more dirt on the levees to protect the changing town, now grown into a city that lived on living things, the grains and the animals that came from the farms on either side of the Missouri.

During the century after the city's founding, big businesses moved in. This was not the home of banking interests, educational achievements, or black, smoke-belching factories, however; instead, food came from the city. Animals were driven into small crowded pens, fed until they reached a maximum weight, killed in noisy, dark slaughterhouses, and cured into the ideal cuts which went out on the railroads that were waiting for them.

Engineering ability advanced to keep pace with industry. Cement walls replaced the dirt ones; fine models of the river and the city were made, and water from a faucet was pumped down the plaster of Paris bed to see just how much pressure the strong artificial banks could hold.

The low banks that had once offered a convenient crossing place to travelling wagon trains, had become railroad yards. They were behind the cement walls, and they were safe in their confidence in those gray blocks of sand and concrete. Just in front of the wall, between it and the river, was a stretch of land owned by the government. When the water was deep enough to permit flat-bottomed dredge boats to crawl up the channel, they were tied along the wall, but usually the current could carry only driftwood and the city's garbage.

Where there is empty space, people who need room to live will come. One by-product of the growth of the city, one of which the Chamber of Commerce was not proud, was the surplus laborer. As always the thinkers and planners rose to the occasion to help the unfortunates. Housing projects were built, public works were improved, and the man without a job was given one.

There was an exception for whom no niche existed. He was not a citizen. Juan was a Mexican who had worked a little too far north on the migrant field-hand circuit. Some of the wheat harvesters had told him of the good jobs in the packing plants, and one night he had taken his wife and baby and left the other border-jumpers to try to do better somewhere else. He was not the only one who hoped to be more than a picker all his life. His friends helped him to get a job and to find a place to live with other Mexicans.

Juan learned about big business. He knew that the unions were trying to help the worker to get more money from the rich owners, and he was proud of his union number. Later he came to understand what "going on strike" means and why he and his friends walked up and down carrying long sticks with signs on them. Someone read him what the placards said, and he knew that when it was all over he would have more money for himself and the new baby. Then the strike-breakers arrived. He didn't understand this part so well, but when the fighting was all over, he knew that he didn't have a job because some other men had taken money from the company to work instead of striking. The strikers could not go back. For a while the union was optimistic. The men said that everything would be all right because the other companies would "boycott." It really didn't matter that Juan wasn't sure what the word meant, because everything was not all right. There was no new job, no way to pay the rent, no way to get back to the fields, because it was winter and no one picks in the cold.

Juan and his family left their room. The night before, the man who tried to collect money from Juan had shouted that he was a river rat and that all Mexicans belonged along the river. Once more

the little man didn't understand, but he needed to know where he belonged. He found out, and took his wife and babies to live in one of the tar-paper shacks by the deserted docks along the river.

For two years they lived quietly and almost peacefully. Juan learned more and more English, and he managed to get enough odd jobs to buy food. They had no rent; their clothes lasted pretty well, and there, no business or union or shouting men took what they had away from them. Once or twice Juan thought of going back to the fields. The winters were cold, especially when the wind broke through the cracks in the heavy black paper, but Juan knew how to make a kind of clay out of mud, and he could fix the walls. There was always the joy of finding something new. Soon after they arrived, one of the neighbors told him that he could dry out big pieces of driftwood on top of the wall and use them for fuel. He learned to go out early in the morning to be the first one to gather the sticks that were caught in the piers. From the better pieces of lumber Juan built a little box to keep the rest of the wood dry for the coming cold times. Once in a while one of the families that Juan worked for would give him a present. He had heavy winter clothes for the baby, an English grammar book that he couldn't read, a pair of shoes for his wife. They made a home out of the gifts and the wood from the river, and they felt safe.

During those two years the river seemed to help them. Each spring, early, before all of the snow was gone, young men would come and put heavy sand bags on top of the wall. They would stack the sagging sacks high and pack them tightly, and then go away. But the river never came high enough to let the boats come in, and later the men would return and take the sand away.

Though Juan did not know what the sand was for, he learned from it and from the wall. Each year he would climb to the top and take several of the sacks. With the sand and some of the mud he could make a hard cement of his own. If the river needed a wall, so did he. He built up one around his house and even made a gate from some of the wood in his box.

The second year he built a new wall. This time he had a real reason for it. He had received a gift from one of his farmer employers. The man raised pigs, black ones with white bands across their backs and down their front legs. Juan had never seen such pigs as these. They looked as though they were fine sleek gentlemen in black suits with white shirts and ties. They were so different from the Mexican scrub pigs that he asked their owner if he could bring his wife to see them. At first the man laughed; then he said that he had a better idea. He would give Juan one of the "runts." To the Mexican, "runt"

sounded like a marvelous word. He would call his pig "Runt," for that was what the animal was. He proudly carried home the tiny thing, and the next day he began a new wall to shut in his pig.

At first Runt did not live outdoors, for he was a very young animal. One night Juan wakened to hear a wheezing sound. When he got up to see what was wrong he found Runt burrowed under the newspapers that he slept on. Juan took the blanket from his own bed and wrapped the pig in it. Still the bundle shook with Runt's every breath.

"What is the matter, Runt? Are you cold? Here is a good blanket so you won't shiver." Runt did not stop quaking.

Juan's wife stirred and asked why he was up. He told her that Runt was sick.

"Juan, hold him close to you the way you hold a sick child."

In the morning the pig was well.

Perhaps because he was treated like a pet dog or cat, Runt acted like one. The children rode on him and brushed him; he always ate his meals inside while the family did. And as he grew from a scrawny pig into a round, shiny boar, he became the pride of Juan's life. None of his neighbors had ever had such an animal. They had seen ones like him only as the pigs were being driven into chutes to be killed in the meat plants. This pig was an individual, one with a name—an English one, a yard, and a family that loved him.

As the owner of Runt, Juan became the leader of the river community. Others came to him for advice, and he taught them how to build fences and to make their houses warmer. Whenever he heard of jobs, he told his friends, and any newcomer always tried to earn Juan's approval.

The third winter was a particularly hard one, and Runt spent most of it inside. He grew restless being cooped up and on the first warmish day in February, Juan took him outside for a walk, and they saw the men on the wall. It was early for them and there seemed to be more than usual. When some came down onto the slope and started walking out on the dock to look at the water, Juan took Runt inside where the men couldn't see him.

Runt grew fatter and fatter that spring because he was not outside much. Each day men would come down to the edge of the river, and even though they did not speak to the Mexican, Juan was afraid of them. Little by little the thing that they were looking for became clear to Juan. He could see that the river was moving closer to his wall. While the men looked out and measured with intricate instruments, Juan put a stick every day, in the soft ground at the edge of the water. At the end of a week he had moved

the stick nearer his wall seven times, and he understood what was going to happen. The water would move up to his house, into the gate, through the door, and the little shack would wash away. This kind of disaster by act of nature was familiar to Juan; he had seen his relatives sicken and die; crops had burned up under the sun; once a black cloud had torn up houses and blown people away. When those things came, Juan knew but one course of action—that was to pray, and hope, and see what would happen. Juan prayed and moved the stick nearer his wall.

What he was waiting for came with the men one day. A lady in a gray-blue uniform was in the truck with them. She was carrying a brown notebook with her, and when she got to the top of the wall, she opened it and began to write. Juan could see that she was looking at the house, not the river. After she finished studying and writing, one of the sandbaggers climbed down the ladder that had been put on the river side of the wall and came to Juan's wall.

Juan was standing outside to meet them.

"Juan Martiago?" the woman asked.

"Yes."

"Do you speak English?"

"No."

The woman looked at her companion and took a small blue book from her bag.

"Mr. Martiago, we understand that you are the head of the community," she said in slow Spanish. It was not the language that Juan was used to. It sounded like the Spanish of the government officials in Mexico, but Juan understood.

"You have come about the river?" he asked.

"Yes, the river. Mr. Martiago, I have heard that the people here respect you and will do what you say."

Sometimes she had to stop and look in her book before she could go on, but the meaning was clear.

Juan did not answer her remark.

Instead he said, "What about the River? Will it stop coming?"

"We are afraid not. The engineers are trying to make the dike higher, but it is probable that the water will rise beyond your homes."

"And what are we to do?"

"I am Mrs. Larch from the Red Cross. With your help I think we can take care of all of you. But you must tell the people to do as we say."

Once before, with the union men, Juan had done what someone had told him. He had had no choice. Now with the river coming closer every day he again saw no alternative.

"We will do as you say."

Mrs. Larch turned to the man with her and spoke in English. "This is easier than I thought."

Juan did understand that, but he saw no reason to say anything.

"What are we to do?" he repeated.

The blue book came into use again.

"Mr. Martiago, we have found a place for your people to live until the water goes down. We will help each family to make out a list of the persons in each house and the belongings that can't be taken with them, and we will take care of the rest."

She looked as though she were ready to go.

"Where are we to live?"

The question seemed to surprise her.

"We have the use of some government housing temporarily. You will be out of the reach of the water, comfortable and safe."

"That is fine, but will we be allowed to return?"

"There is no law to keep you out."

"Then we may return?"

"Yes."

Juan felt better about asking his friends to do what this woman said if he could promise them that there would be homes for them to return to.

"Mrs. Larch, you are saying the truth?"

"Yes, yes. Will you come with us and help us explain?"

"It will be my privilege."

The next day Juan and the lady finished talking to all of the people. If he said it was all right, they would move. Juan persuaded his friends to answer the questions, helped them to understand what was wanted, and told the woman what she needed to know.

On the way back to the wall Mrs. Larch asked Juan to tell her how many were in his family.

"Five," he said.

"And what are their names?"

Juan told her about himself, his wife, the children, and Runt.

"Runt, who is Runt?"

"He is my pig."

"You don't mean to take it into the city, do you?"

"He is mine. He comes with me."

The three of them stopped at Juan's gate.

Mrs. Larch went on, "Pigs aren't allowed in the city. It is against the ordinance."

"Runt comes with me."

The man talked to Mrs. Larch in such a low voice that Juan

could not understand the rapid English. Mrs. Larch looked pleased with what she had heard and turned to Juan.

"We have just the place for your pig. Many big ranches have had their grazing lands washed out, and they have had to move their herds. The big packers have opened their feed lots to take in the stock. I'm sure that there is room for one more pig."

For Juan there was no way to explain that this was not one more pig. After they gave Runt a bath and brushed him so he would look his best and said goodby to him, Juan and his family moved to the converted barrack-like houses. But Juan had a precious piece of paper which the lady told him proved that he had one pig, Number 5597, in a lot. Someone had written that same number on the shiny, white band of Runt's back, so the paper was supposed to be the same thing as his pig. Juan kept it with him all of the time, and he often showed his friends the writing that was really his beautiful animal.

In several weeks the trucks came to the housing unit to take the people back to the wall. The river had not washed their homes away, and they could go back.

None of the truck drivers could speak Spanish, and Juan would still not reveal that he could understand English. He had learned much from pretending to know nothing. He had to wait until Mrs. Larch came to see if everything was satisfactory before he could ask about Runt. She requested his piece of paper. Only when Juan remembered that things had happened as she had said, would he give it up. With the paper she would see that Runt was brought back the next day.

It was not the truck that came along the wall in the morning. It was Mrs. Larch in a car, and she had a man with her.

"Mr. Martiago," she said, "This is Mr. Jeffers from Armour's. He tells me that the plant doesn't seem to be able to find your pig."

To Juan it was the plant again. It had taken his job from him; now it had taken Runt.

The man talked to Juan through Mrs. Larch. He was so sorry; there had been so many animals; if Mr. Martiago would like to see the vast number of pens that had been filled. All that Juan heard was that Runt was gone. Even worse, Mr. Jeffers offered a new pig, a champion pig. This made it more clear that Runt would never be back.

Juan looked at the two of them standing on one side of the wall. He spoke to them, slowly, carefully in English.

"I want nothing but my pig. He is gone. You took him away to your plant and made meat out of him. Never again will the family of Juan Martiago eat pork."

The Mexican walked down from the wall. The river was still wider than usual, but the melting snow had almost finished its terror. The late spring was turning into summer. There would be time for Juan to get back to the fields for the autumn harvests.

Back Alley

The window opens on a wall,
The whitewash peelings tell the time,
The white light falls a sunny space,

The box of voices entertains
The morning trial of one whose trail
Of waking breath betrays his trouble.

The cold air images a pain
His forced attention will have called
His own the more he thinks of it.

He slams the window down against
A sentiment he calls his fault,
Consults it in the kitchen steam.

Slowly the white light climbs the wall,
A woman calls, the junkman comes
And goes, snow crunches under foot.

An engine whistle crackles clear
And close upon the dirty glass
He looks through darkly. That is all

The morning has to entertain
Him with: the bricked-in box of space
In which the city for a time

(Designed for his attentiveness)
Tells tales along the tattered wall
That turn him glad and tide him cold.

CIVIS MINOR

The Hour From Within

Heard from below in wide air
the round notes are clear.
They converge like stone-
ripples which run
circumference-shattering each
into other; and such
overtones as are
in conflict still ring pure.
The bell is effortless
outside where others pass
half-listening. But I,
crouched on one knee
under the belfry, hear
a sound more rare
than chimes: the creaking chain
responsible for this tune,
the rusty servitor
doing its mighty chore.

The struck hour
is stricken only in the tower.

Diana Forbes '54

Most of all should I regret it, never
to walk
alone, wind-blown, on some before-spring day,
feeling the grey surge of the swollen river,
the experimental gold of willow leaves,
and the dark
restlessness of still unraining sky.
The young colt understands, on hooves
that answer back.

Josephine Case '54

CONTENTS

THE ETERNAL HUNTSMAN FINDS IMMORTALITY BURDENSOME 2
Isabel Nash

BRIGHTNESS FALLS, OCTOBER 1952 - - - - - - - 3
Diana Forbes

RONDEL - - - - - - - - - - - - - 3
Josephine Case

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN - - - - - - - - - 4
Renie Peirez

POEM - - - - - - - - - - - - - 6
Josephine Case

THE LAST TIME I SAW BOSTON - - - - - - - 7
V. DI LEXI

ADVENT - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Mary Conway Hendrickson

MRS. TOWLE - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Kirsten Rodsgaard

AUGMENTED REQUIEM - - - - - - - - - 15
Sarah Bolster

DIARY OF A DEBUTANTE - - - - - - - - - 16
Ashe

IN THE TWENTIETH YEAR - - - - - - - - - 17
Patricia Price

AS EASY AS LYING - - - - - - - - - - 18
Judith Thompson

THE YALLER DIAMOND - - - - - - - - - 25
Ellen Bell

PRIDE HAS FOUR LEGS - - - - - - - - - 31
Virginia Weltmer

BACK ALLEY - - - - - - - - - - - - 38
Civis Minor

THE HOUR FROM WITHIN - - - - - - - - - 39
Diana Forbes

POEM - - - - - - - - - - - - - 39
Josephine Case

LIVINGSTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
NARBERTH, PENNSYLVANIA

18.73B9
Co
Winter, 1953

BRYN MAWR
COLLEGE
DEC 1, 1953
LIBRARY

P.R.

Counterpoint

Bryn Mawr College Winter 1953

COUNTERPOINT

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

WINTER, 1953

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

JOSEPHINE CASE

ANNE PHIPPS

EDITORIAL BOARD

DIANA FORBES

ISABEL NASH

PATRICIA PRICE

RENIE PEIREZ

JUDITH CATLIN

SALLYANN BURGESS

MAXINE SCHWARTZ

BUSINESS BOARD

KATHERINE MASELLA

SI-SI CHU

CYNTHIA SUTHERLAND

Copyright, Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, 1953

Bryn Mawr
378.73B9
QCo
Winter, 1953

The *Counterpoint* board is pleased to present its first issue of the year 1953-54, and wishes to thank all its contributors. Special acknowledgment is due our noted alumna and well-loved teacher, Miss Marianne Moore, whose poems, *The Miser and the Monkey* and *The Fox and the Turkeys,* are here published for the first time. It is with great pleasure that we dedicate this *Counterpoint* to Miss Moore.

CONTENTS

Operation Coronation - - - - - - - - 5
Phoebe Albert

Patterns Observed At A Weekend Party - - - 9
Patricia Price

The Survivor Of The Flood Laments Lost Innocence 10
Isabel Nash

A Piece Of Glass - - - - - - - - - 12
Patricia Price

The Blessed Children - - - - - - - 13
Jessica Dragonette

Suffering - - - - - - - - - - 21
Diana Forbes

Two Fables Of La Fontaine - - - - - 22
Marianne Moore

Trust A Tower - - - - - - - - - 24
Josephine Case

A Day With The Lions - - - - - 24
Paula Sutter

Red - - - - - - - - - - - 34
Judith Belt

Operation Coronation

Phoebe Albert, '54

To be exact—it was four P. M. on a curbstone in the outskirts of Edinburgh on a lovely fresh spring afternoon. And on this curbstone were four girls, waiting for the bus. It was quite apparent that this was not the start of a quiet Sunday outing. It was not the macintoshes they wore on a sunny day or the small bag carried by each, that made the casual passerby glance twice, but rather the royal blue cardboard periscope, the two racing sticks, and the bottle of cognac. With these few implements, given to us by well-wishing though sceptical Scottish friends, we were off to the Coronation.

The fifteen-hour night bus ride was accomplished with no trouble, if no sleep. Monday morning we arrived in London with the millions of others streaming in by bus, train and every other mode of conveyance. Our object was to see the Coronation. How or where, we had not the vaguest clue, but we were outside of Victoria and it was now time for decisive action. The Queen was quite obviously in the Palace; the crowds were going that way. With racing sticks in the fore, we made our way through the mobs. We still had no specific plan of attack.

Twenty rows of pushing and milling people were trying to poke their noses between the black iron railings around the Palace, in hopes of a glimpse. That transient position was not our aim; so we wove our way around the Victoria Monument, to the head of the Mall. Huge blue stands banked with red geraniums surrounded the circle. We staked out our claims on the curb opposite the lovely grey Georgian Palace. Complimenting ourselves upon our cleverness, we seated ourselves on the 'soft' cement. No sooner had I dashed off to telephone a friend, than a bobby informed the other three that that part of pavement was reserved for disabled veterans. Dolefully they picked up their chattels, leaving one sentry stationed for me, and started off down the Mall. Already all curb seats were occupied. So past the second archway over the Mall, against the second small oak on the left facing the Palace, they ensconced themselves.

Returning from my call, I was intercepted and brought to our new camp site. Unfortunately, however, I had arranged a three-party rendezvous at our first position with a friend who was going to bring food and blankets. Till then, there was nothing to do but spread ourselves out, with our backs around the tree, start eating, and get to know our neighbors. The women on the curb in front of us had taken their station at six A. M. that morning. Not one of them was

on the sunny side of fifty. By early that afternoon, we were surrounded by the Commonwealth, and our area of habitation had been considerably diminished. We now sat with knees in tight crooked position. On our right were eight or nine Australian girls of hosteller type, with walking shoes, and packs on their backs. Behind us were a Jamaican family with mama, papa, and children ranging from fifteen to five. To our right were two English girls, and two women from Ceylon who were short, but of mountainous porportions. All were in holiday spirits.

Have I mentioned the weather? Well, it was dull; the sky was grey and low. But of course no rain would dare fall for the Coronation of the Queen of England. Besides, we were not prepared for it —loafers, no hats, and my thin macintosh which leaked deplorably. At least, in June, as far south as London, it certainly would not be cold. That was our consoling thought, as the heavy grey sky became heavier and greyer.

At three-fifteen I took up our former position for my rendezvous. Most inconsiderately, the Royal Luncheon for Foreign Ministers was just breaking up. With the rest of the mob, I peered through the windows of the black limousines, at the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, Nehru and Churchill. Princess Margaret actually looked me in the eye, but immediately recoiled in fright. Again and again the patient bobbies, on foot and on horseback, pushed the mobs back onto the sidewalk, but again and again we uncontrollably pushed forward as each sleek black car left the Palace gates. Needless to say, my friend and I did not make contact. And the rain had begun, and with it a rather dismaying, chill wind.

Back at our camp, the ground was already beginning to be muddy; food wrappings littered the ground, at least on the few visible square inches of it; our oak leaked. But no amount of sky water could dampen the spirit, This was a celebration and holiday, and such materialistic things as adverse weather and hard muddy seats were ignored. Only late comers who tried to force their way in got rough treatment. The sidewalk thirty feet back to the stands was packed. The Mall was still a sea of sightseers, many with packs on their backs marching the route, looking for a spot. All through the night it was thronged with milling people. All over, groups of singers started up. Behind us was a most ridiculous man in tails, mortarboard, false nose and flowing black hair, who led our community singing. He was a most versatile and applauded ham.

At about ten-thirty, our cognac was christened. I am afraid we were very stingy with it, as the raw chill was penetrating our bones.

Layers of newspapers did not stop the cold and wet which seeped up from beneath. In fact, if we cared or dared to admit it, we were slightly uncomfortable on the coldest June-first night on record. The Jamaican mother behind us was lying down with her smallest inside her coat to give him some warmth and sleep. A few times my mind lingered on the thought of the Queen not far away, in the dark Palace in her nice warm bed. Was she asleep—the night before the most serious day of her life? Well, we certainly were not, and although the loud outbursts quieted down, there was the constant hum of voices, the pitter-pat of raindrops, and the shuffle and confusion of the throngs on the Mall.

By one-thirty, the chill and cramp had sunk in; so two of us stepped over a few bodies, onto the street. Up and down the Mall we ran. However, the most effective way to generate heat, we found, was to worm our way in between the fairly narrow gates opening of the Mall into the park. There we were buffeted back and forth by the streams of people going in and out. Since the ladies' room was another warm spot, we queued for an hour for a few minutes of that haven. Then we made our way homeward. Over the Mall the diagonal cross arches with their suspended crowns were of gossamer beauty. Each golden ball and bit of tracework glistened with the light of the street lamps. The crowns seemed to float magically below the arches. They were delicateness, light, and grace. And below them were people, people, people. They were walking up and down; they were sitting, crouching, leaning, standing under the trees, on the sidewalk, against the stands—forms and shadows blending into each other—looking like the mass humanity of a refugee camp.

No sooner had we returned to our places than, as if by signal, everyone made the Move. The back pressed forward. In the scramble, our periscope was crushed underfoot. And from four A. M. on, we were packed like sardines. At least it was not much effort, standing in that fashion, as each was mutually supported by his neighbors. Difficulty arose only when the crowd swayed in one direction and one found oneself at a forty-five degree angle, in imminent peril of having all collapse.

Soon the curbs were flanked with policemen. One in particular seemed to have an unfailing supply of chocolate for all the children. He fished out a piece from his pocket at every crucial moment. All the children were put up front. Men swept the streets; every garbage truck was enthusiastically cheered. Those who fainted were carried out on grey, blanketed stretchers by the Salvation Army. There was a busy messenger service between Clarence House and the Palace.

Illustrious guests soon began arriving, dressed in top hats and silks and carrying rolled umbrellas. They sat in the stands, through the trees behind us.

Next the Queen's Guards in their magnificent bearskins, red coats and brass buttons, were stamped along the Mall and into position lining the street. Naturally, on the border of every picture I took, is half a bearskin. As the rain seeped and saturated this glorious form of headgear, the Guard would have to resort to shaking his head like a dog, spraying an arc of water over the crowd behind him. Then came the bands. At equal distance from us were a brass band and the Royal Scottish Pipers.

Our day and night vigil melted into insignificance as the parade started. We cheered rank upon rank of marching troops; the kilted Scottish detachments, the Kurkhas, the Canadian Mounties. Air Force officers bounced by uncomfortably on horses they could not control. The Beefeaters and the Bargemaster, and then the Royal Horse Guards, in plumed silver helmets, blue coats, doeskin breeches, glassy boots—all flowed past in a stream of unmatchable and indescribable pageantry, color, splendor. Yet this was not the key to the day's magnificence; that rested in the hearts of the people who came to see their Queen crowned. It was expressed in the roar, which preceded the golden Coach by a hundred yards. It was irresistible when it hit you, and you were not even aware of shouting, as the serious and beautiful young Queen passed by, fifteen feet from you, in her glittering State Coach.

By ten-thirty, all had gone by, and the rain and we settled down to wait for the return. We scrunched ourselves onto the ground, ate our few remaining, sodden crusts, and finished the cognac. Much against our will we had spared a wee bit to revive a girl who had passed out behind us. Soon the procession's arrival at Westminster was announced over the street broadcasting system and the service began. The cold water was trickling down our back and our feet were soaked, but when we shut our eyes we could imagine ourselves inside the Abbey, shouting "God Save Queen Elizabeth!" The blast of the trumpets, the thunder of the organ, the words of the service, were as if we were there.

When the service was over, and the Queen had left the Abbey, there was silence in the streets. The unending fall of cold rain, the weary shakiness in the knees, the knowledge that we had a two and a half hour wait before the Queen would return, made our spirits flag. Suddenly the Scots Pipers tuned up, and marched down the Mall. There is no more stirring and life-giving sound. No doctor

could have prescribed a better cure. Spontaneously, everyone sang. When the Scots rested, the brass band struck up. Pooh to the rain! Sleep was a thing of the past!

Again the procession flowed by, with its unbelievable wealth of brilliance—glorious and triumphant. It had been joined by the Colonial rulers, and the Prime Ministers, and by members of the Royal family. Queen Salote, her plume drooping in the rain, waved gaily from an open carriage. Nehru bowed gravely. Prince Michael Lyphen of Kent, a little absent-minded after the long ride, waved to the left while bowing to the right.

As the Queen reached the Palace gates, there was a wild move forward. We were swept towards the Palace. At the top of the Mall, police cordons, one bobby grasping the hand of the other, cut through the crowds to ease the pressure. One cordon cut directly in front of us, so that my chin was resting on a bobby's arm. At least I got a quick cat-nap by laying my head on his shoulder. Then without warning there was an overwhelming surge from behind; the chain broke and we flooded around the Monument, to stand right in front of the Palace. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, the rest of the royal party, all appeared on the balcony. The R. A. F. zoomed over. The Queen waved to her people.

Patterns Observed at a Weekend Party

Since she was beautiful
And laughed a great deal
In between moments when others spoke of last year's parties,
It did not seem quite right
That they should dismiss her.

As she sat beside a man
That someone else had chosen for her,
She traced patterns on a rug and listened to him talk,
Realizing it was increasingly important
That she should remain silent.

Was the whole day of misunderstanding
There at the place where horses jumped
And drunken people watched them
Worth the moment when suddenly they climbed over the fence
and washed their hands in the river?

PATRICIA PRICE, '54

The Survivor of the Flood Laments Lost Innocence

When all the world was water
We used to travel high
On interwoven splinters
Between the sea and sky.
We thought the world was private
Till Noah floated by.

We didn't envy Noah,
We thought the ark looked dull
(They didn't laugh, they didn't dance,—
Their eyes and hearts were full.)
You longed to shoot an albatross,
But missed twice on a gull.

The airy water pressed us up
Against the watered air,
And swimming slow before the sun,
The birds, with finny care,
Were shadowing the sharks that sluiced
Out from their seaweed lair.

(The stubborn stars that wouldn't fall!
The sun that wouldn't pale!
The blue-heeled wind, with careful tread,
Soft-pedalling the gale!
The sky and sea birds courtseying
Along our dripping trail!)

And everything was blue and green
Except for me and you;
And sometimes it was hard to tell
What floated and what flew.
The sea and sky were mingled, but
One wobbled and one blew.

No dove came with a warning
When the sea shrank from the air.
One morning chimneys periscoped,
The next left towers bare.

From bottled buildings phones intoned—
But no one seemed to care.

And all was wet and slippery
In that deserted town—
Deserted save for one old man,
Who, swimming up and down,
Spit out a bit of beard and cried:
"You're too naive to drown!"

But then you must hold your head under the water
To try to discover the feelings of those who drowned;
And suddenly you looked up at me through the greenish water
And you cried to me with your lips: "But it has depth!"
And the water stopped your throat. I was alone.
I looked around and the ark was but a raft;
And the water seeped through the boards most eagerly.
Yet indeed the tide had so abated
That the space could not be found
In which to drown.

I walked ten miles yesterday afternoon
Down to the last sea.
I stood among the bones of the crustaceans,
And I watched the sloping gravestones
Crumbling irregularly on the shore,
And I knew that the sea was dying.
Yes, it has withdrawn quite a little
Even since last year.
Here where I am standing now at the full tide
Was all noisy contours and drowning sand
Last Spring.
By next spring will the sea slip from its skin
Leaving only a hollow?
The sun, like a fierce scorpion,
Is stinging the mist from the sky,
And I am afraid that a time of great heat is coming,
And I know what it is to fear.

I feel perhaps it would have been a grace to have been able to perish in the flood.

ISABEL NASH, '55

A Piece Of Glass

In my hand I held a structure of smoked glass.
At first I saw merely masses, substances in shapes.
I watched inverted triangles and irregular
Edges moving to plained and separate hyperboles.
Abstract arches arrayed voluptuous flourishes
Of over-full curves with hollows that haunt after.

Then sudden at the center strikes a straight line.
Line, once it is found, starts clean light over the figure.
Light spreads, envelopes, glistens on rhombus and arch,
Fills hollows with shadow, points edges bright,
Treats before unseen texture of glass with sympathy.
Tough roughness of sand, coarse ship of quartz,
Smooth syllable of space—stand out in light
Which sharply silvers the slim parabola,
While roseate warmth rounds the eclipse.

I saw the line's light deepen the glass,
Give quality to what was strangely obscured.
For the only thing transparent is the line.
Once one sees the line, the hidden line
(Oh, one must hold the glass long and watch closely)
The otherwise opaque mass illuminates.
The line, the soul of the figure encompasses
The shape. The whole of the thing is suddenly light.
Thou glass, thou interwoven, intricate ego!
I have held light in the palm of my hand.

I glanced up once from my manifest crystalled essence.
For a moment I looked away and it slipped from my hand.
Then tragic on the floor lay shattered radiance.
I glued the fragments together with my tears.
But when I had fashioned the whole glass and held it again
I looked for the straight hidden line, and it was not there.

PATRICIA PRICE, '54

The Blessed Children

Jessica Dragonette, '55

"My dear Elvira, I couldn't possibly marry you." Gabriele d'Annunzio leaned back against the heavy mahogany desk and waved one slim hand in a gesture of remonstrance. "You don't seem to realize how much my career means to me; how much I may mean to Italy; how much Italy must and shall mean to the world!"

The beautiful Donna Elvira rose from her chair and walked to the window. "Of course I realize all that," she said bitterly. "No one could know you for an hour without realizing that a means for the salvation of mankind lies within your grasp, only provided that nothing comes in your way. I did not mean for an instant to imply that either I or my child would ever be an asset to your career. I could never even attempt the role of a loving solicitous wife—I

haven't the stomach for such a part. I merely dared hope that your sense of honor might impel you to grant your son the too often underestimated privilege of a name."

"My son!" d'Annunzio repeated in surprise.

"I fell certain it will be a son," Donna Elvira replied tragically, turning her back on the poet.

"Dear madam, it is absurd to imagine that we might marry. Prominently, nay, notoriously in the public eye as I have been and always shall be, I should be compelled to be a dutiful and attentive husband to you, and I fear that is a role for which I lack both the inclination and the talent. Much as I should like to accommodate you, desirous as I am for your happiness and our child's future prosperity, the progress of my artistic and patriotic endeavors must, with me, take precedence over all."

Fingering the heavy velvet of the curtains, Donna Elvira looked down onto the smooth gray-green surface of the Grand Canal. "Venice is a city of graves. In every quarter, beneath every balcony, in every corner and side street the lonely and betrayed may find solace near at hand." She turned to face him once more. "The young Marquesa is very charming, is she not?"

D'Annunzio snorted with annoyance. "Candor does not become you," he said curtly. "You are a beautiful woman, Elvira, and I would always have forgiven you your intellect by the grace of your sparkling wit. But I cannot excuse frankness in a woman. You should learn to cultivate the ladylike accomplishment of tact.

"I trust you would not be so foolish as to contemplate taking your own life," he continued, moving forward to the fireplace. "We human beings are nothing if not alive; our whole business is living. Life is—", his hands sought the appropriate gesture as his mind the words, "—life is a constantly changing thing. Every grief, every problem is eventually absorbed and dissolved in the flow of change. Death is bad, bad, because it interrupts and destroys the continuity.

"No, death is not your answer. You have too much to give to the world, too much still to receive from it. Why can't you marry someone less incorrigible than I? Surely you have hearts enough at your command. What of young Louis Baroni? He is ready to die for you if you but give him the chance."

"Gabriele," said Donna Elvira, turning to him in fury, "do not dare to suggest that I make use of your ruthless and ignoble methods. Louis Baroni is a gentleman, a soul of nobility and kindness. I love him, and I will never do anything to hurt or deceive him.

For this reason," she added quietly, "he is lost to me forever. If you will not consent to what I ask in shame and grief, there is only one course left for me."

D'Annunzio jabbed at the fire with an ornately wrought poker. After several moments of black silence he returned to the desk and resumed his half-sitting position.

"Very well," he said finally, soberly twisting the ends of his small moustache, "this is what I shall do. We will play a match of chess, you and I, with a stake of servitude. If you win, I will do any single thing you ask of me—marry you, if that is still your desire. If I win, then you must obey some one command of mine. Are you agreed to this, madam?"

The lady moved back and forth before the fireplace with short, tense steps. Back and forth she moved, her high pale forehead contracted with a sense of fear and futility. At length she stopped before d'Annunzio and grasped the high back of a chair with tight fingers.

"I will consent," she said, "on the condition that your command must in no way prevent me from taking my life after its conditions are fulfilled."

"I promise, madam, that your death will be in your own hands. If you will be so good as to come here on next Thursday evening, we may battle it out on the field of the chessboard. I think we shall be evenly matched," he added, bowing low over the Donna Elvira's hand and opening the door.

Two days later d'Annunzio, on his way to the palace, alighted from a gondola before the Piazza San Marco. He handed the gondolier a note with a skillfully unconcerned gesture, and while the man mumbled his gratitude, mounted the steps to the sun-filled square. Hundreds of people milled around him, laughing and quarreling, some strolling aimlessly and others striding purposefully, streaming down from the bridge, spreading out in the square, and scattering into the side streets. In the center of the square, beyond the great lions and the tall campanile, was a bandstand erected for that evening's concert. D'Annunzio felt an old, well-known urge, the desire to mount the steps and speak to the people, to hold their attention and weave a spell around them. He wanted to rouse and excite them, to make them conscious of him, of his intensity and ambition and fierce patriotism. Look, Venetians, you work and laugh and trust in the future, but here am I: put your trust in me and I will be your future. Listen, you Venetians, listen to me and follow me to Italy's day of glory!

In the midst of the crowd he felt alone, not one of the people but a man driven by desire for excitement and adulation. He heard his name, as in a dream—D'Annunzio! Gabriele d'Annunzio!

He was being hailed by a young man who approached him, the wealthy and handsome Louis Baroni. The two men bowed.

"My dear Louis, how are you," d'Annunzio asked genially. "How is the poetry coming?"

Louis shrugged indifferently. "It comes, sometimes, and sometimes not. I make no pretence of genius."

"In short, you are discouraged. Ah, Louis," said d'Annunzio mischieveously, "you want inspiration. You should seek it in the glorious bosom of Socialism—never to let it color your words, but to let it rekindle the fires of your talent."

"To me," Louis replied stiffly, "art and politics are forever to be kept separate. You are welcome to unite them if you so wish, but such a unity can never of value to me."

"Ah, then it is a woman that you want. Let some warm beauty inspire you to glorious words. Every fair heart in Venice can be yours, Young, handsome and adored as you are, you have but to choose!"

"There is but one woman to whom I acknowledge allegiance, as you well know," said Louis coldly. "Although I had dared to hope otherwise, the lady remains true to you. I have proposed marriage to her and been refused."

"Pooh, there is no love lost between us, I can promise you. Still, I might have told you your suit would be rejected."

"What do you mean?" the young man demanded.

"Margari, e' perzo a Salvatore,
Margari, ma l'ommo e' cacciatore!
Margari, nun ce aje corpa tu!
Chello che'e' fatto e' fatto un ne parlammo ochiu!"

d'Annunzio sang impudently.

"What?" cried Louis, his eyes wide with fury. "Are you trying to insinuate—"

"Insinuate, euphemize—it doesn't matter. There is no question; I know."

"By Heaven, this is intolerable! You shall pay with your life!" The younger man had stopped short, and he stood in the middle of the square, pain and rage written on his face.

D'Annunzio smiled. In that smile was the cunning of the lawyer, the charm of the demagogue, the wisdom of the poet. He drew Louis gently along by the arm.

"What is done, is done. How can taking my life benefit the lady whose honor you hold so dear!"

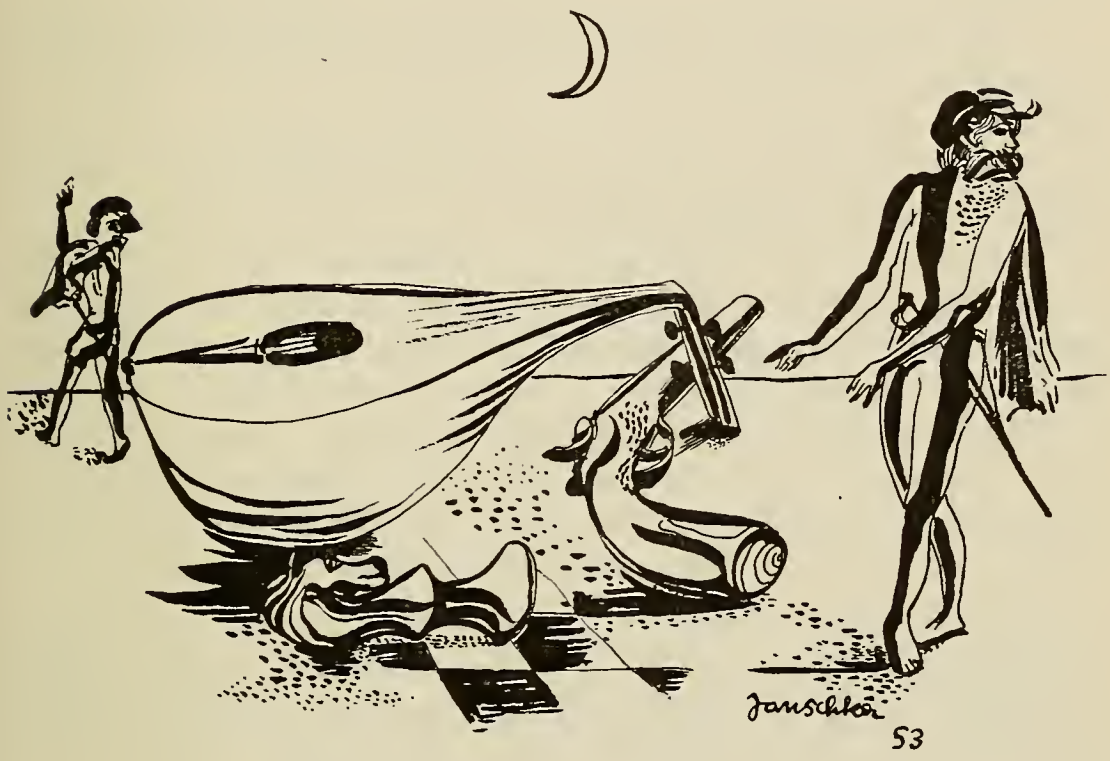
"You shall marry her, then, if she can endure that!"

"And if I refuse?" d'Annunzio asked quietly.

"Then it shall be fight to the death between us!"

"My dear Louis," the politician said gently, "I beg of you, be reasonable. I have known you for some time, and while you are undeniably a fine poet, you can by no stretch of the imagination be considered a fighter. You would be throwing away your life."

"My challenge stands," said Baroni proudly.



"And to me the choice of weapon." D'Annunzio walked along in silence, his head down, staring intently at the stone paving. At length he lifted his head.

"Louis Baroni, I will not fight you, for I loved and revered your father more than I have loved and revered any man. We shall play at match of chess, you and I, and if you win I will do any single thing you command me to do—whether to marry the Lady Elvira or to permit you to try to put a bullet through my head. And if I win, you must obey a command of mine. Are you agreed to that?"

"I am," said Louis with compelling dignity, "and may God give me strength to establish the right."

"Very well, then," d'Annunzio said. They had reached the steps of the palace; he mounted them and stood there, thoughtfully unbuttoning his cream-colored gloves and gazing down at Louis. "Come to my apartment on Thursday evening. Until then, goodbye." He bowed gracefully and entered the palace, swinging his cane a bit and twirling his hat on one long finger.

On Thursday d'Annunzio dined early with the Marquesa. At half past eight he excused himself and returned to his apartment. Entering the capacious sitting-room, he found his servant lighting the candles.

"Well, Giuseppe," he said, drawing off his gloves, "this evening we shall see if hand and eye are as steady as ever. Is everything ready?"

"Everything, sir. I trust you will be successful." And bowing slightly, Giuseppe left him alone.

D'Annunzio stood with his back to the fire and surveyed the room. The thick olive curtains were drawn, and candlelight and firelight cast a warm glow over the rich carpeting, the smooth walls, the heavy, comfortable furniture. In the center of the room were three huge leather armchairs and two gracefully carved tables. On each table was a chessboard with its men in position for the game. One set was of ivory, tiny and intricately carved; the other, more massive and less cunningly worked, was made of alabaster.

He sat down, somewhat wearily, in the one chair from which he might control both boards. The black men of the ivory set were facing him; the other board was turned sideways. D'Annunzio picked up the black queens and held one in each hand. He leaned back, smiling at them, running a thumbnail along their carvings, watching their vague firelight shadows on the leather of the chair.

"My queens," he said softly. "My lovely, faithful darlings." And returning them to their places, he rose as Donna Elvira entered the room.

She wore a pale green gown, straight and almost severe in its simple elegance. Her magnificent dark hair was coiled low on her neck, and her face was lovelier than ever for its tragic paleness. She gave her black cloak to the silent Giuseppe and her hand to d'Annunzio who kissed it with respectful courtesy.

"Madam," he said softly, "you have never looked more beautiful."

She smiled quietly and let him lead her to a chair. She sat silent for a moment, looking at the straight rows of ivory pieces before her.

"This has been a long week for me," she said. "Now, one way or another, my fate will be decided. I have no more decisions to make." She looked up and smiled at him. "I will rather enjoy my last chess game."

"Tut, madam," he said gruffly, "there's no reason to suppose this will be your last. Doubtless you'll force me into many a game on the long domestic evenings that lie ahead of us."

Donna Elvira laughed, her face suddenly relaxed. Then she looked questioningly at the second chessboard.

"Another guest, my dear, and another wager. Louis Baroni and I have a small matter to settle between us."

The lady rose, a flush of pain and anger coloring her face. "Gabriele, this is too much! I have always believed I could have faith in your good taste and discretion. This is hardly an affair to be made public! And of all the world, Louis Baroni is the last person you should have permitted to come here."

"My dear young lady, there is nothing to be distressed about. Baroni knows that you and I are old friends. Personally, I believe that he is perfectly aware of what you are trying so zealously to hide from him. But in any case, there is no reason why we should not all spend one pleasant evening together."

"You have gone too far!" Donna Elvira exclaimed. "I refuse to stay here!" And she moved toward the door.

But it was too late. The door opened and Giuseppe announced Louis Baroni, who started with astonishment at the sight of Donna Elvira, regal in her beauty and anger. Love and sorrow struggled in his face as he took her hand in both of his and raised it to his lips.

"You see, Louis, there are two matches played tonight," said d'Annunzio. "Donna Elvira has challenged me by doubting that my intelligence can have survived my thirty-sixth birthday. I have accepted the gauntlet, and I shall defeat you both if I can." He gesture Louis into the third armchair. "You and I shall play with alabaster. This set was carved for my father by a talented Florentine craftsman who, for good reason, felt obligated to him. I trust it will bring both of us good fortune and keen wits."

At a sign from him, Giuseppe came forward with a silver box, from which he took a pack of cards. He offered them to Louis, who drew the ace of diamonds. D'Annunzio drew a four and threw it back into the box.

"You have the advantage, Louis," he said, turning the white ranks toward his opponent. "See that you keep it."

And so they played. Deep silence enveloped the room, the firelight danced on the walls and flickered among the pieces. D'Annunzio, his chin on his hand, turned from one board to the other, studying, weighing, choosing; Louis watched intently, leaning forward, never taking his eyes from the board; Donna Elvira leaned back in her chair, gazing into the fire whenever d'Annunzio pondered a move. Before long she had lost the first game, and she lay back to watch the light patterns on the ceiling while the two men battled their way to a checkmate. It was Louis' game.

D'Annunzio touched a bell and Giuseppe entered. He carried a tray of glasses. While he set up the pieces, the men sipped their wine, smoked, and discussed the play. Donna Elvira stared at the ceiling, saying nothing.

Before long Giuseppe removed the glasses and the games began again. Donna Elvira played impulsively and inattentively. D'Annunzio concentrated his attention on Louis's board. At the end of half an hour he had won them both. He touched the bell again, and Giuseppe appeared with the glasses and filled them once more. At a sign, he took away the table with the ivory chessmen. The third game began. Donna Elvira rose and went to the fire, where she sat warming her hands and looking into the flames.

Nothing stirred in the room; the hush was thick and hot, oppressive. The men leaned over the board, their shoulders bent, their eyes keen and intent. Somewhere in another room a clock chimed eleven; then eleven-thirty; then twelve. Donna Elvira shivered convulsively. Check, and check; check. Mate.

The bell was rung. Giuseppe entered and looked at the board. He turned to his master.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said.

Presently Donna Elvira rose and stood in the center of the room. "Gabriele," she said quietly, "you are free. What do you want of me?"

D'Annunzio took her hand and led her to his chair. She and Louis now faced each other, and for a moment they looked searchingly into each other's eyes. Then they looked up at him.

"I am your slave, d'Annunzio," Louis said, his voice tight. "Command me as you will."

He stood looking down at those two, then, his face inscrutable. In the moment of silence which followed, they both wondered what manner of man he was. Poet, orator, fighter, politician. Arrogant

and selfish, yet he was dedicated to the service of his country as few men have ever been dedicated. Loving the plaudits of the mob, he still loved the mob for itself, for its life, its weakness, its humanness. He looked down at them as he was wont to look at the crowds who worshiped, feared, and obeyed him.

"My children," he said at last, "all I ask of you is this: that you, Louis, take this woman, for better or for worse, to have and cherish from this day forth; that you, Elvira, take this man to be your lawful wedded husband . . . "

Gabriele d'Annunzio went out and closed the door behind him.

Suffering

Unfortunately, suffering
Outside of books is rarely a noble thing.
Always in life there pounds the sorry stress
Of what in the end is merely selfishness.
Knowledge of this brings secret self-contempt,
Yet are the noblest ever quite exempt
From feeling: This is me and that is why
My actions matter? If I die
Or live a certain way, it is because
I have been faithful to my special laws,
And if I suffer for a private reason
Must I accuse myself of treason
To brother men? Had Roland blown his horn,
Self-scorn would have been the only scorn
To lash his pride, for none would count him coward
Save Roland's self. It was himself who towered
Over the moment and made his action great —
A rearguard leader calling for help too late.

Diana Forbes, '54

TWO FABLES OF LA FONTAINE

BOOK TWELVE

III

The Miser and the Monkey

A man was hoarding. You know how when people hoard,
Madness throws reason overboard.
He dreamt of nothing but ducats and pistoles, this fool——
For when they lie idle, I'd call them unprofitable.
That safety for his hoard be assured,
Our miser dwelt where the sea was the one thing in sight,
That from every direction, thieves might be deterred.
There, with zeal which would seem to me childish appetite;
To him, ecstasy, he massed his spoils until they towered:
Thus his days and nights were devoured
As he'd cast, calculate and re-apply the rule,
Calculate and cast like a cypherer in school.
A good-sized monkey more intelligent than the man, I suspect,
Would hurl from the window, dubloons as they'd collect,
And every day cause a deficit.
A lock to the room where the miser would sit,
Made it safe to leave coins on the board where they were tiered
But one fine day thanks to the notion on which he had hit,
Sir Bertrand sacrificed to the sea, wealth his master revered.
As for me when I compare
The monkey's pleasure with the miserly man's share,
I think both deserved a fool's prize, equally.
Some might think Bertrand had priority,
Though to say exactly why would be rather hard;
So then with not a thought but to waste what he should guard,
He picked up a dubloon and was hurling money down——
Jacobus, ducat or crown,
Then rose noble——in jubilant throws.
With force and skill the monkey soon dissipated
Those minted discs by which man is inebriated,
For which thirst grows and grows.
If he'd not heard the key of the miserly man
Scratching at the padlock's aperture,

Bertrand would have gone on hurling as he began
Till no coins remained to hurled, one is sure;
Whirling them fathoms to the ocean-bed——
A gulf where shipwrecked treasure upon treasure's hid.
God help financier on financier motivated
To do as that misled miser did.

BOOK TWELVE

XVIII

The Fox and the Turkeys

Baiting a fox who'd spring in air,
Some turkeys had perched in a tree, their citadel.
The furred foe was trotting up near and circling far,
Scanning each feathered sentinel;
Then snarled: "How now! I, set at naught by turkey-cocks!
Shallow gobblers defy an experienced fox!
Never, by all the gods, no;" and caught them as will appear.
The moon glared so white that his every move was clear;
The birds could see as plainly as if it were noon,
Yet he was used to vigils despite a brilliant moon,
With tricks in his bag to offset any plight.
His forepaws trod air as he made his body light;
He'd feign that death had cut him short, then in a flash would rise;
Harlequin in each new disguise
Was not so varied a multitude.
He'd willow out his tail like flame that sinks and flies;
His effort knew no interlude;
He did so well not a turkey could close its eyes.
As he trotted to and fro, each over-weary bird
Would stare till its scared eyes blurred.
The poor things held to the perch so dizzily
That one by one the flock fell; each was borne from the tree
To Master Fox's lair; he took nearly half of them home,—
Pluming himself on endless turkeys for his use.

Defeat is a thing which constant fear can induce.
Beg for trouble and it will come.

MARIANNE MOORE, '09

Trust a Tower

Trust a tower to make the world
look round —
Nothing else will do it
but a ship,
and this round world is made of leaves
not waves,
in which the sleeping chimney-pots
are lost,
and slender spires, sky-bound,
are drowned.
Silver cars, in a clearing, flash
and pass;
all is summer-green, below
the blue,
but more is heard than seen.
A strange dream —
to think the world is rounder
from a tower!

JOSEPHINE CASE, '54

A Day With the Lions

PAULA SUTTER, '57

The request had been so sudden, so completely unexpected.

For the past two weeks, Marjorie Loring had awakened with the feeling that she was going to cry. Summer vacations were far from the happy fancies dreamed up by bored and weary housewives. Amusing one's self for thirteen or fourteen hours daily could be very tiresome.

Washing her face, hands, and teeth every day was bad; dressing constantly in neat skirts or dresses was not much better; but breakfast was the worst of all. Orange juice, toast, a poached egg, and a giant glass of thick, creamy milk. Susan next door had chocolate eclairs

or jelly doughnuts for breakfast almost all the time, and a cup of chocolate mix.

That's why the request had had such a breath-taking impact. Near the point of salting the remains of her egg with her tears, Marjorie was seated at the breakfast table; Mrs. Loring was bustling at the sink, stacking dirty dishes in an authoritative manner that defied even the most innocuous cup to tip a trifle. The hot, soapy water was ready; Marjorie expected to hear the clatter of the glass in the dishpan at any moment. She drew her milk to her lips.

Her mother turned. "Marjorie, dear, I want you to go to the store for me this morning and ask Ralph for a nice, ripe canteloupe."

Marjorie unscrewed her nose and lowered the rim of her glass from her eyes.

"What?"

"I'm sure you heard me the first time, dear. Finish your milk like a good girl."

Looking dumbly at her mother's apronstrings, Marjorie sat before her milk-glass, scarcely daring to breathe for fear that she would hear her mother cancel the errand.

Mrs. Loring turned from the sink to retrieve a saucer which had escaped her in the initial clearing of the table.

"Marjorie," she snapped, "come out of the trance. If you don't drink that milk, I won't let you go."

Once again Marjorie drew in her breath, raised the glass, and quaffed the detested liquid in one gulp. She slid from her chair, her heart throbbing with excitement.

"Where's the money?"

Mrs. Loring again turned from the sink. "Marjorie, it's only eight o'clock. You won't have to go before quarter to nine at the most. Now come here and dry the dishes."

Marjorie obeyed and methodically polished the glassware and silver, her wistful blue eyes not at all on her work. The forty-five minutes before she could go seemed an eternity.

Having finished her chores under her mother's watchful supervision, Marjorie shuffled out of the kitchen and wandered into the sun parlor.

She could not say why she had come here. This was her mother's and father's special room. There was an air to the chamber which she could not define, something that made her feel as if she would far rather run out and up to her own bright, sunny cubicle, than stay. It was so remote, so adult.

This morning, however, the entire atmosphere of the room seemed to have undergone a sudden, subtle change. Hesitating for a moment, she pondered unsuccessfully the cause of this transformation and then approached her mother's book rack. Having withdrawn a magazine that she had seen in her mother's hands a number of times, Marjorie scrambled into the sprawling wing chair near one of the high windows.

"George," she said, turning the pages of her magazine, "George, you really must fix that back step this Saturday."

"Certainly. I was just waiting until I could get a few new nails."

"George, how do you think we should treat those Communists?"

"Blow 'em right off the face of the earth. We spent so much money on the atom bomb, why not make some use of it?"

Marjorie alternated her glances from the magazine to the plump easy chair opposite her, as she held up both ends of the dialogue. This game of playing adult was fun; too bad it hadn't occurred to her before. But then again, she probably would have had to play it with Susan, and they never would have thought of it in the first place. Any type of play that extended ever so slightly into the realms of fancy was an intolerable strain to Susan's torpid imagination.

"Well George, what's in the papers tonight?"

A shadow darkened the page which Marjorie had open before her. She started guiltily from the chair.

"Come, come, dear," said her mother brusquely, "time to stop this foolishness. Put the magazine back where it came from and come out into the kitchen. I have some things I want to tell you." She turned and left.

Waiting for her hot flush of embarrassment to subside, Marjorie ventured over behind the easy chair. "I don't think I'll be back for a while, George. I have to go pick up a few things at the store. Make Marjorie go to bed at eight."

Purse in hand, Mrs. Loring stood at the kitchen table as Marjorie entered. She dumped a handful of coins and a couple of bills on the enamel top of the table. "Now, melons are thirty-eight or thirty-nine cents apiece. I'm giving you fifty. If they're over forty-five, don't bother with them. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't even spend thirty-nine cents on them if your father didn't love them so. Now remember, go to Ralph's; he'll help you find a nice ripe one, and for mercy sake, be careful in crossing Main Street. There's

a policeman there; make sure you watch him. Now, tell me just what I said to you."

Marjorie reiterated her mother's orders and admonitions in resigned little tones born out of many such recitals.

"All right," said Mrs. Loring as her daughter drew to a close, "don't forget. Now kiss me and run along. And don't play along the way."

Easing herself out of the side door and stepping into the white gravel driveway, Marjorie peered over the privet hedge which separated the neighbors' property from her own, and searched for a particular white frame window in the red-brick wall of the house that met her gaze. She found it—closed.

Her heart sank; Susan was up, which meant she would be over in a matter of minutes. "I don't want to see her," Marjorie whispered to herself, "I want to go by myself."

Digging her brown and white saddle shoes into the pebbles, Marjorie ran the length of the driveway. She turned the hedge and started toward Main street.

"Hi!" said a rugged maple tree.

Marjorie jumped with fright at such an unexpected source of speech, but closer inspection revealed that the tree trunk was merely serving as a hiding place for Susan's ample frame. Dark, heavy, unsmiling, Susan stepped from behind her cover.

"Saw you come out and thought I'd surprise you," she said. "What do you feel like doing this morning? Aren't you getting a little sick of dolls?"

Marjorie wilted. "Yeah, sort of."

"Do you think that your mother would let you go to a movie this afternoon?"

"It all depends what the picture is."

"Oh, it's a 3-d horror film, but you could tell something different. I bet she never even reads the movies ads in the paper."

Marjorie re-mustered her courage. "Susan, I can't stop with you this morning."

"Why?"

"I—I have to go away. Now."

"Well, you're not dressed or anything. And where's your mother?"

"I'm going alone, and I don't have to be dressed."

"Well, where are you going?"

Marjorie began to walk away.

"Come on, Marge," the pudgy girl pleaded, "where are you going?"

"Oh, some place. Will you please get out of my way?"

Tortured with the pangs of curiosity, Susan ignored the request. She seized Marjorie's bony shoulders and pinned them against a near-by tree. "If you don't tell me, I'll kill you," she whispered savagely, "and what's more, I'll never speak to you again."

Marjorie was thoroughly terrified. "All right, all right," she screamed, "I'll tell you! But let me go!"

"Not until you tell me."

"To the store!"

"To the store!" Susan stepped back, her face reflecting a curious mixture of incredulity, disappointment, and mirth. "Is that all?" and her well-upholstered middle bobbed up and down as she burst into hoots of laughter.

A hot flame of anger shot through Marjorie's body; she felt as if her hair would burn off. Furiously she clenched her fists. Sighting her target, she swung with all the strength her small body could summon.

Susan went down like a felled tree, her chubby arms wrapped around her stomach. For once, she was speechless.

Marjorie did not take the time to survey her handiwork. The distinguished line of ancient maples lining the sidewalk coalesced into one large blur as she fled down the street. At any moment she expected to hear Susan's heavy footsteps behind her, to feel Susan's thick arms about her waist, and to have Susan's hot breath upon her face.

She could not run any farther. A pain was rapidly creeping up her left side, and her lungs seemed to be at the bursting point. Turning to see if Susan were on her heels, Marjorie found no sign of her friend's menacing frame. She slackened her pace.

Reason slowly returned. She had never hit anyone before in her life, much less her best friend. What would Mother say if she found out? Maybe Susan would never speak to her again. Maybe God would punish her for being so cruel.

Mother and Susan were forgotten as this last thought flashed through her mind. How would she be punished? Would He send a fire to consume her as she had seen in pictures in her mother's Bible? This seemed highly unlikely since Marjorie spent most of her time in and around her home, and God wouldn't take the risk of burning down houses of people like her parents who went to Church prac-

tically every Sunday and said grace at dinner all the time. Why would God want to hurt two such people for the sake of one little girl? Marjorie consoled herself with that thought, but figured that she ought to pray anyway, just in case.

"Our Father," she murmured, turning the corner on upper Main Street, "Who art in Heaven;" a desiccated old woman carrying a battered black market bag stopped to stare; "Hallowed be Thy name;" three dungareed girls in ballerina slippers and nylon stockings turned and giggled; "Thy kingdom come;" a paunchy lawyer, standing in front of his home and loosening his belt after a too-hearty breakfast looked at the blonde curls passing below him; "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;" a sixteen-year-old giant in levis and T-shirt laughed in an unsteady baritone as he heard.

"Give us this day," she muttered, "our daily—Oh!" and Marjorie went sprawling on the pavement.

Two housewives turned to look down at her, sympathetically clucked their tongues, and strolled on. Marjorie drew her foot over the raised slab of concrete that had caused her to stumble and dispassionately examined the bruises on her knees. They weren't too bad; as a matter of fact, it had all been so unexpected that she hadn't even felt them. She picked herself up and walked on reflectively. Perhaps this was God's method of punishing her. After all, she hadn't committed such a very big sin; Susan hadn't been very nice, either; why should there be such drastic consequences?

She was now under the big maples that served as approaches to the town marketing center. As far back as she could remember, Marjorie had always loved these trees. Their giant branches provided a shady relief for many a tired housewife or restless old man, from the near treeless shopping center. The neat row of brick and white clapboard houses standing on one side of the road, the Doric-columned library and Church on the other, were constant sources of pleasure to Marjorie, although she was at a loss to explain precisely why. Everything just looked so natural and good; it gave her a warm feeling inside.

The familiar faded red and grey sign of the grocery store became visible to her from across the street. "Ralph's," it said, and then underneath in two columns, "meat, fruits, groceries, vegetables." Walking a few steps farther, Marjorie reached the corner directly opposite her destination.

Patiently she waited a signal to cross from the uniformed policeman who stood in the middle of the road waving stiffly at the traffic. She stared up at the full paper sack in the arms of the woman beside her.

Marjorie's heart bounded joyfully; the days were coming when she could walk into a store and pick out so many things.

The small assemblage on the corner surged forth. The motion of Marjorie's legs swelled out and snapped her grey and red checked skirt as she struggled to keep up the pace of the crowd. Stepping up on the curb, she felt a chill of excitement shoot up and down her spine, and she clutched the little silk change purse in her soft and sweaty palm as if it contained the precious germ of her existence.

Passing by Ralph's display window, to the door, she threw a casual glance inside. Abruptly, she stopped. A thousand women, the exact number didn't make too much difference, seemed to be milling around inside, filling bags, calling for clerks who didn't seem to be there. As if animated by Mercury himself, Ralph and his son, similar locks of black hair drooping over their perspiring black foreheads,

sped around the set of counters which lined the sides and backs of their store.

As Marjorie stood horrified at the window, Ralph himself came zooming at her and caught up a half-dozen oranges in his hands. Instinctively, the little girl jumped back. He hadn't even recognized her. And usually he called her his girl and gave her a few grapes to eat.

With a sick feeling gnawing at her stomach, Marjorie re-approached the window. In spite of the rush, everyone seemed so assured; it was so natural for them.

Marjorie's eyes turned to a bushel basket half hidden by the meat counter. She had never liked canteloupes particularly, they were hard to eat, and now she loathed them more than ever. Lying in their circular quarters, they were so lifeless, so utterly devoid of the colorful personalities that seemed to emanate from the skins of the other summer fruits. Marjorie thought that she had never seen anything more repulsive.

She could not bring herself to enter. Ralph and his boy looked so busy; they would probably be furious with her for wanting just one canteloupe. They might throw her out, ask her to wait until they were less busy. Then mother would get nervous and come looking for her and probably would never let her go to the store alone until she was ready to graduate from high school, or maybe even older.

The thought of her mother presented a dilemma. What could she tell her if she went home without anything? Humanity whizzed by, and she remained rooted to the sidewalk. A curious Irish setter ambled up and gave her a thorough inspection. Ordinarily terrified of anything that walked on four feet, Marjorie regarded the dog with a blank stare. One upon the other, alternatives flashed through her head, each one more terrible than its predecessor. She could ask someone going in the store to buy a melon for her; she'd pay when it was brought out. She could dash in, take the melon, and mail Ralph the money without being any trouble. She could even run away; she had fifty cents.

Marjorie raised her eyes from her stubby shoes and stared intensely at a broad expanse of plate glass window across the street. She tilted her head upward so that she could see the mammoth red letters, A-P-E-X, sprawled in a bold script across the glittering yellow facade, above the doors and windows of the store.

"Apex Self-service Super Market," read Marjorie to herself, "self-service. All I would have to do would be to go in, pick one out, and pay. I wouldn't bother anyone."

She had no qualms about finding a ripe canteloupe; she had seen the squeezing and smelling process employed by her mother to find a suitable melon many times when the two had gone shopping.

Of course, Marjorie reflected, I would be disobeying, but maybe if I bring home a good canteloupe, Mother wouldn't ask me where I had been to get it, and I wouldn't have to lie.

Once again she moved to the corner to await her signal to cross. The blue-clad officer abruptly stuck one white-gloved hand in the face of the oncoming traffic and beckoned with the other at Marjorie.

"Come ahead, little girl," he snapped, "can't hold these people forever, you know."

A few steps brought her to the large, wire-bottomed doors of the super market. Reaching up, she grasped the handle, pulled with all her might, and stepped in.

A ram-rod of fear almost split her frail throat at her first sight and smell of the market. She had been here before; and yet, the whole place was terrifyingly foreign. The heavy aroma of coffee, blended with the fine, sharp odors of fresh baked goods and dampened vegetables prŏduced a tripartite scent unbearably pungent to strange nostrils. The meaningless chatter of women, the cries of the white-coated clerks slinging themselves between counters and scales, the rattle of half-filled baskets, roared in Marjorie's ears in a deafening cacophony.

Run away, something within Marjorie cried, run away. Involuntarily, the toes within her saddleshoes curled; she clenched her fists and swallowed. She stayed.

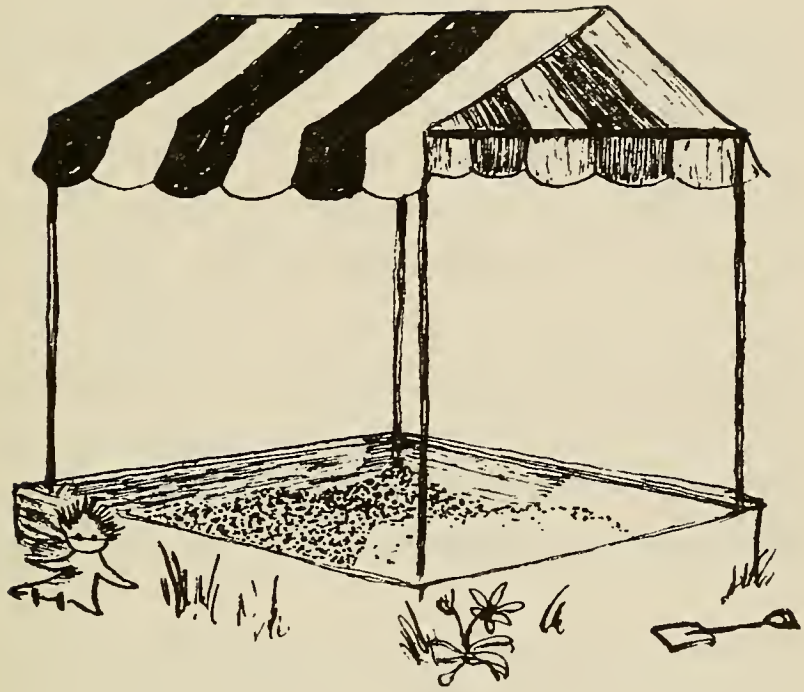
Straining her eyes through the crowd, she spotted several bushel baskets filled with canteloupes. Quickly she ran to the spot and felt the first melon within her reach. It was like stone; she threw it to the floor. She picked up another; it was harder than the first; she discarded it in the same manner. She felt more; she smelled more; none were even near maturity. But she had to find a ripe melon, and surely from all these, one would turn up.

As she began on another basket, rough hands grasped her shoulders. "Hey, what the hell you think you're doing?" growled a voice from above. "Get outta' here before I call that cop in from the street."

"No," Marjorie screamed, "no, no. I have to find a ripe one!"

"Ya hear me?" snarled the voice; "get outta' here before I take down your pants and whale the livin' daylights outta' you myself."

Marjorie ran. She flew from the store and up Main Street, underneath the shady maples and past the white houses, around the corner



and across the road which led to her street, through her own gravel driveway and up to the front door. She wrenched at the knob; it was locked.

A hard, dry sob burst from her throat, the first she had uttered all day. Blindly she stumbled from the front porch and around to her sandbox. She scrambled in and wept bitterly, her tears turning the immediate surface of the sand into hard little balls.

Two minutes, five minutes, ten, passed and her crying stopped. She brushed her eyes and nose with her wrist in one zig-zag gesture; she felt completely numb. Standing up in the middle of the box, she undid the buttons to her blouse and skirt and slipped out of both. Next came her tiny petticoat and the detested undershirt. Naked except for pants, shoes, and socks, she stretched her arms toward the sun, her skinny sides disclosing two ladders of ribs. She stood in this position for a moment, and then, having scratched herself thoroughly, sat down and began to puddle aimlessly with the moistened sand.

Red

The shining just licked lips heavy
With a creamy coat of lipstick.

The Matador's cape,
Flashing as a defiant fire,
As the bull advances.
The blood on the bull's hump
Where the gay banderillas have cut the skin.

The blurred sides of the fire engine
As it careens around the corner.
To where the red of the flame is caressing
The face of the building.

The dull, weathered sides of the barn
Half covered with a tobacco advertisement,
Watching the hillside
With its scrawny, immobile cattle
Making harlequin patches on the dead grass.

The sudden change of the stop light,
A quick rasping of the brakes,
A squeal of protest from the rubber
That clings to the pavement,
The delicious anticipation
As the car rolls
Slowly,
Sneaking
Ahead of the line,
Waiting
For the next change.

The deep, comfortable mahogany of the dog
As it lies in a hot frame of sunlight,
With a flicker of copper
As the dog's sides heave gently,
Expanding with the rhythmic effort of its breathing.

The pathetic gayety of the corner Santa Claus
As he pleads for the poor
In the season of fellowship and good cheer.
He is bright
And ludicrous
And his bell bleats like doom.

The rawness of flesh beneath the surgeon's knife,
Startling
Against the purity
Of the sheet.

The quiet flow of blood from a battle wound,
While the body is relaxed,
Neuter,
Impersonal.

The frightening
Revolving
Light of the police car,
Attuned to the siren in its insistence,
Blinking out into the Night,
Searching for evil,
Finding
Only Life.

JUDITH BELT, '57

Compliments of the

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Give to the

GIRL SCOUTS!

Compliments of

JUNIOR CLASS

Compliments of

A FRIEND

For the best in literature:

CONTEMPORARY
CAMPUS
CLASSICAL

Bryn Mawr College Bookshop

Dinah Frost's

816 LANCASTER AVENUE

Bryn Mawr 5-2462

BRYN MAWR

Domestic and imported yarns
Greeting Cards
Stationery

Jeannett's

Bryn Mawr Flower Shop, Inc.

Flowers for all occasions

Bryn Mawr 5-0570

Bryn Mawr College Inn

Restaurant on Campus

Open daily except Monday
for breakfast, luncheon, tea
and dinner

Special Parties Arranged
Ida T. Lieb, Manager

Bryn Mawr 5-0386

Compliments of the

Senior Class

Livingston Publishing Co.,
Narberth, P

Bryn Mawr
378.73B9
BCo
Spring, 1954

Counterpoint

Bryn Mawr College

SPRING 1954

Vol. I Number 2

Bryn Mawr
378.73Bq
QCo
Spring, 1954

COUNTERPOINT

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. I, NO. 2 SPRING, 1954

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

JOSEPHINE CASE ANNE PHIPPS

EDITORIAL BOARD

DIANA FORBES SALLYANN BURGESS

JUDITH CATLIN MAXINE SCHWARTZ

JESSICA DRAGONETTE DONNIE BROWN

ISABEL NASH CONSTANCE HORTON

BUSINESS MANAGER

KATHERINE MASELLA

Copyright, Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, 1953

CONTENTS

Greek Easter - - - - - - - - - - 5
Richmond Lattimore

Beatitudes - - - - - - - - - - - 6
mathritis

The Important Things In Life - - - - - 7
Charlotte Smith

Perhaps - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Adele MacVeagh

Poem - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Judith Sands

Miss Sedule's Dilemma - - - - - - - 10
Charlotte Busse

My Birthday Began With The Water - - - - 11
Jessica Dragonette

Fable - - - - - - - - - - - - 17
Josephine Case

It's Just No Good - - - - - - - - - 18
Elizabeth Simpson

Song To The Impossible Him - - - - - - 22
Jessica Dragonette

Blood And The Moon - - - - - - - 23
Patricia Gilmartin

Greek Easter

Now Christ is dead. The dry bell slugs the stones
of day. Afternoon limps along the clock
and all the hours are barren in our bones.
Heat darkens on the chapel and the rock.
They bury Christ. The corpse is in the street.
Maid, crone, and beggar boy, sailor and gay girl churn
through the black ways, by cross and coffin beat
the stones of night to penitence, and burn
the dark with torches. Now with brass and drum
they march the dead by numbers down the night.
Grief in the brain, made dark with hollow air,
waits out the hours, until the voices come
with incense and with strings of bells, to light
a thousand candles on a midnight square.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

Beatitudes

The wheat is yellow in Kansas
And the resplendence of it
Lights up the noontide sky
Till all things are reduced
To silhouettes against its blazing intensity.
The farmer squints,
Crowsfeet at the corners of his eyes
Narrators of long defiance.
He remembers the chill poverty of March
When an old maid wind skittered
Across the plain
Snapping pettishly at the stubble
In the fields.
But that time was right.
He came,
He sowed,
His limbs drenched with the terrible sweat
Of procreation.
(Have you ever seen wheat in early May?
Green
Like the gossamer hair of merchildren
Tossing under the touch of a watery wind.)
The farmer smiles,
His face,
Angular and sparse,
Is benign in the peace of fulfillment.
Stooping abruptly,
He reaches out
With his soil-bitten hands,
As the multitudes
Stir expectantly
And lift their heads
To receive the benediction
Of their Lord.

MATHITRIS

The Important Things in Life

Charlotte Smith '56

When I first met Berkley, I was duly impressed with the rarified being who had moved into my sphere. His grey gloves were methodically buttoned and looked like two well-filled skins, firmly holding a gold-headed cane. We were rubbing shoulders at a fight and it was obviously as a concession to our mutual friend that he endangered his perfection by sitting with the mob. His pale blue eyes surveyed my strictly Barney's type suit, and amazement all too obviously shaded his dry, thinly wrinkled face, that I should turn myself out in such a lousy way. I'm loaded, rolling in dough my father's company raked in, and I supposedly come from the tweeds and tea class.

Need I say I was floored when after surveying the last bloody scuffle with professional interest, he turned and informed me that I was to come and see his place next weekend. There wasn't any "asked" about it and considering we'd only met at dinner where he'd made remarks about amateur bohemians, I was—amazed.

That weekend proved a dilly. Fox-hunting was the rage—a mad-dog sort of a rage as far as I was concerned—so from morning to night we lit out after a bunch of empty-headed dogs and as a result life wasn't leaping by Sunday. Not that Berkley wasn't a good pal and all that—when the rest of the "party" had gone yapping and yelling off over God knows what horrors and I and my little filly were still trying to reach an understanding, he'd come cantering back, his thin hair still plastered to his head, and in his slight, high voice, encourage "George, old boy" to give his horse a good "cut" and get along before the fox collapsed from exhaustion. Not that he would have said that last, but I had a pretty good sensation of what that animal must have felt like. Off we'd go, Berkley rising and dropping with unflurried precision, over anything in the way, while I got hotter and madder and swore until I hit a branch of a tree. After that, on the ground, life was easy for awhile.

When I ran into Berkley next, he'd been promoted to Master of the Hounds and he was more fanatical about the hunt than ever. The only subject that could heat him up was the "nincompoops" who thought they'd hunt because it was fashionable and who spoiled the "perfection" of the ride with "unseemly behavior". He modestly acknowledged to me one evening that his was the best seat for

miles around, which caused me, the ignoramus, much inward amusement. His loving-cups, gravy-boats and other assorteds stood on the mantel in his study, and he kept a cloth hidden behind a large vase to polish them with each morning.

I never could see what made us get along together, because everything I did seemed to irritate him, and I thought *he* was one sidesplitting howl. The thin wrinkles would go deeper and his fingers in the ever-present grey gloves would irritably flick specks, which I certainly didn't see, from his sleeve, whenever he got a sliding, sideways glance at my "costumes". Maybe it was the stark novelty of an illegitimate crude that fascinated him.

Sometimes Berkley would ask my partner to dinner too but he and Louie didn't get along to well. Louie has several uncouth habits without any ancestry to excuse them. One day Louie and I were in town, and having nothing to do, decided to drift over to Berkley's for a drink and cigar. Actually I can't stand cigars, but my partner likes them so I take some and give them to him afterwards. When we go there, we were given the word that Berkley's masseur had just arrived but to come in anyway. We wandered into the room to see how the old boy was bearing up. He was grunting and moaning and a little pink fat guy was really giving him the works.

"Come on and give it a try," says Berkley, with a twisted look in our direction, "it's good for your health."

I keep strictly away from that kind of stuff but to my amazement Louie, who sometimes gets strange ideas, muttered something about getting in the swing and how everyone said it was the thing to do, and, before I'd picked up my jaw, he had stripped and the little man was at him. Things would have been fine, except the masseur, I guess hoping to get himself a regular customer, kept squeaking out about how fat Louis was and emphasizing the point each time with a good punch on the back. When Louie finally couldn't take this lip any longer and emphasized *his* point with a good cut. The little guy sued Berkley for damage. Louie's been persona non grata ever since.

I used to come in town quite often, and got to leaving a change of clothes in Berkley's apartment so I could stay over night. Those coats and pants used to look sad when they slid in apologetically between the Brooks' bests on either side of them. He'd look at these gems, shake his head, and invariably turn the conversation to his tailor in England, whose name he'd "be delighted to give me." I ignored the hints, because I'm considered not a bad dresser in some circles and got kind of a kick out of the pale distress he'd show,

especially when I brought my favorite brown pinstripe, which like all favorites was beginning to look it. He even sent it to his special cleaner, but no one could change the distinct right swerve of the pleats in the pants. "Frankly, George", says Berkley, "they felt it was hopeless."

Towards the end of the year I went away on a trip for a couple of weeks and when I got back to town, dropped over to pick up my things at Berkley's apartment. The place was all locked up, but I found a handy-man outside who mumbled, "Aw, he kicked it last week."

It took me a few minutes to realize that poor old Berkly, the real character, wouldn't be around any more. It was the first time, by the way, that I'd ever thought of him as old.

I found out later that on the Maryland Hunt, he'd run afoul of one of those "nincompoops" and lost his famous seat. He'd struck his head on something and died almost immediately.

Louie and I decided we'd kick over for the funeral. It was quite a blast—spotless relatives had gathered to see the remains and last glory of the "end of the old generation." Louie and I felt rather out of place, so we soon went up to the coffin to pay our respects and then blow. We were standing beside it and I had my eyes closed, because I don't like dead people, when—

"My God," said Louie. I looked, and Berkley seemed so much the way he always had that I thought maybe Louie'd seen him move —but I guess he couldn't have been alive, because the undertaker had dressed him up in a baggy brown suit with crooked pleats, and a red tie.

Perhaps

On a mossy bank
By the shadow of a stream
Hides a curly faunchild
The grandson of a dream

He digs his clover hoofs
In the greeny lichen grass
And tries to play his father's pipes
But has to stop to laugh

ADELE MACVEAGH '57

I sat up in bed at night
Alone
In the dark
I was awake
You woke me
It was
As though you called me
I spoke your name
I was not Samuel
You were my God.

JUDITH SANDS '56

Miss Sedule's Dilemma

CHARLOTTE BUSSE '55

We find that she was not very old when her mind was told that it should keep an open door and it did. The door was open and it was breezy inside her mind with incessant coming and going of ideas since she went to public schools and public libraries and had a great many teachers in the first and a great many books coming and going and sometimes overdue in the second.

And then some sad things happened and some sad things came again, and the internal regulation of the mind was questioned. It was said to be disorderly. This is how it came about. Some ideas were called for over the public address system, and as there were several there of the same name, it proved to be confusing. At first they all came forward, and later, being insulted that they were not used, none of the ideas appeared when called for. So she shut the doors, and said that was enough, she would not let them out, she would not let them in.

Fortunately a construction worker appeared, averred that this is unnecessary this obstacle as well as obsolete; the fire marshal may well appear and say this is a menacing inducement to inflammation. And she agreed, concurring that it was conducive to a conflagrant occurrence. Then said he let me invite you to investigate an investment in a new invention.

What said she and he said—revolving doors. And it was very fine, almost revolutionary, because it was never open and never closed, her mind, but always open to ideas coming and going. And it was very fine and very resolutionary, except that sometimes an idea got stuck, and she was thought rather circular.

My Birthday Began with the Water . . .

Jessica Dragonette '55

And the first sound of all that I can remember of that day was the cry of the gulls that drifted on the current above my head. The wind rolled and broke like wavelets bearing the feathery foam of the gulls' crying that sighed and murmured and died in my ears. And then with the wind and the birds came the water, loveliest of all and least heard, seldom as we fell blood running in our veins or the life latent in our dying bodies. As I sat on the prow of the rocks with the foam licking my feet and my hair raised and tossed by the wind, my twenty-sixth birthday began in ablaze of beginning joy with the gray-white water and the early-blazing, red burning sun.

It was five o'clock, I remember, and the sun had just pushed through the cold quenching mist-wreathed water, purple in its strength and promise, and the waves were slapping against the sides of the rowboat that sat by the rocks below me. I looked at my hands, stiff from the oars, hard-calloused rough-bitten man-fingers since my summer of the ocean had begun. I stood then and laughed at the water and laughed to remember the half-man I had been, the pale thin cautious poet who had known nothing of the tides or of lobster pots or of Sarah.

But I saw her then and my strength and laughter left me to a surge of fear and longing at the sight of her, thin and strong and laughing at the waves as she danced among them on the edge of the sand. It was she who had taken my hand and drawn me down to the sea, teaching me its power and showing its beauty, until I loved them both together, the sea and her, with a love that filled me day and night and left room for nothing else. I had no friends, no work, no ambition. Only the sea and Sarah, one or both or neither, but always desire for both that was beyond fulfillment. It will always be man's wish to be master of what he loves; and I might as soon have mastered the wind and tide, to ride the waves as I wished and make the light on the water obey my fancy, as have been anything more than Sarah's slave and plaything.

"Come unto these yellow sands!" she called. "Michael, oh silent one, come to me!"

I was to be forgiven, I knew. The night before I had been angry; I had stormed and preached and pleaded with her, while she sat quietly, stiff and silent. We had been sitting before the fire at the Commagers' house, where I was living. The Commagers are my people, cousins and uncles who welcomed me when I needed a

refuge from the din and the miasma of New York. They gave me a room that overlooked the sea, a window that was often clouded with fine spray from the shore. They gave me food and shelter and kindness, and they left me mercifully alone, thinking that I was writing. I was not writing, but feeling and thinking in a way I'd never done before.

But deep ingrained within me was a Puritan spirit wholly intolerant of all that was wild and incautious; it stormed against Sarah's way of life, her devotion to unbounded experiment and experience. That night, sitting in front of the fire, she had been telling of her family; of her father, a rebellious and fascinating spirit who had died when she was ten years old; of her younger brothers and sisters, whose ages she had forgotten; of her mother who had taught school for twenty years and supported the family —at one time there were seven of them—on three thousand a year.

"Mother has always worked too hard. You should have seen her, Mike; she was an old woman at thirty. No wonder Dad was discouraged with us: an old wife and five scrawny, mousy children. I wouldn't have blamed him for walking out on us. Instead he sat around the house all day and did woodcarvings out of firewood. He would work for days cutting and polishing a piece into a lovely face or a hideous caricature. When it was done he would look at it, stroke it a bit, and show it to me. Then he'd throw it on the fire and start in on another.

"I remember one face he did, a young man with his hair blowing in some breathless wind; it was the loveliest thing I had ever seen. I begged and cried to be allowed to keep it, but he wouldn't have that. He made me put it on the fire myself. 'Child,' he said very sternly, 'if you like it that's all the more reason for destroying it. Look at it, feel it, love it by all means, but don't clutch onto it. The things we try to clutch at always destroy us.' When he was dying he told me that he had never clutched at life; he had lived for the moment as much as he could, and for that reason he was permitted to die young. But then he said, very sadly, 'Perhaps if I had been wiser I might have loved life enough to go on living.' "

"Sarah," I said after a moment, "I don't really understand what he meant."

"He meant, I think, that because he'd done what he wanted to do—carve all day and let Mother worry about money—he had been granted his desire, which was to die, since life was no longer beautiful to him. But if he had been somehow different, if he'd left us all and gone back to the sea, or if he'd found a way to make

himself happy and Mother young and all of us people worth living with, then he might have loved life; and because he still would have been doing what he wanted to do, he would have been granted his different desire, to live on."

"But didn't the question of doing the right thing enter into his ideas at all?"

"Oh Michael, Michael, the right thing is the thing that is most like oneself. It is self-fulfillment. Don't you see, god is what we want to do, and bad is a kind of perversion of our selfishness into self-destruction. There aren't any laws about what is the 'right thing'."

"But it's been a bit hard on your mother."

Sarah merely shrugged. "Mother attracts that sort of life," she said. "If father hadn't been hard on her, she would have found someone else that was. One of us would have beaten her. She's the sort of woman that enjoys hardship."

That horrified me, and I told her so. I felt that I was arguing badly; in any case, she stared into the fire, hardly listening.

"Michael dear," she said at last, "I want to be happy; doesn't everyone? Your goodness is what makes you happiest. That's why you are good. Well, and what makes me happiest is to live every minute for new experience, new sensation. Life is slipping away, and I want to feel and, when it is all over, to have felt. I live my whole life for the greatest intensity of experience it has to offer."

"But when you are old, then sensation will no longer be enough. What I mean to say is that you will have exhausted the possibilities. Indulgence will have dulled your capacities."

"I suppose you're right," she said soberly. "Life is slipping away, so fast; so fast." She stared into the brilliant driftwood flames.

"The ultimate in experience," she said after a while, lifting her head and trying to shake off the oppressiveness of my self-righteousness, "would be, I think, to make some tremendous physical exertion and then to sink, with inescapable peacefulness, into the complete relaxation of death. Imagine the ecstasy of that sort of reflexive struggling, relieved at last by a perfect loosening of all tensions." She laughed. "I wonder if they ever consider, in suicide cases, that the person might have wanted to die to see what it felt like."

I rejected the change of subject; I was still more shocked by her carelessness of life than I had been at her amorality. I pleaded my cause of dedicated unselfishness, and I grew so eloquent that I began to think I was impressing her. But suddenly Sarah sprang to

her feet and, laying her hand on my mouth, kissed me on the forehead.

"Life is slipping away," she said, very softly. "Michael, don't love me. You are far too good. I will destroy you, only because I will not let you destroy me."

She left, to walk down the black wet shore to the cabin where she lived. "Wait," I cried silently, "come back! If we both change just a little— I can change, for I have started to already. If you will, just a little—"

But I knew that she neither could nor would.

Now we ran toward each other over the cold sand, and she kissed me for foregiveness.

"Happy birthday, my poet. But aren't you wearing black, oh righteous one? Aren't we to mourn on the anniversary of our birth?"

"Witch," I answered, "today I am to know the ultimate in experience. Think of the moral ecstasy of it! The utmost in righteousness! I am going to spank you."

She screamed with laughter and danced away from me. She was all lightness and youth that morning. Her fine gold hair was piled loosely on top of her gay little head. She was wearing something light, green and gossamerlike, that swished about her knees and left her brown arms bare. She put her tiny hands lightly on my shoulders. Then she darted away.

"Follow me, silent one," she called, running toward the house. I lumbered awkwardly after her, over the hard wet sand and the thick dry sand, through the grass and the rocks, until we reached the Commagers'. There was no one there, for they had been away for a week; the sea and the sky and the shore were empty to us. Our laughter was unechoed, and there seemed no end to our running.

"I've a present for you," she said when we were inside. "Your aunt let me hide it here, because it wouldn't have been safe in my cabin. I must remember where we put it." She darted up the steps before me, her feet twinkling on the bare steps. "Wait for me," she said, "I think it's in the attic."

I went into my bedroom and leaned against the window-frame. Outside, the weather was changing; the sun had become hidden and the sky was gray and close to the earth. The water was nearly white, and it pushed the foam before it and breathed damply on the windowpane.

Sarah found me and held out her hands, while her eyes danced mischievously. Her present was a mouse, a thin gray silky animal with enormous ears and wild, uncertain eyes. He was crippled,

unable to run and wholly dependent for his life on the care of human friends; so although he was a frail, wild creature, he knew that we must be trusted. He nibbled my fingers in interested experimentation.

"There," Sarah said, "his name is Solomon and you are all his. I want to be free of him and so I give him to you. You see, my motives are essentially base."

I remember that I was hurt. What she said seemed so true, so inescapably final. Surely, I thought, surely she might once do or say something hypocritical enough to console me! I prayed, later, that I had not shown my disappointment. I smiled and fondled the mouse, sitting on the window sill and letting him grip my shirt collar. Then I turned to Sarah. She was standing before my desk, idly leafing through the contents of a drawer that I had emptied a few days before. Suddenly she drew out a photograph of me and let forth a little shriek of laughter.

"Michael," she exclaimed, "it isn't you! It can't be! Michael, darling little Michael with a beard. Oh dear," she cried, hugging the picture to her with both arms folded around it, "Oh dear, I must have it! Oh Michael, I do love you!"

It was a dreadfully foolish picture, and I made a dive for it. She said, "No, it's mine. Please, dear, I do want to keep it!"

"Then you must pay me for it," I said, trying to take her wrist. She broke away, laughing mercilessly. "Stop it," I cried, "stop, you're like quicksilver! I can't keep up with you!"

I pursued her down the stairs, and I caught her just as she was escaping through the front door. I was amazed, not for the first time, by the strength and passion of her body. At length she broke away and stood with her hands on my shoulders, quiet and grave.

"I want to go for a walk," she said. "Please, will you get my sweater? I left it in your room."

I went inside and climbed the stairs slowly. The house was nearly dark, and I realized that a heavy fog was pouring over it. The windows were opaque patches of luminous gray, and the sound of the waves was loud and distorted by the heavy air. Sarah's sweater was not in my room, and I looked all over for it. Then I began to look for another, and at last, finding a jacket of my aunt's, I returned to the front porch. Sarah was not there.

Baffled, I stared vainly into the impenetrable wall of swirling fog. As I walked down toward the place where I knew the sea

must begin, the noise of the water beat close against my ears with the mist that poured around them. As I grew accustomed to this sound, I detected another, stranger and less regular, coming from my left. A slapping, uneven rhythm, and then a grating noise that seemed familiar but unidentifiable. Then I placed it at last—the sound of the waves beating against the rowboat and pushing it against the rocks where it was moored. Because of the fog the sound seemed much nearer; and it was coming from the left, when I knew that the rocks were to my right.

I remembered, then, that fog has this distorting effect on sound, and I walked to where I knew the rocks were, hoping to find Sarah there. I felt panic take hold of me as I searched for a landmark. Then, at last, I saw the rocks just before I stumbled over them. I waded out and seized hold of the boat. Then, looking on the rocks just beside my head, I saw something that made my heart beat against my ribs until it choked me.

Her clothes lay there on top of the rocks. Her green dress, her slip—and between the folds, my picture.

I could almost hear her voice. "Life is slipping away, so fast. The ultimate in experience, the ecstasy of that reflective struggling."

I crawled clumsily into the boat, desperately trying to pierce the fog. There was no sight, no sound but gray water and hissing waves.

And then I heard her voice indeed. It seemed far away, yet in my ear. It came from left and right and straight ahead, and there was no way of locating it. Sarah's voice, frightened in the face of death, brought me a wordless cry, over and over, urgent and without hope.

"Sarah!" I cried, my oars flailing frantically. And she answered from somewhere, frightened and ashamed, "Michael. Michael!"

I rowed untiringly for what must have been hours. From time to time I would stop, hopelessly lost but oblivious of my peril, to search my narrow range for a glimpse of her. At length when the fog lifted, I pulled the boat back to shore. The water, white and snarling, plowed menacingly about my feet. I found my way home, and I stretched out on the familiar haven of those rocks where the day had begun, my head on the folds of Sarah's dress, my bruised hands lifeless at my sides, while the day passed and the evening folded about my broken body.

And the last sound of all that I can remember of that day was the cry of the gulls that drifted on the current above her head.

Fable

She turns to him, spring-haired and violet-eyed —
"I have a thing to show you, Sir," she says;
They wander, lover and betrothèd bride,
Between transparent brook and boxwood maze.

He wonders to himself what this may be,
For he has seen her ancient castle-house,
With gilded ancestors and marble luxury,
And, on the timeless turf, white peacocks, loose.

Her life has been with silk and silver filled,
With travel and the theatre, balls, and here
And there a hunt, into the well-pruned wild,
Pursuing private creatures—blue-veined deer.

What can she mean, he questions silently —
She seems as clear, and sparkling, as the stream:
An English Lady—fortunate is he
Who loves her, knowing she returns the same.

They leave the garden, and the great oak trees;
She walks as if afraid, and thinks about
The meeting that must come—and then she sees,
On the enchanted green, her well-loved pet.

Hawthorn boughs and cherries canopy
The magic creature on his flowered bed;
Millesfleurs spring around, and never die,
And violet-chains are wreathed about his head.

"My Unicorn. . ." The animal has sent
A startled glance at her, and small hooves speed
Into the distance—silence has been rent —
Her favorite, disowning her, is fled.

In tears, she turns and takes her lover's hand —
"It was a graceful creature, anyway?"
Having seen nothing, he cannot understand
Her whom peacocks could not satisfy.

Josephine Case '54

It's Just No Good

Elizabeth Simpson '54

Sometimes I just want to be alone. Well, the walls in our house are so thin that I begin to wonder if people in the next room can hear what you're thinking. They act like they do anyway. That day, I remember, I had thoughts that wanted to think by themselves. I wanted to go somewhere by myself, but the dog had to be taken out. So I went and got his old leash and hitched him up and took him out. His old leash looked like the cat had been at it and she probably had before she died. She had been poisoned, the doctor said, but he hadn't gotten there until she had been dead for hours. That morning she died, the cat just walked into the dining room, like she was coming to eat breakfast, and then just as she got to the corner of the table, she stood up straight and stuck out her claws. She tried to walk but her legs were all stiff and wouldn't bend, and she fell over as stiff as a pole. Then she started panting as if she was on fire, and we called the vet, and he said to put a blanket over her and that he would come as soon as he finished with the leg of this rabbit he was working on. I was going to a show that day and Mother said the cat would be all right; only she wasn't. When I came back they had taken the cat away. At first I couldn't stand it, I felt so bad. They had to have some man come and take her away because nobody would touch her, and it cost five dollars just to take her away. It seemed strange to be paying the man to take her away when we had gotten her for free.

Now that the cat was dead, everyone paid more attention to Sultun. (He's the dog I'm taking out.) When you take Sultun for a walk he really takes you. He's an afghan hound and looks like a monkey. He looks really smart, but he's as dumb as a chicken, and they're the dumbest animals ever. Sultun isn't very good natured either. He'd bite everyone he saw if he wasn't scared of them. He would even bite Martha if she annoyed him, only Martha wouldn't admit it. Mother said when we got Sultun that he was three legs Martha's and one leg ours. She got the three legs because she was the one who wanted an afghan and because she chose him. Martha had studied all about afghans. They didn't come from Afghanistan at all. They really came from Egypt.

Anyway, here I am thinking about "Baboon-face" (that's what I called him; it makes Martha so mad!), and it just goes to show that

you can't really have your own thoughts unless you are all alone. I didn't want to be thinking about Sultun but even a silly looking dog can ruin your thinking. I should have been glad there was just Sultun and me because when I had gotten about half way down the block Sarah came running up behind me, and of course she wanted to come too. I was just hoping that I could forget about the dog when Sarah had to come screaming and spoil it all. I liked the old leash because it was so soft I could almost forget that I was holding it until Sultun saw another dog or something, but you couldn't forget about Sarah.

Sarah had her roller skates with her and I had to put them on for her. She was much too young to be roller skating and she kept falling down. Sultun was pulling hard at the leash while I was trying to get the skates on and I thought he would turn around and take a piece out of me if I didn't hurry.

Sarah was the last person you would want to have along, but I just couldn't send her home. She was touchy like Uncle Silas. Uncle Silas is really old and crippled. He has arthritis and can hardly move his fingers, and his knee joints are all stiff too. He laughs about it but it makes me want to cry when he does. If it weren't for Mother, Uncle Silas wouldn't have anything to live on. He pretends he doesn't know where the money actually comes from. He makes out that it was buried treasure his Pop got when he was ship-wrecked. Uncle Silas is batty that way. I never could figure out exactly where his Pop was supposed to have dug up the treasure. We don't mind Uncle Silas' pretending. I like to pretend myself. I think about something real but actually I am pretending. (Only I pretend to myself and that's different.) When you try to fool other people like you fool yourself, it's no good.

I remember last Sunday when Uncle Silas got up from the dinner table saying that that was the best roast beef he had ever eaten. (It wasn't beef, but lamb we were having). Uncle Silas tried to open the door only his hand just couldn't hold on to the knob long enough for it to turn. Mother made a face at me and I got up and opened the door for him. He watched me turn the knob as if he had just never learned how to opend a door; as if they didn't *have* door knobs where he came from. I opened the door as he watched and it made me hate my own hand.

I am trying to remember now what I was thinking of that particular day I'm telling you about, but I get the old thoughts mixed up with what I'm thinking now. It's hard to remember just how it was that day because so much has happened since then that

has changed the way I think about things. Of course I couldn't really forget that day. I think it was Sarah coming along made me think about her and me and Uncle Silas.

Here was Sarah skating beside me, talking her head off, trying to be as nice as she could and all the time I was annoyed at her just because I'd made up my mind that I wanted to be alone. I was thinking then how you can feel so many different ways about one person. I felt sorry for Uncle Silas when he couldn't open the door but at other times I hated him. He always looked at my report card on Mother's desk and he would tell Mother how awful it was and say that I just didn't put my mind to my studies. I always tried to pretend that I didn't care but I ended up by putting my foot in it and started defending myself. Sometimes I wonder if I ever will grow up. Sarah is seven and I'm two years older. I was thinking how little she was, she didn't look her age, when she piped up and said she wanted to hold Sultun.

I forgot that Sarah had her rolled skates on, and when she started to tear up the sidewalk behind Sultun I just stood there gaping. Sultun was scared by the noisy skates right behind him and Sarah kept grabbing at his tail which made him run faster. The doorman at the corner of the block was laughing. He could have helped but he just stood under the awning. He looked so hideous because his eyes stuck out and his face was red from laughing. By this time I was running after Sultun and Sarah but they disappeared around the corner, and by the time I got there it was a madhouse! I don't know how they all got there so quickly but the street was full of people all crowding around one spot. I didn't see Sarah or Sultun anywhere but I guessed that they were in the crowd so I pushed my way in to see what it was all about.

I got past about six or seven people and then I realized what had happened. A fat woman was describing it. She was talking too fast and nobody was listening too hard because they were all talking themselves. She told how this big mongrel dog had come along dragging the girl behind him. She was waving her hands around as she yelled about how the car had come and hit the girl and how the leash got tangled so the dog was under the car too. I just stood there. I heard what she was saying and I saw the people but I couldn't believe I was really there. It was like watching a movie. I must have stood there quite a while without moving and then I noticed that some of the people were looking at me. The mob had quieted down and this little man, who had been looking at me, turned and said,

"That's the boy! Right there!" He pointed at me and said he had seen me chasing them.

Next thing I was running down the street. I couldn't hear anything but my shoes pounding the sidewalk and I didn't dare look behind me. I knew the little man who had spotted me was behind me and I thought maybe the whole mob was. I didn't care whether the red-faced doorman was still laughing. Maybe he was chasing me too, but I couldn't have stopped my legs from running if I had wanted to. When I got to the house, I saw Mother. I wanted to tell her what had happened but I though I would sit down first and then I couldn't see her.

I guess when I fainted Mother figured that something awful had happened because I'm as healthy as an ox, or maybe the little man or the doorman told her. I went to sleep and the next day I went to the hospital to see Sarah. When I saw her I wished I could faint again, but I didn't. I just felt sick in my stomach. I looked at Mother and she was smiling and I burst into tears. We left the hospital then and as we were going everyone was saying how lucky it was that Sarah was still alive because Sultun had died right away.

All this happened only two years ago but it seems like it was ages ago. Sometimes I can't remember what Sarah used to look like. We had Christmas the year it happened in the hospital, but now that Sarah's back we'll have it at home. I heard Mother say to Father this morning that she wanted this Christmas to be especially nice because of Sarah and because she didn't think that Uncle Silas would live to see many more Christmases. Nobody ever argues any more the way Uncle Silas and I used to. Christmas used to be so wonderful because everything was different that day. Everyone was so nice to everyone else and everyone was worried about whether people would like their presents.

Ever since I went back to school after the accident I've been saving money and by Christmas I'll have enough money to get Sarah whatever she wants. I'll get her something wonderful, but a surprise. Then Sarah will be happy and everyone else will, and they won't have to pretend. Since the accident everyone has been nice, like they were pretending it was Christmas all the time. And pretending out loud; it's just no good!

Song To The Impossible Him

You have taken the dearest thing
Life held for me.
Alone in a dark bare room
I sit and cry.

You have left me my pride and my name,
And my purity;
The spring is still my own,
The sun, and the sky.

But my quiet innocence
You have taken away.
For before you came with your laughter
And your strange eyes,

Happy and sweet was the life
I scorn today;
I am less foolish now,
But no more wise.

I think I shall go away
And be a nun,
And guard my small innocence
With both hands.

For if I stay in the world
Till the ache is gone,
If I make the endless effort
That life demands,

I shall go on losing my treasure
That is never quite done,
That is lost every day of the year,
And next day again.

For as spring made winter a torment
When the spring was gone,
You made a fool and a stranger
Of my one man.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE '55

Blood and the Moon

Patricia Gilmartin '56

As she appeared in the doorway, the net descended, drawing her remorselessly into the crowded room.

"The eyes, watching me again. . .No triangle about the eyes. . . pagan, somehow, all of this is. . .oh, Christ, make them stop looking. . .Ladies and gentlemen of the privileged class, I greet you, to speak of our noble heritage — chopped eggs and anchovies and ice cubes tinkling in your bald and perfumed heads. No, for an evening let us forget Chopin and the grace of my white hands. I dreamed last night of my beast and the ravages of love, the hands that rocked the cradle and. . . ah, yes, stand besides me, Jeremy; take my arm, so gently, Jeremy, you old grad, you perpetual college boy. You're a mason, Jeremy, an nth degree mason, a builder of my legend. My Pedestal, catch it, mend the cracked pillar, look, Jeremy, the rats are eating at the crumblings. . . .in the shadow of the vulture's wing dwell I, the maiden.

Thank you, darling, for the thousand adulations; I am exquisite and I have never played so well. . . yes, I know, you are unworthy of me, a cad, all of you are unworthy. . . . in my garden no red snow falls. Yes, take my arm again, and lead me through the valley of the shadow; I shall fear no evil for Jeremy art with me. . . the eye of the Lord, and of the leopard, and of the pig, and of the lizard upon me. . . .Tom, Lady Appleton, *Thank you, so very kind, thank you.* I can hear your whispers crashing across the winter sea; the crystal shatters and rebuilds. . .so young, so lovely, so unreal, unearthly, gifted, truly a goddess. You, all of you, come to worship at my shrine and bring me lambs, drained dry, lambs upon ivory; you heap by preludes, measure after measure, at my feet, and when my Vestals, hollow and tight-lipped apply the torch, the flame burns silver.

Must I shake your hands, clutching and clawing; no, not claws, wet paws, sick wormy white mounds of flesh. Shake hands with them, Daphne, extend your hand to be kissed. The paws touch and quickly withdraw; why do they wince? My sting is soft, not sharp.

I remember the kitten; he was soft and warm like the hands, and then he disappeared and in the thaw, in the shadow of the wisteria, maggots and flies and hollow eyes and Mummy found me there. *Why aren't you at your practicing? I found the kitten. . . . Go back to the piano, and when you are finished, Annabelle will come*

to dress you for tea. But the notes didn't come that day, not for a long time, until it was forgotten, but then really never.

A remarkable child, said the deacon, fondling his crumpet. . . *Annabelle! Darling, tell Annabelle to fetch my fan.* . . It was cool as I looked by the springhouse. . .*Annabelle!* . . .Beautiful snakes in the grass, dark there. . . . *If you tell your Mama, Miss Daphne.* . .*No, Annabelle, I won't.* . .My head prickled and I posed before the oval mirror in the Spanish lace.

Here comes Lance. *Hello, darling!* Have you come to join the ranks? Mummy told you to watch over her lovely daughter and here you have come to proffer your services. . .so near, and yet so far away. No, I shall tell you, no, my lesson is on Thursday and another on the next day and on the next; I shall have to see you on Sunday, I suppose; we shall go to the gallery and to dinner and then home, skirting the jungle, to my desert and goodnight to you, from my balcony. That's what it is about you, too, Jeremy. . . .but you will never be more than my ringmaster while the others would free me from the cage. They know it too, that there is no key to the door. If there were, I would unlock it, and welcome all of you to my home; there is to be a great party, and you must all come. The bread will not be soggy or the silver ungleaming, but I would rather serve you red wine and cheese on the hard oak table with the knife close by. But the key will not turn in the lock, no key. I would batter the door down with hands calloused and warted, but the cream has made them soft, and the nails would splinter to the bone, causing the blood to flow. Paul, you would help me, where are you now, Paul, with the big brass key?

I cannot shake another hand. . .must get away from this. But can I take my tea and draw my bath in solitude? God, that dream, through the mud ooze in satin shoes, almost to the door. I touched the handle once, and it was slimy and cold and I could not grasp it. . . .the night that I tore my pillow, feathers and satin shreds. *Jeremy, excuse me. Back in a moment. Excuse me. Miss Worthington, Sir Henry, thank you, so kind, excuse me.*

* * * * *

The blatant, pervasive beat of the jazz band pulsed through the hazy subcellar of the Café Perdu. Dancers on the crowded floor moved in listless detached rhythm to the music, while couples huddled in small, oak-stained booths argued loudly or stared bleakly into space, moving curved fingers in cadence on the scarred table tops. Groping her way through the crowd of dancers and the layers of

smoke that lay suspended in the harsh green glow, the girl made her way to a back booth.

"Hello, Paul." She spoke to the man whose darkness seemed to blend with the black-stained decor of the dim room.

"Fifteen minutes late." He raised his eyes from the thick, leather-braced wristwatch and met her eyes. "I didn't think you were coming."

She stood motionless for a moment, as if exhilarated by the impact of his hash, clipped speech.

"It was a cocktail party, uptown, after the concert, and. . .there was no way out. . . .Mother's friends. . . " she broke off her speech as he lowered his eyes.

"I shouldn't have said that," she thought, "He's angry now. Oh, let him be angry!"

"Well, stop staring and sit down! Or are you waiting for me to assist you?"

"Of course not." She slid clumsily into the booth. "Were you at the concert, Paul?"

"Quite a sideshow." His eyes fixed her and she felt the vein in her throat growing warm with its rise and fall. She looked at his hands, lying against the splintered wood, and noticed the hair, fine, black and curling, against large crooked joints.

"Let's forget the concert. How is your story, Paul? — Have you finished it?"

"Yes, and tomorrow I'll send it and next week I will get that polite pink paper and then I will begin again, perhaps. . . Maybe if my father had been of the upper crust. . .and then, there's always surgery, Daphne, the successful young writer Paul Vauberge, recent Adonis. You should write a manual for failures, Daphne, your auto-biography and succeess story and on the cover a picture of Daphne Sheldon as Diana. Lots of people need your manual."

"God, will you stop it?" Her face in her hands, she began to cry, low soft sobs, unheard above the wail of the trumpet.

"You'll ruin your make-up. What if you should meet one of the photographic brethren?"

"Paul, why are you like this? Just because I have had a few concerts and a family; it hasn't made me any happier than you are. Why can't you be a decent person?"

"You don't need decency, darling. There's such a thing as too much decency and too much love. You say that you thrive on me. Do you know why? Because I'm the only one of your would-be puppets who realizes that you are a woman, under all that creamy

white and pink cover, and you're far from an ideal woman at that."

"But Paul." she struggled against the immobility and her rising fear that he was again about to leave. "We could be married and I'd give up my playing, maybe I could teach, if you'd only be. . ."

The bitter laughter that cut across her words echoed through the room. "Marry me? Oh, God, Daphne, give it up, you playing the martyr. Do you think that you could give it all up, so fast and so well, like a nun leaving the cloister after twenty years of worship and obedience?" Short, unpleasant gasps of laughter riddled his body.

She watched him as he bent to laugh. "He's so ugly," she thought, and then, "But he is real, and alive!" She saw his fists clenched, the knuckle bones scraped raw, and she watched his mouth, laughing, hollow, moist and red. "It's all twisting and tearing between us," she thought. "Why does he do it?"

Slowly, his laughter subsided. He watched her again, saying nothing.

"You didn't have to do that."

"My most humble pardon."

"You were never quite like this before."

"You are only now beginning to know the real Paul Vauberge."

"And?"

"The next waltz, madame? I have one good leg to dance. The other is a bit heavy with lead fragments from a nasty encounter, but we must forget such trivia, we must adapt."

"You know that I'm sorry about that. But it's not my fault. It's as if it were my fault. Why do, you pity yourself so much?

"This doesn't sound like the sweet and gracious Miss Daphne Sheldon who entertained at tea for the four hundred. I take thee, Daphne, to love and cherish and to pour my tea. No, I wouldn't marry you; maybe I feel sorry for you, but that's all. Hell, I'm not sorry; I'm sorry that you're here. Why don't you get the hell out? Go and fix your face and let one of these flunkeys summon your chariot.

"I don't want to go back to the party."

"Oh, go back, by all means, and say, 'Assembled lords and ladies, I found a hole in the wall and I crept through it; here I am, slightly soiled but otherwise unharmed'."

"I'm not going back there." She saw her face, mirrored from the panel behind the bar, and tinted green, and quickly glanced away.

"Well, I think that I'll be on my way." He struggled heavily to his feet.

"You can't leave me here."

"You're not going back to the party?"

"I can't."

"All right, then come with me."

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"But Paul. . . "

"Oh, yes, Daphne, but Paul, where do you live, but Paul, what if someone should see me, but Paul, what do you want to do, but Paul, it isn't done?"

"I didn't say that I wouldn't come."

"That's the test, Daphne, you've been seeing me here and sometimes in your element. Have you ever thought about my element? I have a room, over the German bakery on Fourth Street, and it's a horribly dirty room and it's dark and ugly. The bed linen is gray and the bathroom is simply a disgrace. That's home; how would you like to set up housekeeping there? It's cozy, when you clear the junk away and heat some water; one of the gas jets works again; I've had it fixed. Will you come and wash my clothes and break those lovely nails in dishwater and receive my guests, fellow decrepit writers, and my friends, like those guys at the bar, there, and that whore at the next table?"

"What can I say?" she thought. "I want to tell him, yes, yes, I'll come, of course."

"I have to think," she said.

"Think, hell. Are you coming with me or not?"

A slow feeling of revulsion had begun to work upon her. "I never noticed the saliva when he talked and those marks across his neck. God, he is dirty, ugly, what would Mummy . . . no, I mustn't think of that."

"Well?"

"No, Paul, I can't."

"Well, take care of yourself."

"I'll go back to Jeremy and the rest of them. I've got to think . . . everything so confused now . . . hurts . . . " She watched the strong, square shape moving painfully toward the dark doorway.

* * * * *

"Excuse me for intruding, but is he really worth those tears?"

"I — I don't know?"

"You're lonely and I am lonely. Why don't we have a drink together?"

"All right."

"This is no place for a young lady; let's go to my apartment and, if you want to, you can tell me about him."

"No. I. . ."

"Please don't stand on conventionality. Here, let me help you with your coat."

"Oh, all right . . . but . . . yes, let's get out of here."

"What's your name, my dear?"

"Daphne Sheldon."

"Pleased to meet you—Mine is Miriam."

LIVINGSTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
NARBERTH, PENNSYLVANIA

2971

This Book
may not be
taken from the
Building